

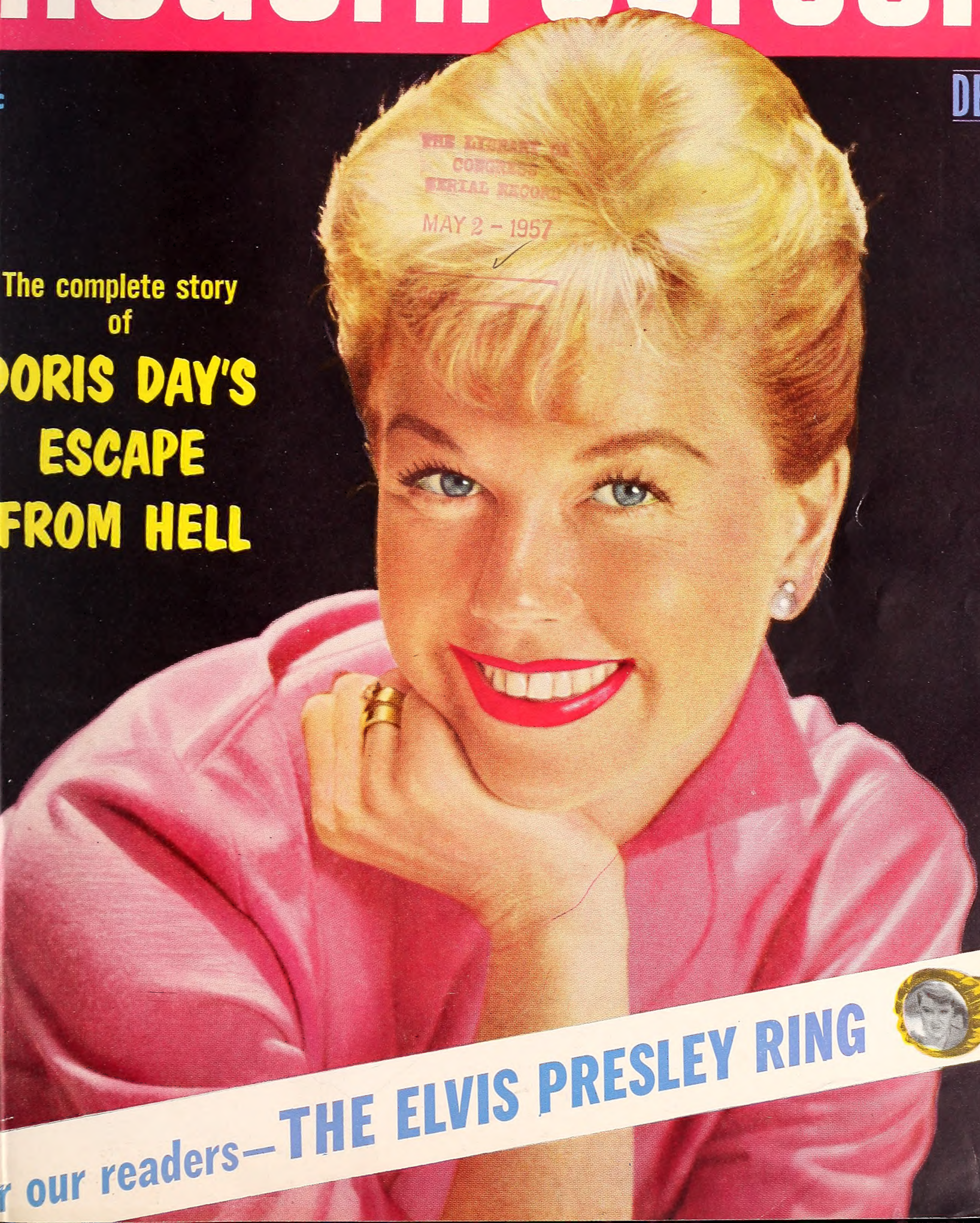
Jim Novak: ONE MAN IS NOT ENOUGH!

APR 30 1957

# modern screen

DELL

The complete story  
of  
**DORIS DAY'S  
ESCAPE  
FROM HELL**



For our readers—**THE ELVIS PRESLEY RING**







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APR 30 1957

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will it last?*

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**LISTERINE**  
the most widely  
used antiseptic  
in the world.



**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste**



# modern screen

WANT ELVIS ON YOUR FINGER?

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\*Color portrait of Doris Day on the cover by John Engstead  
Watch for Doris in Warner Bros. *Pajama Game*, Paramount's *Teacher's Pet*  
and RKO's *Curtain Going Up*  
Other photographers' credits on page 96.

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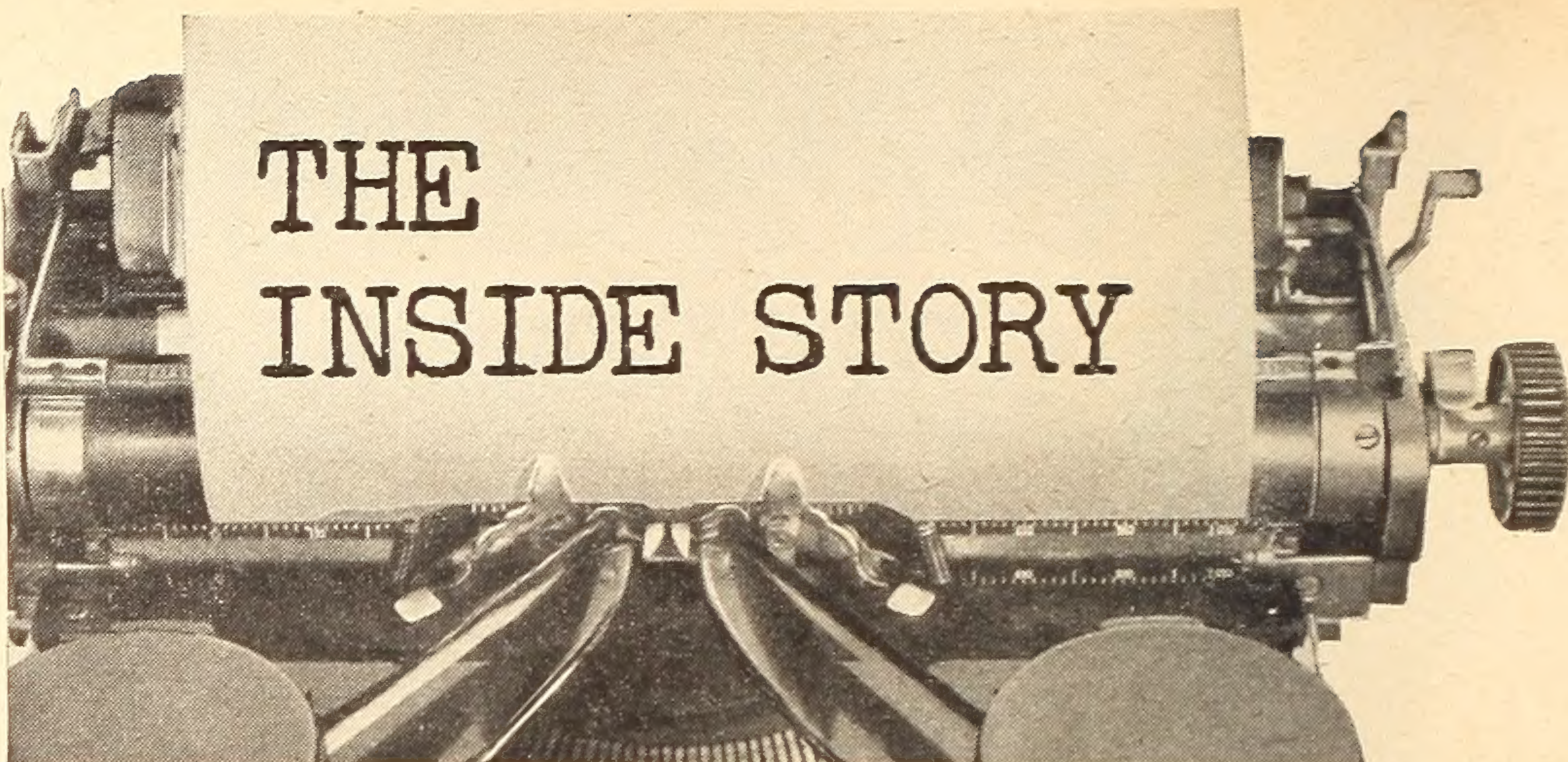
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

**Q:** Is it true that Liz Taylor would have been paralyzed from the waist down if she hadn't submitted to her recent back operation? —H.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

**A:** That's what her doctors maintain.

**Q:** I understand that Bing Crosby is currently on a young-girl kick. Why is this? —L.F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**A:** Crosby is in his fifties. He finds more amusement in young women than in women aged forty-five to fifty.

**Q:** When does Elvis Presley go into the Army? —F.D., MEMPHIS, TENN.

**A:** This summer or fall unless Tennessee draft quotas are lowered.

**Q:** Is the Michael Wilding-Marie MacDonald affair serious or just a publicity stunt? —S.L., RICHMOND, VA.

**A:** Wilding claims he is genuinely fond of Marie.

**Q:** Haven't Ingrid Bergman and her husband Rossellini separated? —D.R., DENVER, COL.

**A:** Only geographically. Rossellini is in India directing pictures, plans to re-join Ingrid in Europe in March.

**Q:** Isn't Natalie Wood's mother Chinese? —L.Y., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**A:** No. Natalie's mother was born in China of Russian parents.

**Q:** Has Janet Leigh abandoned her career now that she's a mother? —E.L., STOCKTON, CAL.

**A:** She says definitely not.

**Q:** Didn't Carroll Baker act in MGM pictures under a different name and who was her first husband? —F.F., N.Y.C.

**A:** Carroll did act at MGM, under the name Carroll Kelly. Her first husband was Lew Ritter.

**Q:** Doesn't Fred Astaire have a daughter named after Ava Gardner? —K.T., ERIE, PA.

**A:** Astaire's daughter was named Ava but not after the actress.

**Q:** I have read several articles saying Kim Novak is the dumbest blonde in Hollywood. Is this true?

—H.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

**A:** No, Kim has a good head on her shoulders.

**Q:** Who is the newest girl in Frank Sinatra's life? —B.D., RAWLINS, WYO.

**A:** Joan Blackman, 17, of San Francisco.

**Q:** Whatever happened to Gary Crosby? —M.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

**A:** He's become a disc jockey at an American Forces Network radio station in Germany.

**Q:** Where and how did Cyd Charisse ever get that name? —R.I., AMARILLO, TEXAS

**A:** Unable to pronounce the word "Sis," her brother used to call her "Cyd" when he was small. The Charisse comes from her first husband, Nico Charisse. Her real name: Tula Finklea.

**Q:** Where is Joan Collins' first husband, Maxwell Reed? Will Joan marry Arthur Loew, Jr.? —J.T., N.Y.C.

**A:** Maxwell Reed is selling cars in Hollywood. Joan says she doesn't want marriage.

**Q:** Is James Mason disliked by the British press? —H.R., LONDON, ENGLAND

**A:** Yes; newsmen there claim he is generally surly.

**Q:** How can Jeanne Crain go back to Paul Brinkman when she accused him of beating her up? —E.R., BALTIMORE, MD.

**A:** True love knows no bounds.

**Q:** Is the Rita Hayworth-George Jessel romance on the level? —Y.T., AKRON, OHIO

**A:** To Jessel only.

**Q:** Why does every actor want to become a singer—Jerry Lewis, Jeff Chandler, Tab Hunter? —J.V., URBANA, ILL.

**A:** Extra cash.



# Audrey's Hep!!!

She's letting  
her hair down  
all the way  
rockin' and rollin'  
with Fred Astaire  
in her first  
big musical!

## Audrey Hepburn

## Fred Astaire

Actually filmed  
in France—  
on a spree  
Paris will  
never forget!

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wait till Audrey  
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the brilliant "Bon Jour  
Paris" number that  
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## LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



# louella parsons'

### THE PARTY OF THE MONTH:

Whether it cost \$125,000 as loudly calculated, or just one third of that amount, there's no argument that the lavish party hosted by oil millionaire Tex Feldman and his wife was one of the most elaborate ever held in any town—any time.

The private room at ROMANOFF'S was completely redecorated into a replica of New York's famed DELMONICO RESTAURANT at the turn of the century. The guests were invited to dress in the theme of *My Fair Lady*.

Against the pale-green-and-silver background, I can't tell you how lovely the ladies looked in their feathers and finery and long white gloves. Hardly one male showed up in less than white-tie-and-tails.

**Bing Crosby** really got in the mood wearing an elaborate white ruffled shirt, and was most elegant in formal tails. The Crooner's date was young DELTA airline hostess Nancy Eiland, a cutie-pie from the South who had never been to a Hollywood party before and was beside herself with excitement. Who wouldn't be??? A party like this for a starter, plus Bing!

Don't get excited. My guess is that this is no new romance in Bing's life. He just seemed to enjoy showing an unsophisticated young girl the time of her life.

Talk about its being an exclusive affair—

**Clark Gable** and his **Kay** asked if they could bring two out-of-town guests, and had to be told they couldn't! Because of the already-crowded seating arrangements for dinner. Clark, all done up in his Rhett Butler outfit from *Gone With The Wind*, came anyway, with Kay looking like a Princess with a diamond tiara atop her blonde hair.

**Sonja Henie**, ablaze with her wonderful diamonds, sat at our table with her good-looking bridegroom, industrialist Niels Onstad. He's really charming. For a girl who seems to have everything in the world, Sonja just couldn't get over the beautiful white lace fans, sprinkled with rhinestones, which were favors for all the ladies.

**Gary Cooper**, who wears tails better than Big Coop, was just back from Paris—where he said he nearly froze to death. You should see Gary's face when he looks at his beautiful debutante daughter, Maria, who was with him and Rocky. He fairly busts his buttons with pride.

The photographers were all over the place snapping pictures of **Jeanne Crain** and **Paul Brinkman**, who had just reconciled after a stormy separation—and made the kiss-and-make-up act official by attending this much-publicized party together. Jeanne flashed a new ring Paul had given her as they danced every number together. I'm delighted these

two are back together for the sake of their children—and themselves.

Among others having a most elegant time for themselves—and I mean *elegant*—were the **Jimmy Stewarts**, **Frances** and **Van Heflin**, the **Mervyn Le Roys**, **Buddy Adlers** and all the other handsome gentlemen and 'fair ladies.'

"I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE IT WAS the difference in our backgrounds." **Russ Tamblyn** told me in a shaky, unhappy voice as he tried to explain the surprising break-up of his marriage to teenage **Venetia Stevenson**. "Venetia has a theatrical background. My family are just—plain folks."

I couldn't have been more surprised when the word came that these youngsters, whose Valentine Day's marriage last year received so much romantic publicity, were ending married life after a short eleven months.

Usually there are rumors of trouble before an actual break-up. There had been none about Russ and Venetia.

I wonder what this parting will do to all the teenagers who have written me letters saying that they used the early marriage of Russ and Venetia as a shining argument to their parents in favor of teenage marriages?

My guess as to why this marriage may have gone on the rocks is Venetia's absorption in



Songwriter Jimmy McHugh was my escort to the party of the month.



Mr. Friendly Persuasion himself, Gary Cooper, arriving at Romanoff's.



# GOOD NEWS

It was more than just a party—it was the start of a new life for two very nice people. But happiness didn't come to everyone this month . . .

her career. She's a very ambitious girl and they are planning big things for her at WARNERS after she got off to a slow start at RKO. On the other hand, Russ hasn't had a big hit since *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*. But he's young and there's plenty of time ahead for him.

All I can say is—it's too bad this failure happened so early in both their lives. Whether they realize it now or not—it will leave a scar that will be a long time healing.

**THE STAR OF THE MONTH—Cantinflas:** In place of nominating a candidate for stardom this month I'm choosing a full-fledged star, the beloved little Mexican who has long been a great, great favorite in his native country and in Europe, but who is just now capturing the hearts of the American fans.

In *Around The World In 80 Days* this strangely wistful and yet cocksure little comedian has wrapped us all around his little finger in a way no player has done since the long-ago days of Charlie Chaplin.

I can tell you first hand that Cantinflas carries over this almost child-like appeal in private life. When he came over to my table at the dinner following the premiere of *80 Days* to renew an acquaintanceship which had started several years before, he was so

sweet and impulsive I found myself giving him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

The secret of his appeal is that he seems so helpless. Helpless? They say he's just about the smartest little business man in Mexico, and got \$325,000 good American dollars for the **Mike Todd** picture. But on and off screen, he goes right to your heart as a bewildered little gamin.

He told me, however, that he does not consider that he and Chaplin have the same appeal. "He is the *Little Tramp* buffeted by fate—and helpless. I, too, am a little tramp, but unexpectedly I can do something about the cruel fates—such as my bullfight scene in the picture. People pull for me and are surprised when I win."

Born in Mexico City on August 12th, 1911, which makes him 46, Cantinflas had no formal training in acting. He began his career in comedy when he was in grade school, playing the clown in school shows. In his teens he acted in a small theatre in Mexico City, where he established his reputation on the stage. But it was nothing compared to the fame he achieved after his screen debut in 1934—the same year he was married to a non-professional who is still Mrs. Cantinflas.

**THE QUOTE OF THE MONTH:** Asked what she thought of former-boy-friend **Elvis**

**Presley's** new romance with Dottie Harmony, **Natalie Wood** said, "Is it a girl, or a musical arrangement?" Oh, Natalie!

**I LOVE OLE MAESTRO Bing Crosby's** quotes on **Elvis Presley**—and I hope Elvis read them. Bing, a wide-eyed tv fan, had this to say after seeing *The Pelvis* on a tv show:

"There's no arguing he's the hottest thing in show business right now. In our brightest days **Frank Sinatra** and I never sold records as fast and hot as this kid. But he can't stand still and sing the same type of song over and over and keep on as he's going.

"For one thing, he's got to learn to *talk*—yes, I said *talk*. And stand up straight. Last time I heard him on tv I couldn't understand half the words he was singing.

"I've always said a big part of the secret of the success of both **Rudy Vallee**, in his day, and **Frank Sinatra** is their wonderful enunciation. Women, particularly, like to hear the words of a love song. Makes 'em think they're being made love to—and that sells records.

"Elvis is good-looking, but those sideburns have got to go. But the important thing is that he has to advance. He has to vary his repertoire, because I don't care how much of a hit you are, (Continued on page 8)



Hugh O'Brian, without his Wyatt Earp outfit, was at Tex Feldman's too.



Marisa Pavan and Jean-Pierre Aumont exchange their first New Year's kiss.





*Our hearts are a little emptier without Bogey.*

you can't go on singing 'Hound Dog' music forever—not if you want to stay on top."

Read this and reap, Elvis, my boy.

**FAREWELL TO HUMPHREY BOGART:** There'll never be another Bogey. There just isn't another piece of material to produce such a beloved character.

Brittle, caustic, showing a hard wise-cracking front to the world, his few intimate friends knew him as a warm, understanding, deeply loyal human being—even when it got him in trouble.

I couldn't believe it when, on January 14th at three o'clock in the morning, the call came that "Bogey is dead." The valiant fight against the ravages of cancer which victimized him last year had been lost.

Of course I knew how ill he had been, how ill he was. But just a week previous I had called on Bogey and Betty, as he always called **Lauren Bacall**, at their estate in Holmby Hills at Bogey's personal invitation.

Terribly thin, frail—yet his voice as strong and scornful as ever—he greeted me with a

highball in his hand and fire in his eyes.

"I'm going to sue that dame in New York who printed that I'm dying," he said to me with that fierceness he loved to assume. "Nobody's going to count me out while I'm still on my feet!"

And yet, even as he hurled this defiance, I'm sure that he knew in his heart that his days—and his life with his loved Betty and the two children—were nearing the end.

If ever it could be said of any human being that he went down fighting with banners flying, let it be said with reverence of this colorful, controversial man and actor who wrote such a vivid chapter in Hollywood history.

**INGRID BERGMAN'S VOICE** was as clear and distinct as though she were in the same room with me when I talked to her in Paris via Trans-Atlantic phone.

"It isn't true that my daughter, Jenny Ann, doesn't want to see me when I come to New York to receive the Critics' Award for *Anastasia*," she told me. "We have corresponded on this subject and talked over the telephone, and arrived at the decision that this is not the right time for our first meeting in six years.

"I shall be in New York just twenty-four hours—which will be crowded to the utmost, every second of it. It wouldn't be fair to either of us to attempt such an important meeting in both our lives in the fanfare of so much confusion. We shall see one another later when we can spend more time together."

I will say there's one thing about Ingrid which I very much admire. She has never failed to give me a straight answer to a question I have asked her, and this I appreciate.

**KIM NOVAK'S NEW ROMANCE** with **John Ireland** has been the talk of the town for weeks now, and as usual the boy friend she selected is not popular with her studio.

One bit of gossip had it that guards were posted on Kim's *Jeanne Eagels* set to see that Ireland did not visit her during working hours.

Seems Ireland aroused the ire of the top brass not so much because he has fallen for the lovely Miss Novak, but because he walked out on a COLUMBIA contract several years

ago and sued to break it. He was warned he'd never set foot on that lot again.

On second thought, Kim can't seem to get a boy friend in favor with her bosses. **Mac Krim** was very much in the doghouse at one time and there was no jumping for joy when Kim had that big crush on **Frank Sinatra**.

Amusingly enough, Frankie and Kim are due to meet soon right on the COLUMBIA lot as the co-stars of *Pal Joey*!

**ROMANTIC RAMBLINGS:** That romantic hurricane which seemed to be blowing up between **Jack Lemmon** and **Felicia Farr** has slowed to a gentle breeze. Most of Jack's romances these days seem to simmer out into nothing important. I wonder if he's really found the happiness in his freedom that he expected when he was so insistent that Cynthia get a divorce? . . .

Quite a romance bloomed between **Anne Baxter** and **Scott Brady** and then chilled to the icy stage before most people even knew they were dating. . . .

**OPEN LETTER TO MIKE TODD:** What do you mean, "There's no such thing as a happy actress?" Don't you know, Mike old boy, that actresses don't want to be happy? They're the happiest breed in the world being unhappy—and I think that goes for your dreamgirl Liz Taylor, too.

In that fabulous statement of yours from London you also added that you knew an actress who was soon going to be just a happy housewife. Want to bet?

Oh, I know there isn't a girl in the world, including a glamour girl like Liz, who wouldn't be swept off her feet by all the lavish and out-of-this-world gifts you're showering on her. A \$500,000 home in Beverly Hills. A yacht. A British-made automobile—the most expensive make in the world—equipped with a bar and a gold-plated burner that cooks. Good heavens above! Who wants to cook in a car?

But as difficult to believe as this may sound—don't forget, my extravagant friend, that the lady of your heart is a glamorous actress—and a good one. (Continued on page 10)



*Ingrid hopes to see daughter some day.*



*Kim's studio doesn't like John Ireland!*



*Jack Lemmon wanted the divorce so much. But has his freedom brought the happiness he was looking for?*

*Felicia Farr and Jack seemed to be so important to each other . . . but it doesn't look like it will last. ▼*





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mists hair with Lanolin!



Hollywood found it  
first...now  
it can be yours!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net.  
Super-soft for loose, casual hair-  
do's. Regular for hard-to-manage  
hair. 5½ oz. can — a full ounce  
more! Only \$1.25 plus tax.



## LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*

**Life in Hollywood . . . blooming romances, broken romances—and a laugh to lighten the day.**

I have a sneaking hunch that you yourself, Sir Mike, would not be nearly as entranced as you are with Liz if she weren't who she is! I mean, one of the darlings of the world.

You've never been a boy to hide your light behind a bushel yourself, Mike. There's nothing that warms your bones more easily than the white hot heat of the spotlight.

I know you love Liz and want to protect her and help her get her health back. But I suggest, why don't you take her 'round the world in 80 days' on that snazzy new yacht—and then, both of you report pronto back to Hollywood where you belong—and get back to your glamorous jobs!

**LOVELY RITA MORENO'S SAYING THAT** her romance with **Marlon Brando** is too important in her life for public discussion. She's been a visitor in Japan where Marlon is making *Sayonara*—and that sounds serious enough. Marlon's not a boy to be bothered with a visitor he isn't interested in. . . .

Said **Linda Darnell** in confirming her approaching marriage to Captain Robert Robinson, commercial airline pilot: "This is my third and last marriage." I don't think anyone is going to argue that three isn't enough, Linda. . . .

The bets are solid that British **Joan Collins**, whose career is booming—I hear she's great in *Island In The Sun*—and **Arthur Loew, Jr.**, son of the movie pioneer, will be a 1957 marriage.

**THE LETTER BOX:** Look out, **Mitzi Gaynor**. From BATAWA, ONTARIO, VERA TOMAS issues the warning: "Mitzi has been my favorite actress. But she won't be unless she stops ignoring fan letters, not only from me—but others' who admire her" . . .

Beauty parlor operator CECILIA has a personal message for **Montgomery Clift**: "I, too, have been in an awful mixed-up state of

mind, although I am only nineteen. But I am helping myself through work and right thinking. Sometimes I think it is nice to know there are other people in the world working out problems that bother you." A very nice message, Cecilia. . . .

"Why isn't there more publicity about **Robert Taylor**, his wife and baby?" asks MRS. IDA DREW, SO. WEYMOUTH, MASS. The best reason is that Bob doesn't want private-life publicity, Mrs. D. . . .

Got a kick out of the letter from Mrs. R.W., CANADA: "I want to thank you for all the parties, premières and weddings you have taken me to through your column in MODERN SCREEN. Most of the time my outings consist of taking the garbage out to the back!" . . .

And another chuckle from DANNY MAURER, FOSTORIA, OHIO: "I know how you like to get the jump on a scoop—so I want you to be the first to know that **Kim Novak** and I are getting married! I'm only sixteen years old, and I haven't told Kim yet, but give me five or six years!" Even that won't be enough, Danny boy. Kim will be five or six years older, too.

"Movie stars expecting babies make me mad saying they hope it will be a boy" protests NANCY PALMER of SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK. "**Lita** and **Rory Calhoun** say they want a boy in every interview. What if the Calhouns have a daughter and when she gets to be older she reads about her parents wanting a son?" Most parents are usually delighted with what they get, Nancy—after the baby arrives. . . .

A most interesting letter in beautifully expressed English comes from S. V. SANKARAN, MADRAS, INDIA, who is a monthly reader of MODERN SCREEN and says: "My choice for the top new stars are **Vera Miles** and **Don Murray**. Are you surprised that we in India have seen these new players so soon?" I am, indeed, and thank you. . . .

"3 ELVIS FANS," CHICAGO, composed a poem



*Rita Moreno knows what Marlon doesn't like.*

directed to those who pick on **The Presley:**

You criticize in every way that Elvis likes to sing;

But, if you think you are so much better, WHY AREN'T YOU THE KING?

VIVIAN DEWITT, of DENVER, blasts: "If **Aldo Ray** is still so all-fired crazy in love with **Jeff Donnell** and ditto for **Mary Murphy** and **Dale Robertson** and ditto-ditto for **Jack Carson** and **Lola Albright**, why do they take up newsreel space with their separations?" You've got a point there, Vivian. . . .

"Are there any active **Grace Kelly** fan clubs left?" NANCY NEUMAN, WINNETKA, ILL., wants to know. Well, are there? Speak up in this department if there are. . . .

ANNA MCGINNIS, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, asks: "Since when did it become correct for people not married to one another to travel together openly around this country and out of it?" Meaning anybody in particular, Anna?

That's all for this month. See you soon.



*Mike Todd's concern for his lovely Liz shows plainly in his worried look—and supporting arm.*



*Comedian Cantinflas was Liz' host in Mexico.*





FEATHERED EARRINGS BY ELMAR

# because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

VETO is for you  
in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



or Mist



dries away  
perspiration worries!



*Attention Quiz-Show contestants. Sponsors want you to win. More about Como, John Daly, Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer in this month's.*

## TV TALK



*Shirl Conway is a very happy girl these days. She loves working on the Sid Caesar Show!!*



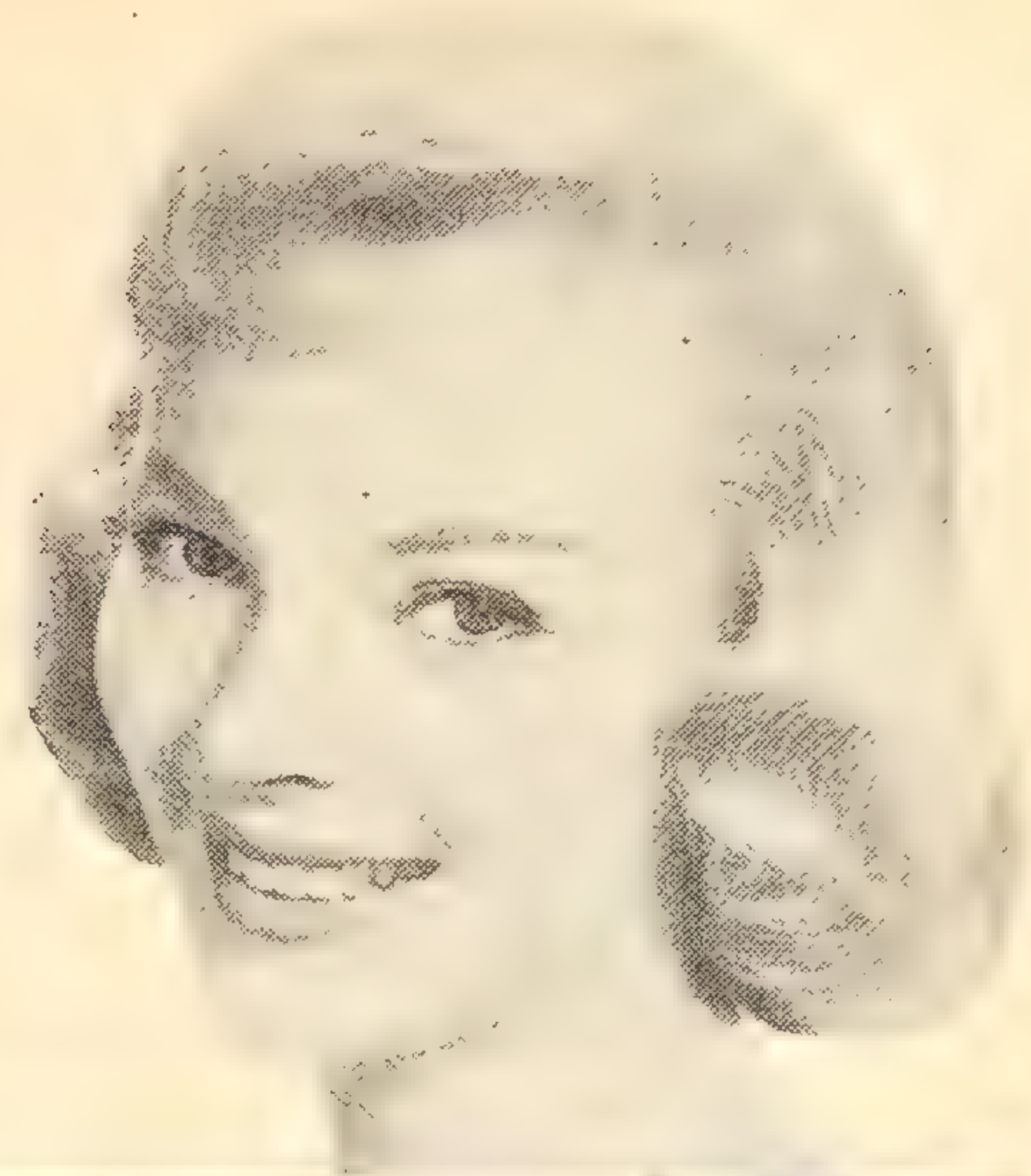
*John Daly tells What's My Line panel members how many minutes the show has left.*

You'd think, seeing as how **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** have spent most of their married life abroad, that most of their possessions would be European-made. Not at all. Before they came back to the states to do *Mayerling* for NBC, Audrey decided to buy a car for Mel. But she didn't get an MG or a Jaguar or a Mercedes-Benz or any of the foreign numbers that the Hollywood stars buy in California. Audrey, in Europe with the European cars whizzing around her, bought a made-in-America Ford Thunderbird, a white one. And even when she's in Italy, where the chic shoes come from, she writes friends in New York to send her Capezios. They're her favorite informal shoe, and she's had dozens of pairs, nearly all of them in pastel shades. Especially pink. Audrey is mad for pink shoes . . . **Ralph Story** looks very different in person from the emcee you see on *The \$64,000 Challenge*. He's much taller than you'd think, and he looks almost craggy. His hair is jet black and—surprise—he has thick black horn rims on his glasses which he wears all the time when he's not on television . . . **Shirl Conway**, one of the three female stars on the *Sid Caesar Show*, couldn't be happier. She absolutely loves working for Sid. With **Janet Blair** and **Pat Carroll** sharing the feminine spotlight with her, she doesn't have to work nearly as hard as she did in Broadway's *Plain And Fancy*—or as hard as she would if she were the only girl on the tv premises. And the financial return is greater. Shirl's got it coming and going: she's used some of her tv loot to become a landlady, buying a beautiful brownstone on New York's elegant East Side; and she's completely redone her own apartment, the second-floor one in her four floors of revenue-producing apartments . . . A warning: don't ever think for a moment that the producers of quiz shows want the contestants to miss so that the sponsor will be saved some money. There are good hefty reasons why they want them to walk off with much moola. In the first place, quiz shows are cheap, even when the sponsor has to fork over a \$99,000 check. Don't forget, none of the shows hand out \$99,000 every week; and some programs pass without any contestant getting a penny. Secondly, and more important, the audience identifies itself with the contestants. If they miss questions and never get much of a prize, the audience gets a feeling of resentment against

that 'mean show' that won't give any money away. And the feeling of resentment carries over to the sponsor. Needless to say, no sponsor wants to be hated! So next time you're holding your breath hoping someone wins \$64,000 or a college education or whatever, remember that the sponsor is holding his breath too—and just as hard as you are . . . Speaking of tv quizzes, there's a little point about *What's My Line?* that should be cleared up. Many weeks, you know, there's a mystery guest who comes on right at the end, and **John Daly** will pointedly tell the panel that there's only one minute or three minutes left before the close of the program. Well, he's not telling them to hurry up and guess the occupation; he's begging them *not* to get it before one minute's up or before three minutes are up! If the panel gets that last contestant in twenty or forty seconds, John's going to have to ad lib for the rest of the show! There aren't any more guests in the wings waiting to go on, and the game will have to stop long before the show goes off! . . . **Jimmy Cagney** certainly has a good reason to be mad at his old friend **Robert Montgomery**. Montgomery talked Cagney into buying a farm near his up in New York State. Then, right after Cagney and his wife and two children moved in, Montgomery sold his place. He was so embarrassed that he couldn't get up the nerve to tell Cagney for a long time . . . It is very strange that **Perry Como** can't dance worth a hoot. He has a marvelous sense of rhythm of course, no one who has heard him sing one phrase could doubt it, and his excellent golf game proves he has terrific coordination. There is hardly a man now alive with rhythm and coordination who can't dance. But Como can't. You figure it out; no one else can. One thing Como *can* do is be thoughtful. A friend of his recently admired a hat that a relative of Perry's was wearing. Perry asked the relative to give the friend the hat—Perry would have, if it had been his—but the relative said *no*. It was a new hat; it was an expensive hat; he liked it; he wanted to keep it; anyway it was *his*. Perry said no more, but a few days later the friend got a package in the mail. Inside was not one hat, but two. From Perry, of course. And just to really top off the incident, the relative changed his mind and sent his hat too! Incidentally, do you know what

Perry does right after each show? He heads for his home at Sands Point and listens to a tape recording of the program he's just finished. His wife, Roselle, tapes each and every show for him. NBC, needless to say, kinescopes each one and Perry could wait a day or two and see himself as well as hear himself. But he can't wait; he has to hear it right away. Perry's house, by the way, is not the easiest to find in Sands Point, and the Comos have a friend who has more trouble than anyone else navigating around the North Shore of Long Island. He finally learned, after some nights of driving down dead-end roads, to find his way to the local police station. So now he goes inside, tells the cops he's lost, the cops call the Como house to be sure he's a friend, Roselle says *yes*, and a policeman is detailed to lead the way! . . . **Cyril Ritchard** is another one of those men who whip out their combs in public when they think no one is looking and run them through their hair . . . Even when **Shelley Winters** is out on a formal date with the love of her life, **Anthony Franciosa**, she doesn't look dressed up. She may have on a cocktail dress with her full-length mink over it, but her hair is always tumbling around every which way . . . **Mildred Dunnock** doesn't get dressed up when she goes department-store shopping. She believes in comfort, and during one of the cold spells this past winter she proved it. She put on a heavy wool coat and added a three-cornered striped stole over it; then she tied a wool kerchief around her head, put on flat-heeled shoes that covered up her ankles, and ventured forth to buy . . . **Wally Cox** has always professed to hate Hollywood, but he was very happy out there last season. Even though **Hiram Halliday** was a flop, he was living quietly and making a lot of money and his wife was having a baby. No man has ever looked forward to fatherhood as eagerly as Wally . . . **Nancy Berg** gets compliments every day on how beautiful she is. And she is—not a flaw on her face, except one intriguing scar on the side of her nose. But the compliment she cherishes the most came when a drama critic called her voice husky. Nancy, whose voice used to be a little nasal and high, has spent years taking speech and singing lessons so that she could talk in a lower register. All the years, and dollars, paid off in that one little adjective.





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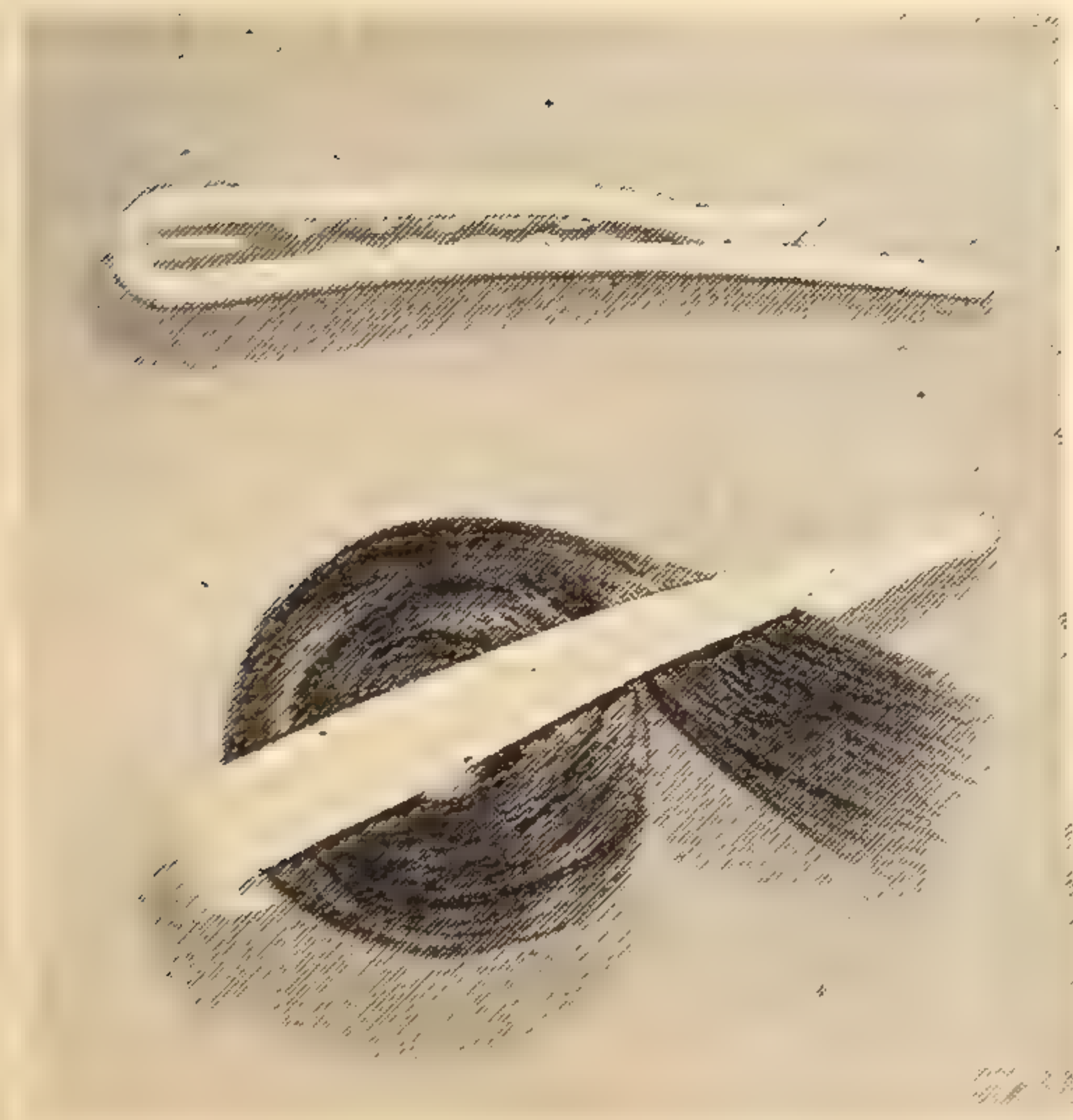
Try **"Spindrift,"** BOBBI's new "do" for that very special date. Soft waves sweep forward over ears. Bangs feather out from a new pinwheel curl. Lastingly yours... with "Casual Pin-Curlers."

**"First Love"** depends on BOBBI—the special permanent for casual styles—for those wide, natural-looking waves. Never tight, never fussy—BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls.

Casual 'n carefree! These new  
softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

## only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

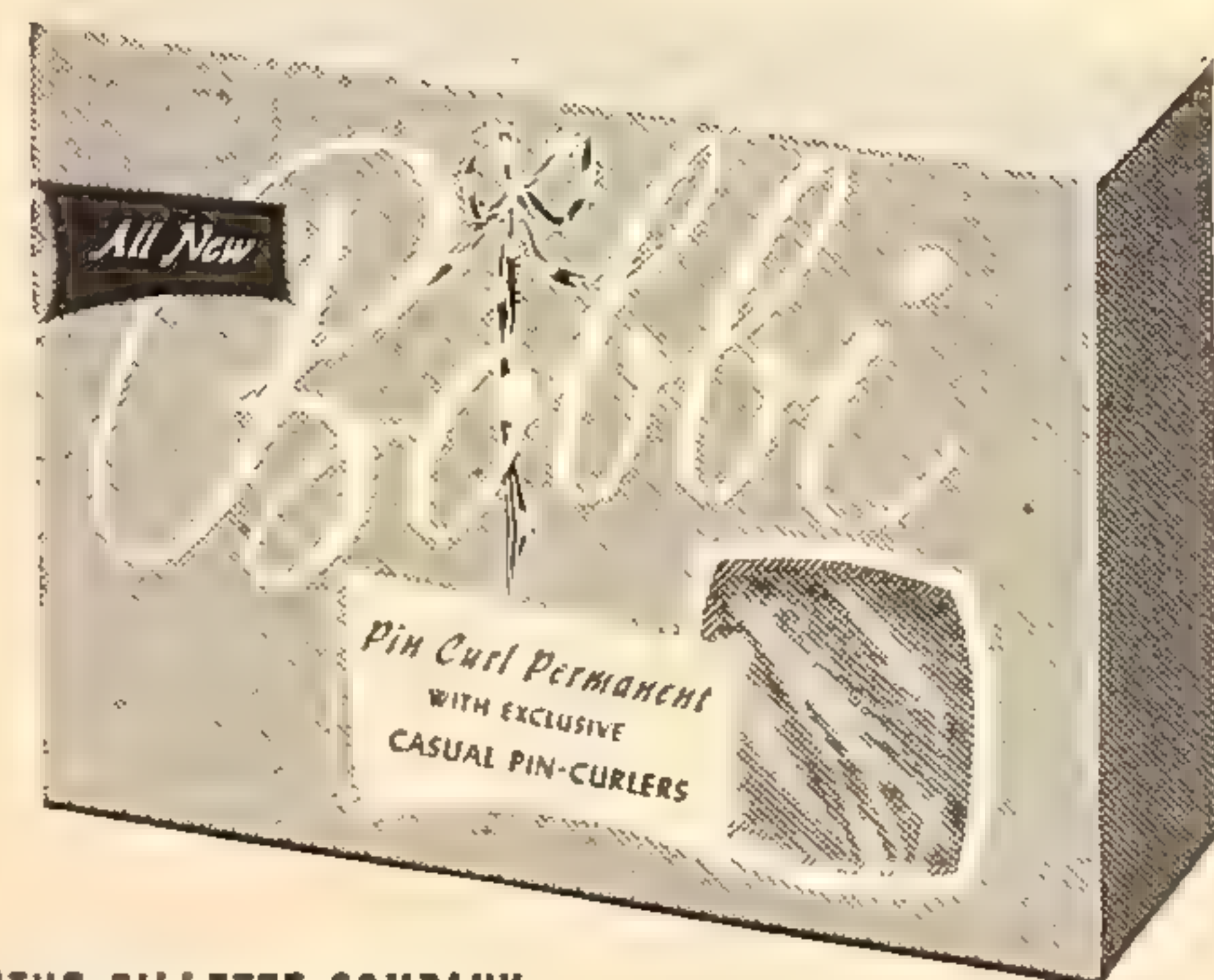
The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer... your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new "Casual Pin-Curlers!" They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.



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Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 new "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers... all in pink plastic... new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.



# TUNE IN— the drama's fine!

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## MODERN ROMANCES TV SHOW

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**N B C - T V**

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now on sale everywhere

## NEW MOVIES

by *Florence Epstein*

**WORTH  
SEEING  
THIS  
MONTH**

**FOR MUSIC AND DANCE**

*Funny Face*  
*Saga Of Satchmo*

**FOR LAUGHS**

*Top Secret Affair*  
*The Little Hut*

**FOR SHIVERS**

*Nightfall*

**FOR SUSPENSE**

*Gun For A Coward*



Photographer Fred Astaire and fashion editor Kay Thompson use a bookstore Audrey Hepburn works in to photograph model Dovima. Fred's meeting Audrey is the start of many adventures.



Fred's sure Audrey will make a good model; persuades her to model for the magazine.



Audrey does some fancy dancing on Paris Left Bank, becomes a model and finds love

### FUNNY FACE

#### Hepburn magic

Take Fred Astaire, mix him with Audrey Hepburn, cast them both into Paris where the air has always been like wine and you have an intoxicating movie. Sheer charm, sheer fairytale. Fred's a famous fashion photographer; Kay Thompson is the crisp editor of *Quality*, a famous high-fashion magazine, and Audrey is a salesgirl in a Greenwich Village bookshop which Fred, Kay and staff invade for an afternoon of shooting. It happens that they're looking for the *Quality* Girl, something like the fashion model of the year, whom they'll photograph in all sorts of clothes in Paris. Fred takes a look at Audrey and thinks he's found her. Kay doesn't think so. Audrey certainly doesn't think so. She has nothing but contempt for

fashion models; she is an intellectual, interested in empathetic waves. Besides, she doesn't think she's pretty. Next stop, Paris, where Audrey emerges—according to couturier Richard Fleming—from her cocoon not as a butterfly but as a bird of Paradise. The only reason she emerges at all is because she was always dying to go to Paris and sit at the feet of a certain renowned professor. This is where the café and other interiors of the Left Bank come in and Audrey indulges in a free style dance, and Fred does a wonderful duet—in goatee and guitar—with Kay. There are other songs and dances while Audrey hunts down that professor. When she does meet him he treats her like a woman instead of a disciple. And she takes time to pose against hazy, golden background and to fall in love. VistaVision—Para.

(Continued on page 16)



What kind of girl  
can a man love  
for a lifetime?

**She'll be more than just a "good date."**  
She'll know something about being a wonderful wife—take pride in being a good homemaker.

When a girl has her own Lane Hope Chest, she soon develops a keen interest in down-to-earth values that really count in a happy marriage. She begins to *plan*—starts collecting the things that'll make her future home the kind that binds her family closer together.

This is the lifetime role every girl hopes to play some day. Planning ahead makes for happiness—and a Lane makes happy planning a habit.

**Confidante.** Graceful serpentine front, top-opening. Recessed "secret" bottom drawer for private hideaway. Seafoam and Pearl Mahogany. #7152.

# LANE Cedar Hope Chests

*The gift that starts her future home*



**Fairfax.** Classic 18th Century, lovely hand-rubbed Mahogany. Roomy storage drawer in base, simulated drawers above. #6214.



**Skandia.** Transitional modern, louvered side panels. Shown in Softone Walnut. Also comes in Pearl or Blond Mahogany. #6731.

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4 inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc.

**By the makers of Lane Tables and Lane Bedroom and Dining Room Furniture**

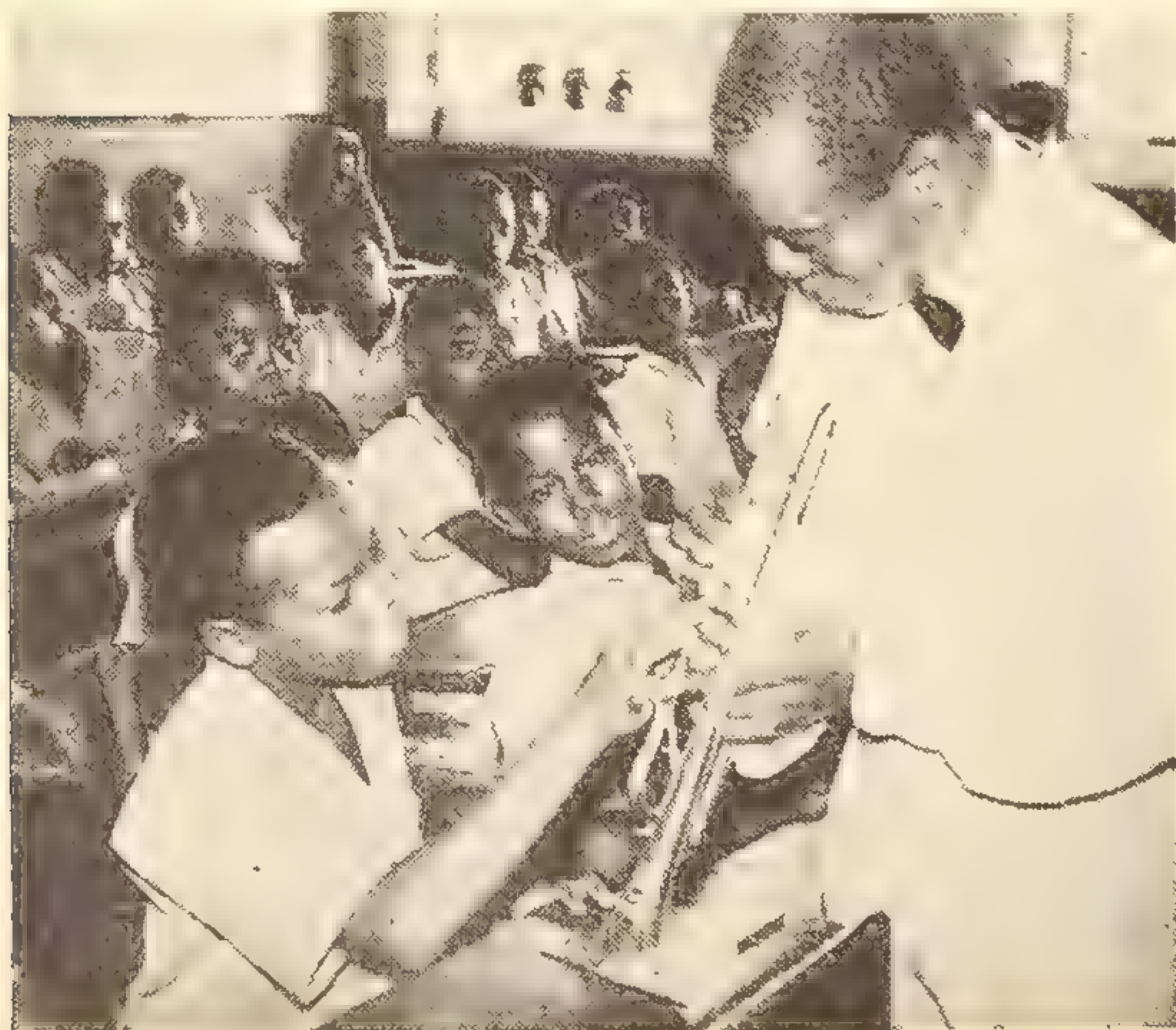
In a Lane—your treasures are safe and private under lock and key—fully protected from moths, dust, dampness. Send for FREE booklet, "There's a Lane Hope Chest For You," helpful guide to hope chest collecting. LANE, Dept. 714-P, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.





### DESIGNING WOMAN big-city love story

■ Slick, luxurious, easy on the ear and eye is *Designing Woman*—a love story in the *Saturday Evening Post* tradition, which is a nice enough tradition when it stars Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall. He met her when he was drunk in California. He was a sportswriter and had just won a bet; she was a girl who looked swell in a bathing suit. Married and back in New York, he's still a sportswriter but she is not just a girl; she is practically a captain of industry. Anyway, she designs clothes, makes a fortune at it and owns an apartment swanky enough for Prince Rainier. Gregory leaves his hole in the wall and tries to adjust to Park Avenue. It's not only him, it's all his friends—including editor Sam Levene and punch-drunk Mike Shaughnessy—who can't fit in, and it's not only Lauren but all her friends—including choreographer Jack Cole and a lot of artily neurotic folks—who can't mix with Gregory's friends. Then there's his ex-girl, tv singer Dolores Gray, who fully expected to marry the guy before he took off for California; and there's Lauren's ex-beau, producer Tom Helmore, who is still underfoot. Greg can stand the former competition, but Lauren can't. Jealousy mounts like mad when Gregory says he has to leave town for three weeks. He has to leave because his life's in danger due to articles he's writing exposing a racketeer in the fight game. Lauren is convinced he hasn't gone further than Dolores' apartment. Then, she finds him in Dolores' apartment. There's some funny dialogue, some very amusing situations and, as I said before, a comforting air of luxury enveloping all. CinemaScope—MGM



### SAGA OF SATCHMO Armstrong blows that horn

■ If you've never been exposed to the charm—musical and personal—of Louis Armstrong called Satchmo

—short for satchel mouth—you've got a wonderful treat in store for you. This is a movie without any plot at all, produced by Edward R. Murrow. It follows Satchmo and his band on a tour through Europe and to the Gold Coast of Africa. Satchmo's on the trumpet, Edmund Hall on the clarinet, Barrett Deems on the drums, Billy Kyle on the piano and Arvell Shaw and Jack Lesberg alternate on the bass. Mostly it's Satchmo's movie. Such is his pull on the public that 100,000 people come down to see him off when he leaves Africa. You'll hear wonderful music, you'll also meet a wonderful man whose genius lies in his devotion to jazz and in an incorruptible sense of himself.—U.A.



### NIGHTFALL chills and a chase

■ Aldo Ray seems like a pleasant fellow, but something's wrong. Tell you what it is. Two maniacs—one hysterically sadistic and one quietly sadistic—are out to get him. And if they don't get him, the police will—for murder and for divesting a bank of \$300,000. Aldo did not do it. What Aldo did was go on a hunting trip in Wyoming with doctor friend Frank Albertson. Along came these two thugs. The car they were in dove off an embankment and the good doctor went to their rescue. For his pains, he got a bullet in the back. Aldo was left for dead and the bankroll was left behind in the confusion. On the very night that Aldo picks up model Anne Bancroft in a restaurant, the two criminals (Brian Keith and Rudy Bond) pick him up. *Where's the money*, they say, threatening to crush him under a derrick plunger. Let me tell you, a derrick plunger is worse than old-fashioned fingernail pulling and besides, Rudy loves the sound of human agony. Not only is Aldo in trouble, but Anne is in trouble for ever having spoken to him. The money, by the way, is buried somewhere in the snow of Wyoming, but who'll believe that? If you want to have your blood curdled this is as good a way as any. With James Gregory.—Col.



### TOP SECRET AFFAIR the power of a woman

■ Dottie Peale (Susan Hayward) is the dynamo behind *News World Magazine*; and anyone who crosses

her is crazy. This is what the U. S. Senate learns when it decides to appoint Major General Melville Goodwin (Kirk Douglas) as chairman of the Joint Atomic International Commission instead of the man Dottie wanted. *I will do a cover story on Goodwin*, Dottie purringly tells the Army, and the Army graciously delivers him to her Long Island mansion. There, via tape recorder, photographer Michael Fox and some tricky excursions on the town Dottie gathers a story that will topple Goodwin like a duckpin. Too bad, too, because he is so far above reproach it isn't even human. One night of necking and Dottie's willing to burn up the evidence, but in the morning Goodwin doesn't propose and Dottie starts the presses rolling. But between the time he doesn't propose and the time the magazine hits the stands Goodwin's decided to propose. It all comes out in the wash of the Senate Committee investigating him. Cast includes Jim Backus.—Warners



### THE LITTLE HUT Ava on a tropical island

■ It seems incredible that a man can be married to Ava Gardner and hardly notice it. Only Sir Philip Ashlow (Stewart Granger), who is incredible all by himself, could accomplish that. He is wealthy, handsome, a big, busy wheel in the government and a terrible husband. Henry Brittingham-Brett (David Niven) is a small wheel in the government who is anxious to rotate around Ava. But Henry Brittingham-Brett is a very hard man to take seriously. Compared to Sir Philip he seems like someone's maiden aunt. The Ashlows have a sea-going yacht and they go to sea or it with Henry and a dozen friends. One night, during dessert, the yacht capsizes. The Ashlows, Brittingham-Brett and Nelson (a German shepherd) find themselves all alone together on a tropical island. Nothing daunted, Sir Philip merrily builds huts, weaves clothes, carves eating utensils, captures food. Brittingham-Brett moons about, keeping his distance from Nelson. Finally, he decides to assert himself. This he does by asserting his love for Ava and demanding that the law of the jungle—whatever that is—be put into effect re her. As usual, Niven's comedy is delightful. Eastman Color—MGM



### GUN FOR A COWARD how to become a man out West

■ Presumably, the coward is Jeffrey Hunter. So you see how everything depends on one's point of view. From where I sat, Jeffrey looked like the only good man in the movie. But no. Once, when he was seven years old his father was cornered by a rattlesnake and Jeff has shrunk from rattlesnakes ever since. In fact he doesn't like any shape or form of violence. His little brother (Dean Stockwell) is always thirsting for thrills and defending his honor from attack, really imagined. His older brother (Fred MacMurray) runs the ranch in a sober, silent, manly manner. And his mother (Josephine Stockwell) is always begging him to go to St. Louis. (Continued on page 18)



*"...takes to water  
like a duck"*



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# WEATHERPROOF!

Weather and water can't weaken it! Soft, shiny curls last till cut!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last*! New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

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# Jean's WRETCHED



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**"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"**  
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. F-47, Box 280 New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper)

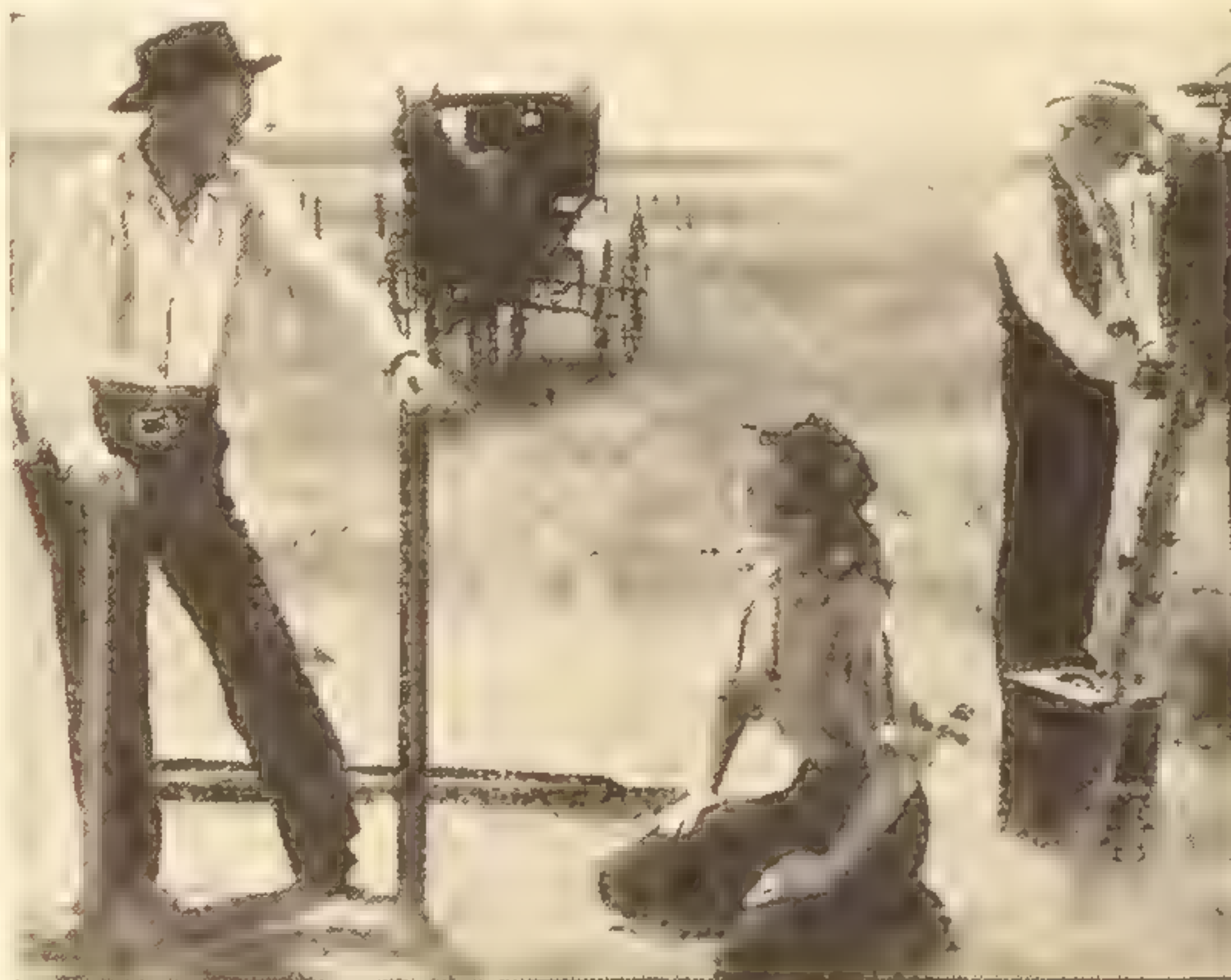
# Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol

## movie previews (Continued from page 16)

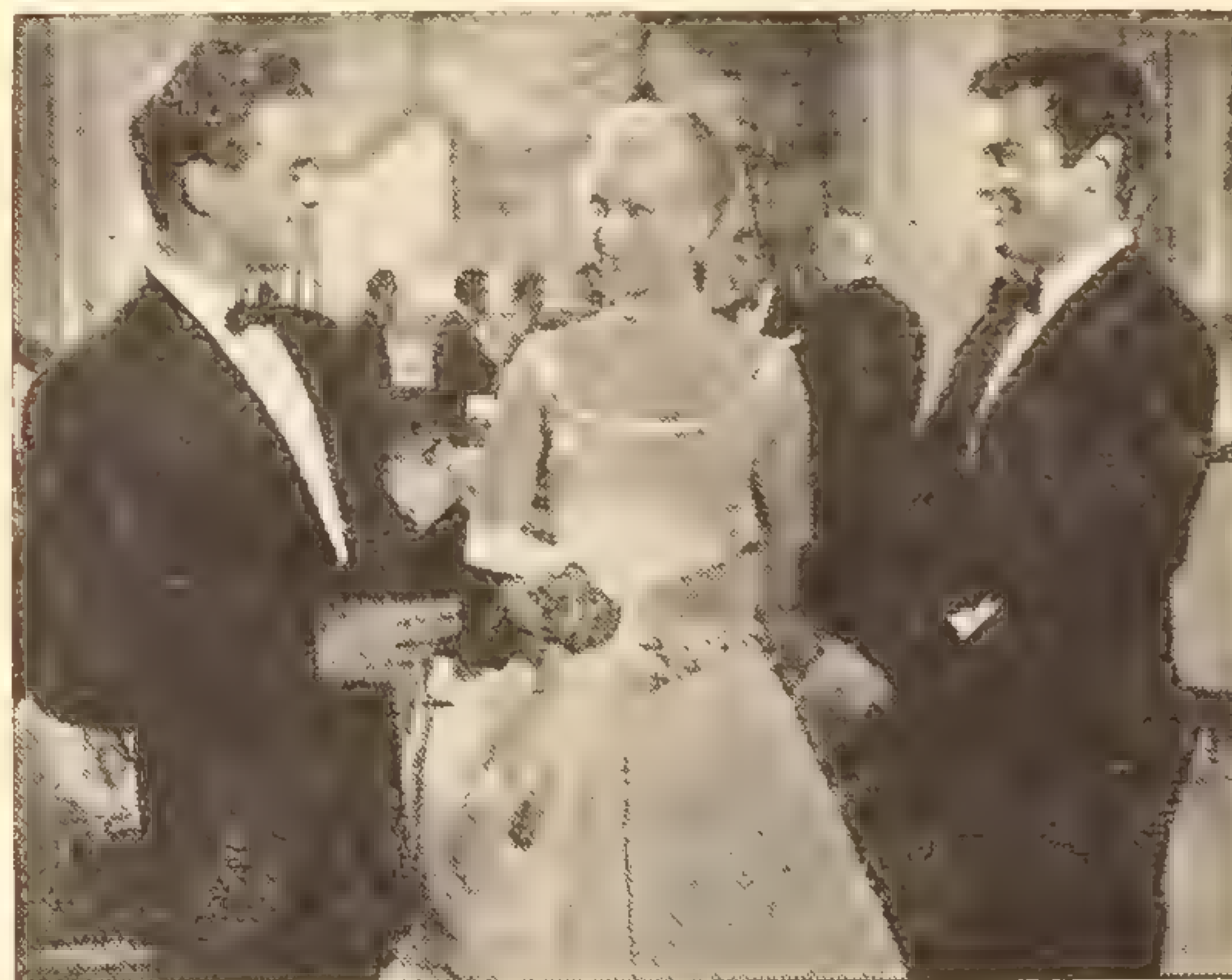
with her. Everybody thinks Jeff is a coward but they're all too manly to admit it until the cattle drive to Abilene breaks everybody's reserve. Some night rustlers stampede the herd. Jeff gives one order to the ranchhands, Dean gives a contrary order and all those silly men listen to him. Brother Fred holds Jeff responsible for Dean's speedy death. Only way Jeff can win respect is by knocking the tar out of Fred, which he does, to the delight of all, including Fred. Now that Jeff *belongs*, he's even entitled to Fred's long-standing girl friend, Janice Rule. CinemaScope—U-I



### THE BIG LAND

early days in Kansas

■ Big as the land may be, wherever you look there's a man named Brog in a black cowboy suit. He's either just killed someone or is about to. He's there when Alan Ladd and friends drive up some cattle from Texas to Missouri. Ladd's been promising his pals ten bucks a head but all Brog offers is a dollar and a half and a bullet for anyone who says it's no bargain. Ladd takes the money. His friends figure they've finally seen the day he turned yellow and don't want to speak to him no more. Nobody wants to speak to him because he's wearing a Confederate army coat in the quietly arrogant southern way of Rebels after the War, but he gets an overnight reservation in a stable. His straw-mate is Edmond O'Brien. Put a flame to O'Brien's lips and the whole stable would burn down, to give you an idea how much liquor is in that man. In the next few hours Ladd saves O'Brien from a hanging and begins his regeneration. Scratch that alcoholic and you find an architect; follow that architect to Kansas and you meet his sister (Virginia Mayo) who is engaged to a railroad executive. Put it all together and you have Ladd and O'Brien building a town to which the railroad will extend and from which Texas cattlemen will sell their steer at ten dollars a head. If it weren't for Brog (Anthony Caruso) standing in the way of progress. Not bad for a Western. Warner-color—Warners



### MISTER CORY

Tony Curtis makes good

■ He's a poor boy from Chicago, is Tony Curtis, so he falls in love with a rich girl (Martha Hyer) who has silver blonde hair and a mink coat and careless ways. Tony has careless ways, too. He's only a busboy at this exclusive country club—everytime Martha walks into the dining room he hides under a tray—but that doesn't stop him from sneaking onto the golf course like a guest and into a poker game run by Charles Bickford. Bickford acts rich but he's not classy; he's a professional gambler. The game is the ruin of Tony. He'd planned to make a pile and run off to New York with Martha. Instead, he loses his shirt and is exposed to her as a dishwasher. Her nose crinkles in disgust. But she's got a sister, Kathy Grant, who'd take Tony, rough red hands and all, if he'd have her.

Las Vegas and offers a partnership. Then a real big crook makes a deal with both of them to open a swank gambling house in Chicago. With what delight and apprehension does Tony mail a formal invitation to Martha. With what elegance does she appear on the arm of a poor schmo (William Reynolds) who gave her a diamond ring. Seems that Tony—Mister Cory, sir—is now acceptable to the upper class. Upstairs he has a suite of rooms to which Martha comes and goes. Makes William awfully mad; you know how stuffy those aristocrats are. He gets very drunk and tells Tony he isn't good enough for Martha; Tony gets very angry and proposes to Martha; Martha gets very upset because he isn't good enough for her. It's all a very sad lesson for our boy who worked so hard for so long to get nowhere. But there's still Martha's sister who's been whiling her years away on the tennis courts, looking for a partner.—U-I

## RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS:** David Niven bets that he can go around the world in eighty days and proceeds to do so with his valet, Cantinflas. They have many exciting adventures, which include rescuing Indian Princess Shirley MacLaine, a battle with the Indians in America, and an exciting bullfight in Spain. Filmed in Todd-AO process, this movie has fifty stars, is two hours and fifty-five minutes long and is a grand, unique extravaganza.

**LUST FOR LIFE (MGM):** Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

**GIANT (Warner Bros.):** This film sprawls over that quarter of a century when cattle gave way to oil, and traces the profound changes this wrought on the lives of Rock Hudson, his wife Elizabeth Taylor, his sister Mercedes McCambridge and James Dean. This movie is based on Edna Ferber's best-seller and also stars Dennis Hopper, Carroll Baker, Sal Mineo, Chill Wills and Jane Withers.

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.):** The film traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the promised land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess. Among the cast are Yvonne De Carlo, Anne Baxter, Nina Foch, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

**ANASTASIA (20th-Fox):** Ingrid Bergman plays Anastasia, and Yul Brynner plays Bounine—the man who is trying to prove to Russian Empress Helen Hayes that Ingrid is the young Grand Duchess. Rumor has it that Anastasia may *not* have died in the mass assassination of the Royal family in 1918.

**BATTLE HYMN (U-I):** Based on the true story of Colonel Dean Hess, this is a movie to touch your heart. Dean Hess (Rock Hudson) was a minister who left the pulpit to become a fighter pilot in World War II. When the Korean War comes around he feels he must leave the pulpit again. In Korea he is struck by the children, the pitiful, appealing waifs who must wander without parents, shelter or even food. By his efforts a now-famous airlift was established.

**BABY DOLL (Warners):** Baby Doll (Carroll Baker) is the infantile wife of Archie Lee (Karl Malden). They live in an empty, crumbling mansion; she sleeps in a crib and torments her generally inadequate husband by her refusal to be a real wife until her twentieth birthday. Then along comes Silva Vacarro (Eli Wallach).

**THE IRON PETTICOAT (MGM):** Once it was *Ninotchka* with Greta Garbo; now it's Katharine Hepburn romping through this comedy with careless, captivating charm. She plays one of the Soviet's top women flyers and heroines. Bob Hope is handed the pleasant, but seemingly impossible, job of breaking down her politics.

**THE HAPPY ROAD (MGM):** The *Happy Road* is produced, directed and starred in by Gene Kelly. He plays a high-pressure American businessman in Paris—his wife is dead—who's sent his boy to an expensive school in Switzerland. Not to get rid of him, just to give him all the advantages. When Bobby runs away from school, Gene is understandably upset, especially since he has to leave his business to find him. And French divorcée Barbara Laage is upset because her daughter (Brigitte Fossey) is apparently with Bobby. Bobby and Brigitte get to Paris, and on their own. Their parents get to Paris all right, too. In fact,



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N.D.-17 has been exhaustively tested in hospitals and clinics all over the United States. It has been used successfully by thousands of doctors. It has been tried successfully on vast numbers of overweight patients. It has built up a more astounding record of success than any proprietary reducing product in the history of weight reducing! And now, for the first time ever, it is available to you without prescription!

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You have read the facts. You have judged the evidence. You have seen the logical, scientific reasons why N.D.-17 and N.D.-17 alone will help you reduce your overweight quickly, safely, easily, without diets. If what you have read seems to make sense, ask yourself this question...

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N.D.-17 must be easier to take than anything you've ever tried before! N.D.-17 must be absolutely safe, absolutely harmless. You must suffer no side effects, no dizziness, no nausea, no headaches or discomfort of any kind. N.D.-17 must cut down on your appetite without conscious effort on your part, thereby helping you to lose up to 29 pounds the first month, up to 30, 40, 50 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time.

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## HERE'S PROOF!

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seven pounds in the first seven days, or if you're not completely satisfied for any reason, pay nothing. It's as simple as that.

If you are skeptical or in doubt... even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your health, for the sake of your happiness, for the sake of your loved ones, you owe it to yourself to at least try N.D.-17.

If it works for you the way we know it will, you'll certainly agree it is worth the few pennies per day it costs. On the other hand, if N.D.-17 doesn't work the way you expect, it has cost you nothing, and at least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense. Certainly that is a fair offer. The next move is up to you. If you really want to reduce you can. So once and for all determine to do something about your overweight. Right now fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it at once. Remember you have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

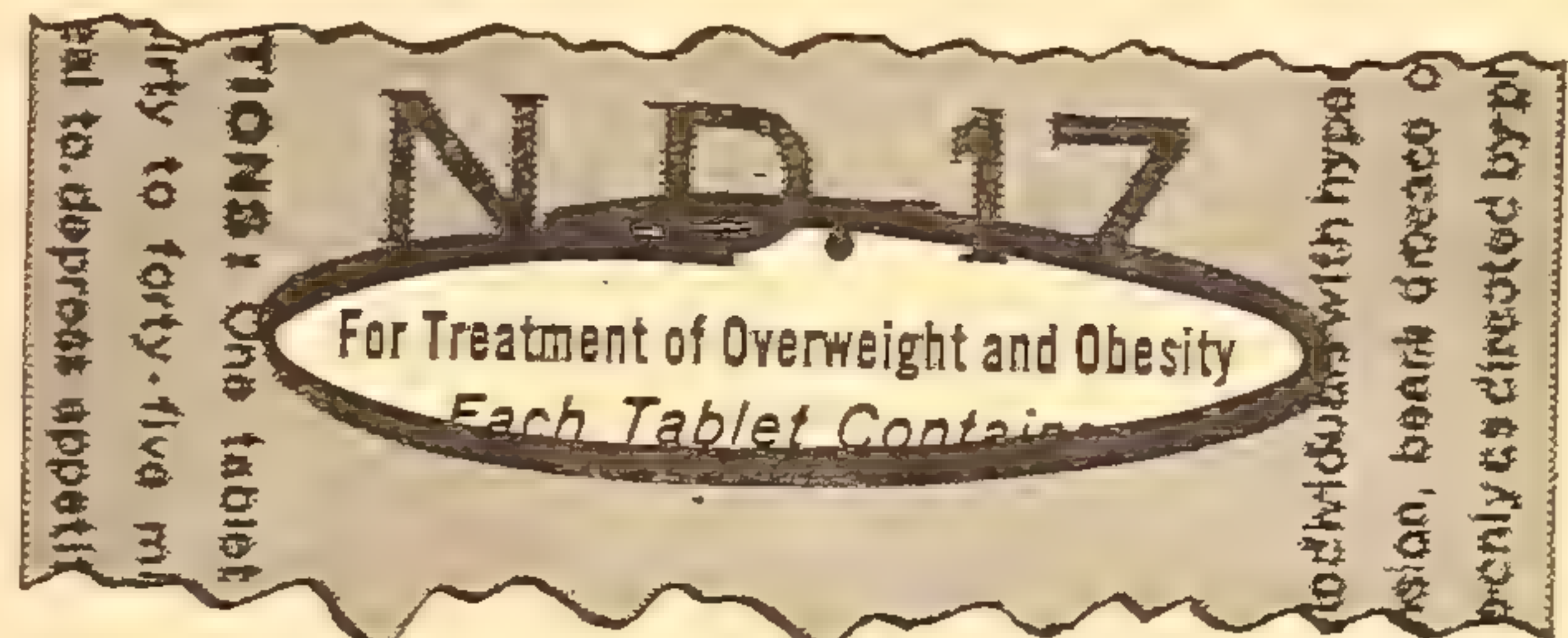
## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try N.D.-17 for seven days at our risk! If you are not absolutely convinced N.D.-17 is the easiest, most pleasant, most effective way to lose weight you have ever tried, return the unused portion and your money back immediately, no questions asked! You must be delighted in every way, or you pay nothing!

## IS N.D.-17 SAFE?

The ingredients in N.D.-17 have been more thoroughly tested over a longer period of time by more doctors in more clinics and more hospitals than any reducing product sold anywhere without a prescription. Doctors have proven time and again that N.D.-17 produces no unpleasant side effects such as headaches, nausea, dizziness, nervousness or any of the symptoms usually associated with reducing products. You may take N.D.-17 with complete confidence, content in the knowledge that the ingredients in this product have been released for sale without prescription by the United States government.

FISK RESEARCH, Inc., Dept. F-18



ONLY REDUCING PRODUCT ALLOWED TO SAY RIGHT ON THE LABEL "FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

No other product is allowed this privilege. Why? Because, no matter how cleverly they disguise it, all other products require you to follow a plan, a diet, or a so-called regimen. In other words, you do all the work! N.D.-17, on the other hand, works without any conscious help from you! You don't diet, you don't follow a regimen or plan. You don't count calories. Just take three tiny tablets a day and that's it! Your part is finished, your work is done! You go about your business. You eat, sleep, work, play just like any of your thin friends. And all the while, the amazing ingredients in this new wonder drug do the work for you. Without even being aware of it, this amazing substance cuts down on your appetite, cuts down on your desire for food, and safely, quickly, easily you start to lose ugly pounds and inches of overweight!

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Forget everything you have ever heard about reducing products before today!

Don't confuse N.D.-17 with any other product you have ever seen, heard of, or tried! N.D.-17 is a medical product... a reducing wonder drug unlike anything ever sold without a prescription anywhere! And here is the overwhelming proof...

N.D.-17 IS NOT A DIET... NOT A "PLAN" OR REGIMEN THAT TELLS YOU WHAT TO EAT... NOT A DIETARY SUPPLEMENT

Unlike every other reducing product sold by mail or over the drug store counter, your package of N.D.-17 does not include a plan, diet or regimen! You are not told what to eat or what not to eat. You are not told which foods are high calorie and which foods are low calorie. You are not told to cut out the rich desserts, french-fries, butter, bread or other nourishing foods you love so much!

When you take N.D.-17, you find yourself eating less without great effort... without willpower. N.D.-17 does all the work! Your appetite is curtailed and off come ugly pounds and inches of overweight safely, quickly, easily!

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BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY  
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Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste\* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

**SAFE** for Children of All Ages!  
to Use in All Water Areas!  
Makes teeth whiter—  
cannot stain or discolor!



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK  
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director

Mike Curtiz says  
**"DO COME TO  
HOLLYWOOD"**



As director Mike Curtiz says,  
"You can't be discovered unless  
you're on the scene!" A few  
of the stars that Mike helped up  
the ladder—just because they  
were around to be helped!—  
David Brian, Doris Day, John  
Garfield, Alexis Smith,  
Eleanor Parker, Errol Flynn.

■ For years, Hollywood has been sending out the same storm warning, "Don't come to us . . . we'll find you." Now, says Michael Curtiz, veteran director of some eighty pictures, it's high time for some reverse propaganda.

"Of course, come to Hollywood!" says Mike Curtiz, italicizing the *come* in his best Hungarian accent. Then he demands, "Can you think of anybody who has not come to Hollywood, who is today a name on the screen? Aside from those who are from the New York stage or tv? Be on the scene!"

His own legendary fund of stories on discovering people all prove his point. "We were making *Mildred Pierce*," he says. "I needed two men. Zachary Scott was already set as the heavy. But the other guy was a problem." Here he lapses into pure Curtiz, "I vishalized him as a tall, lahnky fellow, like Gary Cooper, but not Gary Cooper—sometink else. Then a fellow comes into my office in a carpenter's suit, to do some work. I look. It was David Brian, and he got the part."

Curtiz goes on, "And I will never forget the day I first interviewed Doris Day. I don't think she has forgotten, either. I had sent the *Romance On The High Seas* script to Betty Hutton. She was enthusiastic, only she was expecting a baby. So there was Doris Day, very shy, sitting in the back of the room where she looked like she hoped nobody would see her. I asked her what experience she had, and she told the truth, 'None.' She added that she had been singing with Les Brown's band. When I asked gently, 'What are you doing here?' she told me her brief story: She had danced pretty good, she admitted, but then she had an automobile accident which broke her legs. As she put it, 'I had a little voice, so I started to use that.' We tested her—and she was a star in her first picture."

Curtiz keeps reminiscing. "For *Four Daughters* MGM had tested a boy named John Garfield, but they didn't like him. Fortunately, they showed me the test and I went mad about it. You know where we caught up with him? In the railroad station at Kansas City, where they handed him our telegram. He had left Hollywood brokenhearted, discouraged and disappointed."

Alexis Smith was part of a Floradora sextet in a costume picture when Curtiz' steely blue eyes spotted her. He gave Eleanor Parker her first chance at stardom, put Paul Henreid into *Casablanca* when Henreid was unknown.

"But sometimes," admits Curtiz, "it isn't that easy to convince even our own people about a newcomer. When I wanted to star an extra boy, Errol Flynn, in *Captain Blood*, the producer had a fit. It was the same with Eleanor Parker. But Jack Warner went along with me. He said, 'I think Mike is right. We'll gamble.'"

He has stories to prove that he, himself, isn't infallible. "I needed a waitress in *Mildred Pierce*," he chuckles. "Marilyn Monroe came in. I turned her down."

"And the time I met Kim Novak on the PARAMOUNT lot. I missed her completely. I remember it was between stages seven and eleven, and all I said to her was, 'Hello.' To her agent I said the usual, 'I'll get in touch if anything turns up.' But the talent scout for COLUMBIA STUDIOS, Rufus Lemaire, just happened to be there, visiting. He asked her agent 'Who's the girl?' Kim was a star in her first picture, *Pushover*."

"You see?" demands Curtiz, "Getting a break in the movies is fifty-percent luck or timing, whichever you want to call it, fifty-percent or less talent, and *all* personality. There are no rules or regulations except one: Be here!"





## CINEMA STARS OF YESTERYEAR

■ Take a back seat, you rock 'n' roll addicts, you Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe enthusiasts. This is strictly for Mom and Pop.

Bebe and Ben were well established in Hollywood and their popularity skyrocketing when they met. A short time later—June 14, 1930—they married.

Mary Pickford's lace handkerchief was the *something borrowed, something blue* when twenty-seven years ago Ben Lyon was married to Bebe Daniels.

Matron of honor was our own Louella Parsons, who's still very much around Hollywood dispensing chit-chat in print and on radio and tv.

One of the ushers was Howard Hughes, discoverer of the captivating charms of Jane Russell and Gina Lollobrigida.

Witnessing the ceremony was Cecil B. de Mille, whose latest production is *The Ten Commandments*.

Rudolph Valentino, the most dashing lover in the history of the theatre, watched through close-slit eyes.

Also present was Gloria Swanson, who made such a terrific comeback in *Sunset Boulevard*.

Who was this romantic bride and groom whose names were on the lips of motion picture fans the world over?

Star of dozens of films, Ben Lyon found lasting fame after starring in Howard Hughes's film classic *Hell's Angels*. His co-star was Jean Harlow.

Convent-bred, Texas-born Bebe Daniels first trod theatrical boards at the tender age of four as the Duke of York in *Richard III*. Years later, she became Harold Lloyd's leading lady. Her greatest success, however, was opposite Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

Then six years after they married, the Lyons decided to take a vacation and appear abroad. They embarked for England. Their contracts called for one week's engagement in Dublin, and a two-week stay at the LONDON PALLADIUM.

Somehow that stay extended to twenty years. Except for visits to the U.S.—on one of those occasions, Bebe was featured on *This Is Your Life*—they've lived in an attractive period house in London.

Twenty years is a long, long time. But people over forty remember them. Mom and Pop, for instance



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# THEY TOLD ME "DON'T LOOK 'INTERESTED' AT DIANA DORS"



■ When William Redfield found that he was going to be in *I Married A Woman*, with Diana Dors and George Gobel, he faced the situation with mixed emotions. About Miss Dors, that is. The tall, lanky, red-blond twenty-nine-year-old veteran of some 3,000 radio shows and practically every big TV dramatic show who had made such a sizable impression as an army chaplain in *The Proud And Profane* wasn't exactly worrying about his part. What bothered him was how he was going to keep his mind on it, since his scenes were practically all with Miss Dors, big as life, right there opposite him in front of the camera. He was certain it was going to take much effort.

He explains, earnestly intelligent blue eyes bulging a bit, "I had met her earlier, in New York at a press conference. She made her entrance in a white gown, coming down the stairway in the *SHERRY NETHERLAND*. There were two hundred or so press people there—and they applauded. Is that customary?"

The answer is, no, it isn't customary. The sexational British blonde, who's own husband has described her as "the greatest sexpot" just seems to affect people that way, even press people, who are only human. And impressionable Billy Redfield was no holdout. He kept remembering how she looked in "that white dress, how she came walking down that stairway, and how everyone, but everyone, applauded at her appearance."

Then, in Hollywood, before the picture started, director Hal Kanter called him over and handed him a photograph—of Diana Dors in a bathing suit. There wasn't much bathing suit, but lots of Miss Dors. Billy Redfield's Adam's apple developed a case of gulping paroxysms. "Uh, huh," said Kanter. "Listen," he directed, "take this still home with you. And *keep* looking at it until it seems ordinary to you. For your part in the picture, you're not supposed to look interested."

William obediently did as directed. But after some four weeks of playing vis-à-vis with Miss Dors, his original reaction is still the same. "Interested?" he says, plaintively. "I haven't been able to breathe ever since I knew the part in the movie was mine!"

But according to her co-player, this is not at all the result of anything Diana Dors provokes deliberately. "Actually," he explains, "she's very easy to work with—and the fastest study I ever met. One day she had two pages of dialogue, and she hadn't even seen it. She asked me to her dressing room to rehearse it. She kept apologizing for bothering me (*bothering* me?). It was a telephone scene, which is pretty tough because there's actually nobody on the other end of the line. You know, on the screen she's talking to me, but actually she's talking to herself. I didn't have to do my part—they were to intercut it later. She kept at it till she had it just right and all the dialogue in her mind."

Mr. Redfield is a young man of strong attitudes in all directions, aside from Diana Dors. Like, he suddenly has a definite attitude about matrimony. Seems to have a short fuse, there, because he allows definitely, "I am beginning to feel trappable." Enlarging on the subject, he admits, "I am tired of running away. It's nice, maybe, to have a new model, but when you trade in girls like used cars, it doesn't lead anywhere. At first it was a lot of fun but not anymore. Now, it's very tiring."

We wouldn't bet on it, but could the film title *I Married A Woman* and the woman herself, Diana Dors, have had anything to do with this suddenly very different attitude?

Watch for Diana Dors and William Redfield soon to be seen in RKO's film *I Married A Woman*. Watch for Diana who will also be in RKO's movie *The*



## APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April your birthstone is a diamond and your flower is a sweetpea. You're also sharing it with many stars.

*April 1* — Debbie Reynolds  
Jane Powell

*April 2* — Rita Gam

*April 3* — Marlon Brando  
Doris Day

*April 5* — Gale Storm  
Gregory Peck

*April 11* — Paul Douglas

*April 12* — Ann Miller

*April 13* — Howard Keel

*April 15* — Elizabeth Montgomery

*April 17* — William Holden

*April 18* — Barbara Hale

*April 19* — Jayne Mansfield

*April 20* — Nina Foch

*April 23* — Janet Blair  
Shirley Temple

*April 24* — Tony Perkins  
Shirley MacLaine

*April 29* — Jeanmaire  
Tom Ewell



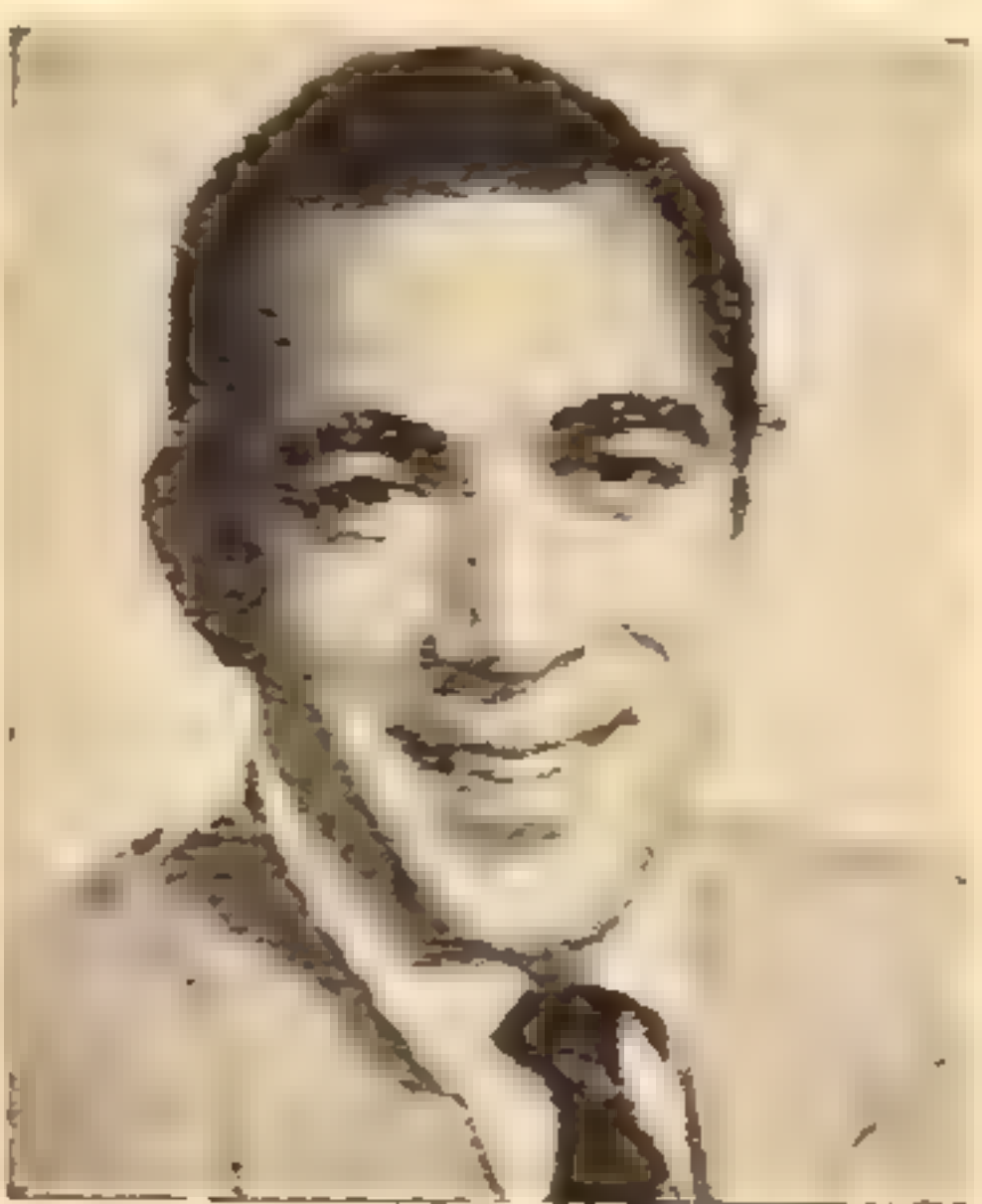
Bette Davis  
*April 5*



Spencer Tracy  
*April 5*



Jane Withers  
*April 12*



Anthony Quinn  
*April 21*



Van Johnson  
*April 25*



Corinne Calvet  
*April 30*

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

a MAN

a WOMAN

and the  
TATTERED  
DRESS  
that almost  
destroyed  
their love!

What was  
the secret of  
the girl in the  
TATTERED DRESS  
— and why did  
a whole town  
fight to keep  
it hidden?



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ELAINE STEWART

with GEORGE TOBIAS · EDWARD ANDREWS · PHILIP REED

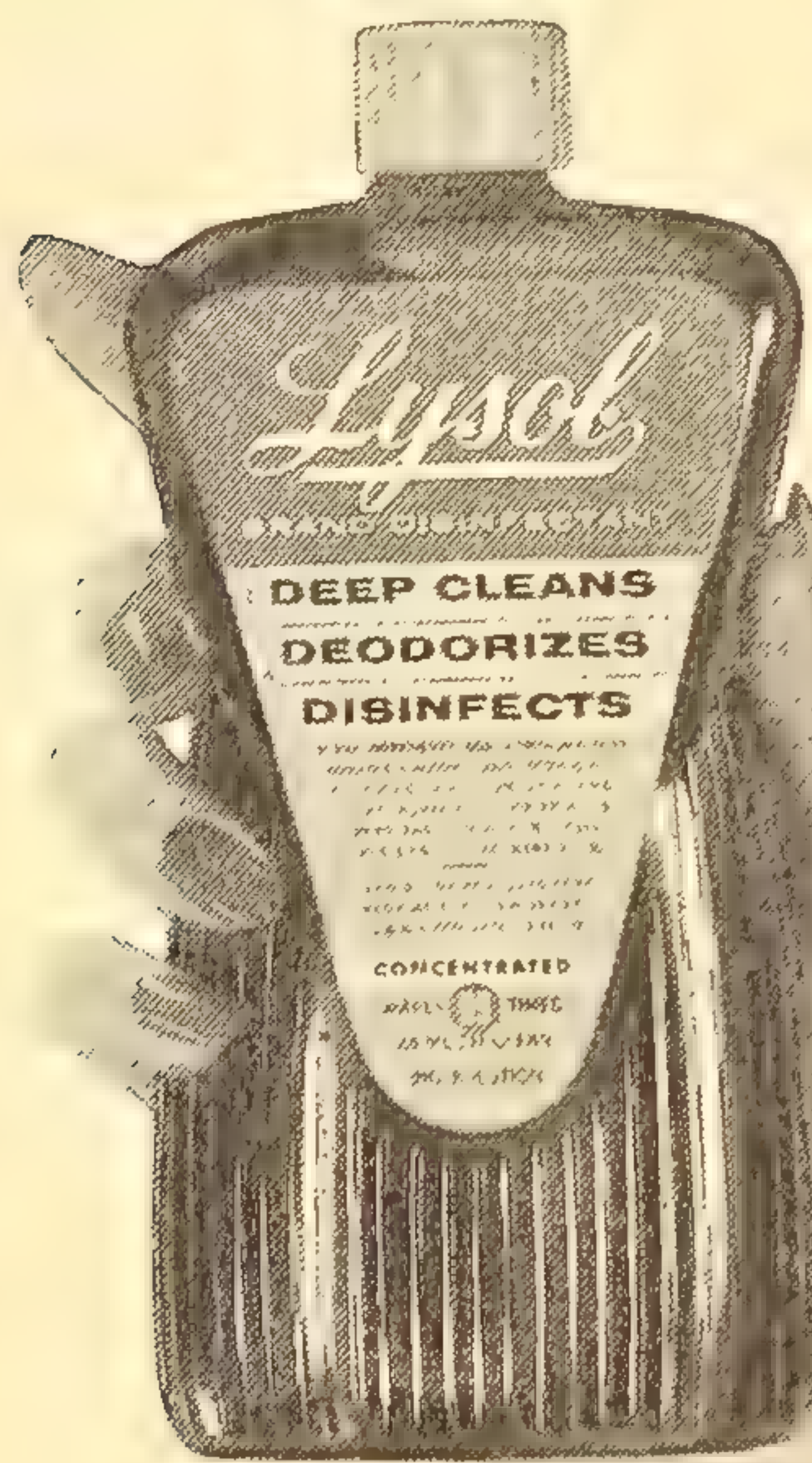


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**Try gentler, milder** "Lysol" brand disinfectant—now in it's handsome handy-grip bottle, so much nicer on your bathroom shelf!



Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" added to the douche water spreads into folds and crevices with a thorough antiseptic cleansing action — deodorizing as it cleanses! How fresh-all-over you'll feel—so sure of yourself, so sure you're completely clean and nice.

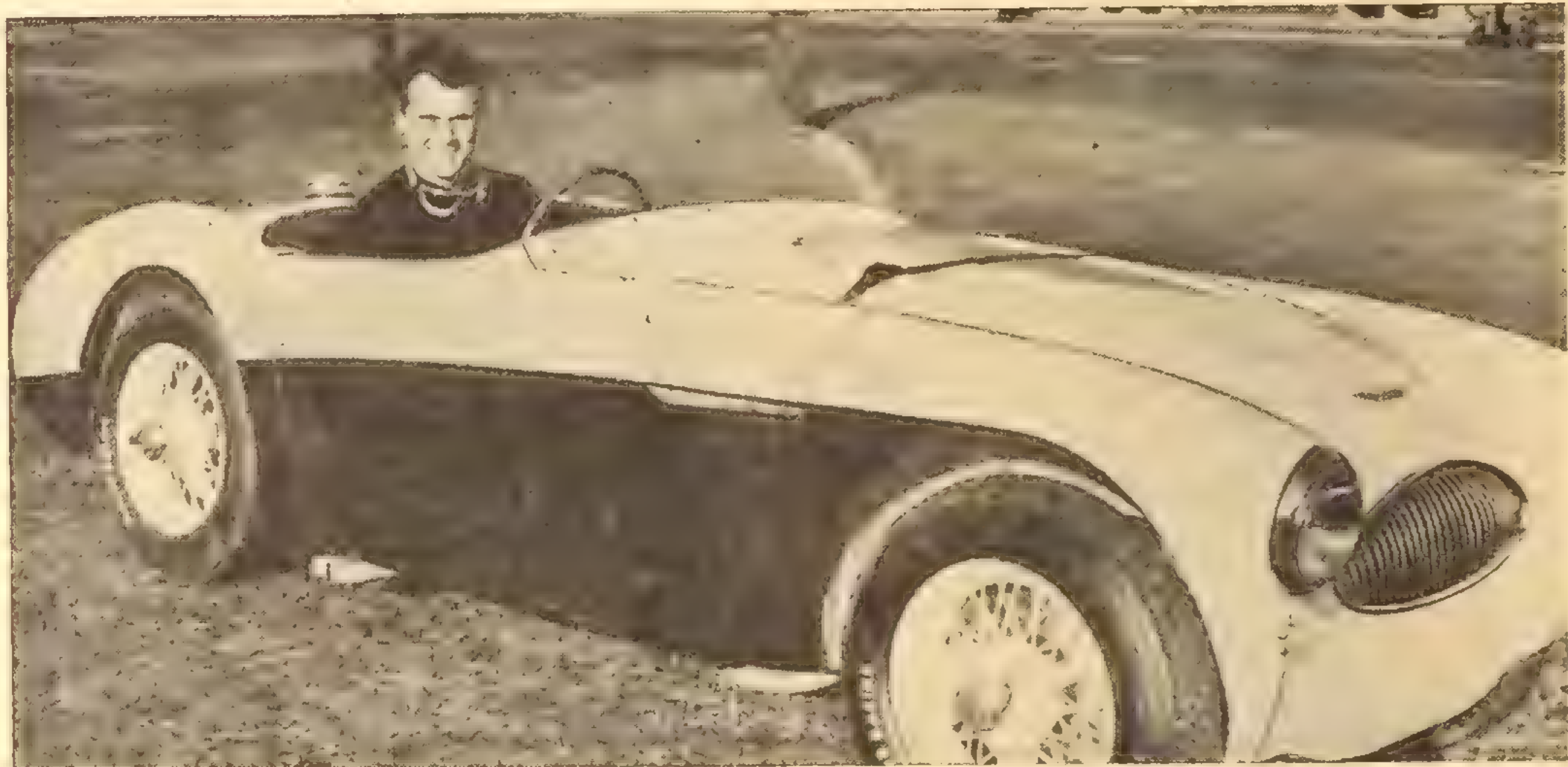
**10¢ OFF! Limited Time Only!**  
**Look for special introductory package in stores.**

(Write for medically-approved methods of douching, sent in plain envelope. Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-574.)

**Lysol**  
BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Loh & Fink Product • Also available in Canada

**JUST  
CALL HIM  
SPEEDY!**



*In the top photo, Jackie Cooper and his co-driver get set for the start. And it's a happy Jackie who poses in his Austin-Healey after the win. But no race is complete without the re-hash, so here's our winner showing his pit-man just how he got around that curve—safely.*



■ Jackie Cooper is good enough with the drum-sticks to play with a top band; he's an expert swimmer, and one of the best trout fishermen ever seen in Oregon's Rogue River country. But his keenest hobby is sports car racing.

And just to show you how serious he is about it, he's collected twenty-seven trophies in the United States and Europe and has finished hundreds of races without a scratch on his 170-pound body or a dent in the 2500-pound Austin-Healey.

"My top speed was 142.636 miles an hour," Jack recalls. "That was in 1953. I've come pretty close to that speed a number of times, but I'm beginning to think I'll never break it. The car can probably do more, but I know my *own* speed limit.

"I never drive what a sports car enthusiast calls 'the hairy edge'—that might break my neck or somebody else's. Another safety factor riding for me is my disbelief in fatalism. I simply don't go for the idea that when your number's up, that's it. In my opinion, fast driving calls for an absolute belief that control of your safety is *in your own hands*, not in the so-called lap of the gods."

Perhaps you've noticed that Cooper has quite a scar on his left cheek. He got that at work, but not in his spare-time job as a test driver for the Austin Company. One afternoon when he was appearing in the Broadway production *King Of Hearts* the play's press agent fast-talked Jackie into making a personal appearance in the show window of a big department store. Quite a crowd collected for autographs—somebody pushed—and Jack tumbled through the plate glass window!

Back out of the hospital the next day, with ten stitches, Cooper told the press agent to forget any more such publicity stunts.

"Don't let a thing like that bother you," the p.a. advised. "Man, with things like that you got to be *fatalistic!*"





## MOTHER SHOTS ELVIS (his picture, that is)

■ My mother is a well-known Dallas artist, and I persuaded her several months ago to paint a portrait of Elvis for our National Elvis Presley Fan Club to present to him when he came to Dallas. When the man in charge of the press party said it was time to present the portrait, everyone gathered around. I doubt that Elvis has ever had his portrait painted before. He looked as if he couldn't quite figure out what it was. "Did someone draw it?" he asked. "My mother painted it," I answered. Still he looked at the picture. Suddenly I said "You don't like it!" He seemed to return to earth, and almost panic stricken said, "Oh, I do! I do. I love it. I love it!" I think he would have died if he thought I believed he didn't like it.

My mother naturally wanted a picture of Elvis and her painting of him, but was slow getting her camera loaded with film. Suddenly one of the policemen around Elvis said, "Alright, that's all the pictures!" Mother started to walk away, but Elvis came back and stood between me and the portrait and said "Alright Mama, take a picture." Mother flipped.

While we were posing I asked him who had made the fancy leather case for his guitar. He gave me the name of a firm in Memphis. I said, "That's not romantic enough, Elvis!" "Well, o.k.," he joked, "my uncle made it." The party ended with the sudden announcement, "Come on Elvis, it's time to go" and the policemen closed in behind him as they rushed him away through the dark tunnels of the building.

But even though Elvis was gone, I still had his portrait to look at—and the picture of us that Elvis helped my mother shoot!

Kay Wheeler, President  
National Elvis Presley Fan Club  
*Elvis is in 20th Century-Fox's Love Me Tender, and will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' Paramount release Running Wild.*



*"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"*



## New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...hides pimples while it works

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

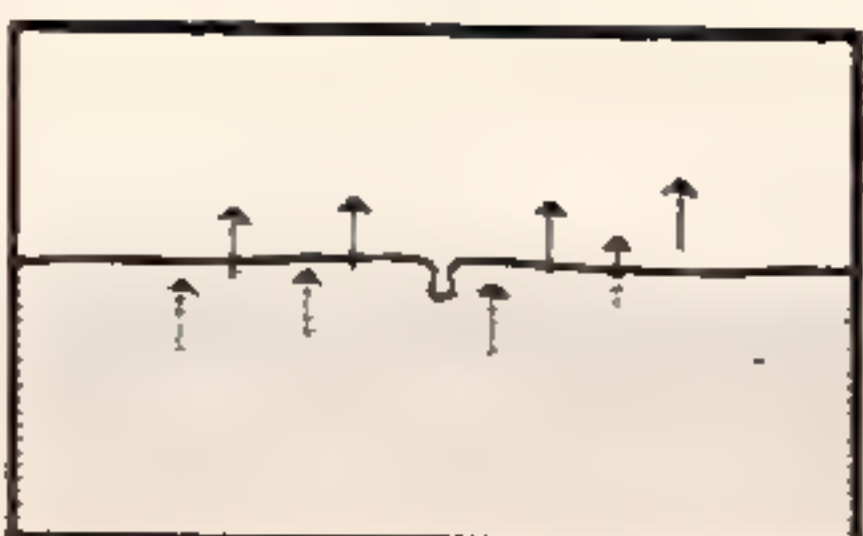
### CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES... keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES... anti-septic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES... CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

Skin-colored CLEARASIL hides pimples as it works, ends embarrassment instantly. Greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

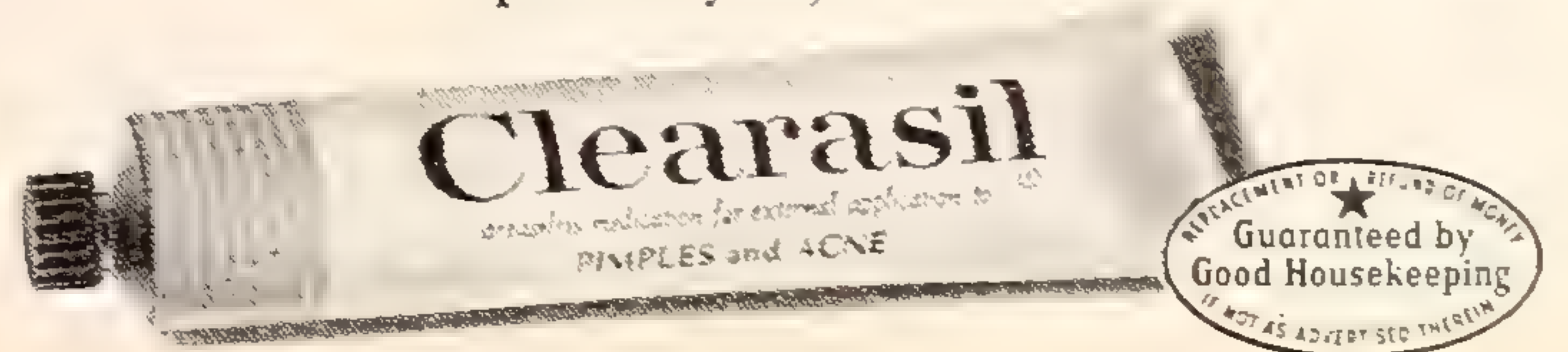
### Skin creams can 'feed' pimples Clearasil 'starves' them

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication...CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS: CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).

**SPECIAL OFFER:** Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Eastco Inc., Box 12PG, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires May 15, 1957.

**Largest-Selling Pimple  
Medication in America  
(including Canada)**







Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

## PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

In a scientific test\*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly

tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film... it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to \$1.

\*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



■ There's a boy who has captured your hearts, a tall boy with a shock of black hair, a love-me-tender smile, and a way of singing that makes people feel alive.

Sure we're talking about Elvis!

Well, whenever a blazing personality hits, we at MODERN SCREEN start getting letters about it. At first, the letters just said *please give us something to remember him by*—like a snazzy color photo of Elvis in the magazine.

But after we created the Jimmy Dean Memorial Medallion, and you sent in for the remembrance of Jimmy in such tremendous quantities that even *we* were surprised—your letters started asking us to design a Medallion of Elvis.

We wanted to please you, to give you what you wanted—but somehow we just couldn't do it.

The Medallion had been for Jimmy, and Jimmy only . . . something of him that we could all hold on to through the years that he should have been here with us.

We just *couldn't* do it.

And we thought that was that.

But the other day a famous jeweler came to see me and he had with him just about the neatest ring that we've come across in a long time. *The Elvis Presley Ring!*



# WANT ELVIS ON YOUR FINGER?



This was it!

Here was something that you could have with you always, wear on your finger and look at whenever you got the urge.

But it was more than having Elvis with you morning, noon and night.

It was a darned attractive piece of jewelry! Adjustable to fit any finger, 18-carat gold plate that's guaranteed never to tarnish, an unusual groove design, and—best of all: a life-like, four-color picture of Elvis sealed in clear lucite and *magnified*—and it makes his face just seem to jump out at you.

Right now MODERN SCREEN is handling the ring exclusively, through the mails. It will be available some time in the future at some stores, but right now, \$1 and the filled-in coupon gets you Elvis—on your finger, twenty-four hours a day!

Live a little,

*David Byrnes*  
EDITOR

Tear on dotted line

MODERN SCREEN, Department P  
10 West 33 Street, New York, N. Y.

I want . . . . . Elvis Presley photoring(s)  
(how many)

(\$1 each, check or money order only  
please)

Name . . . . .  
(Please type or print.)

Street . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .







## Pat Boone and Shirley Foley

# “We had to Elope”

■ Pat held her hand, tight. “What’re you crying for, Shirley?” he asked. He wiped the tears from her cheeks with his handkerchief, gently, one by one. “What’re you crying for?”

Shirley tried to talk. “My daddy . . .” she started to say. But then she could say no more. She—pretty, red-headed Shirley Foley, the lively always-bubbling queen of Nashville, Tennessee’s LIPSCOMB COLLEGE—could say no more, and he—Pat Boone, the happy-go-lucky always-smiling guy and one of the most contented, well-liked people around—could do no more than hold her hand and wait for her to stop crying and tell him what was wrong. He waited for a few minutes. The crying didn’t stop. He looked around the crowded, noisy ice cream parlor, the out-of-their-neighborhood place where nobody knew them, where they’d been meeting accidentally-on-purpose in that back booth for the past few months. “Let’s get out of here,” he said. “Let’s go someplace where we can talk.”

It was a beautiful night out—a cool, clear night with thousands of stars in the sky and a big smiling Tennessee moon directly overhead.

They walked for a few blocks, Pat Boone and his girl. They didn’t say anything. They just held hands and walked. And then suddenly Shirley wiped the tears from her face and turned to Pat and said, “My daddy’s got an offer to take a singing job up in Springfield, Pat. I think he’s going to take it and we’re going to have to go away.”

“Springfield?” Pat asked, softly.

“The Springfield in Missouri,” Shirley said, “and that’s I-don’t-know-how-many miles away and I-don’t-know-how-many hours just by train and I’ll never see you again, Pat, I’ll never see you again.”

Pat grabbed her. Right there in the middle of the street he grabbed her and he whispered, “Tomorrow, Shirley. Tomorrow, you and I—you know what we’re going to do? We’re getting married tomorrow, Shirley. All these years . . . all these people telling us that we’ve got to test our love, that we’ve got to wait, that we’re too young . . . all these years and all these people are going to disappear behind us tomorrow, Shirley, because we’re getting married, we’re getting married.”

Pat held her close now, very close. And as he did Shirley closed her eyes and suddenly all those years Pat had just talked about and all those people and all those cries of “Too young . . . Too Young!” rushed to her head and she smiled through her tears now and she remembered that time, that first time nearly four years earlier, when they’d first seen each other and when they’d first known that eventually this night would come. . . .

It was a Monday in January, 1949, the first day of the second semester of the school year. Lunch hour was just about over and Pat was standing outside (*Continued on page 61*)







minute by minute  
from dawn to  
dusk, here's how  
June spends  
her time

**6:31 AM**

June Allyson drinking . . . coffee . . .

It was dark and quiet. But Mr. Richard Powell, husband, had to get up early to get to work, and Mr. Powell gets up noisily. So 6:31 A.M. finds Mrs. Richard Powell drinking her first cup of coffee for the day.



**9:07 AM**

June looking in mirror . . .

It was *light* and quiet—finally. The children have been awakened, and shooed off to school. So June takes a solid two minutes to skip a powder puff across her nose.

# June Allyson's private life

**9:09 AM**

Picks up phone (ah-ha!) . . .

First report of the day goes to Mrs. Edgar Bergen.

June and Frances Bergen discuss life in general for twenty-seven minutes. Discussion understood to take place daily: close friends.



**9:58 AM**

Settles crisis on sun-porch . . .

June explains to secretary that first task is to straighten out schedule. June just can't say *no*, so she and Dick are expected for dinner at *four* places.



MORE ➤



## 11:14 AM TO NOON

All kinds of interesting things . . . June says that Dick asked her to find something in his pockets. So she can't resist going through *all* his pockets! Then to her den to make out menus . . . and finally a fast lunch.



## MORE PEEKS

at June's private life



## 1:00 PM

Walks, but not alone . . . June shows her Mother, recently arrived from New York to settle permanently in Los Angeles, around some of the fifty-six acres that the Powells call home.

## 2:00 PM

Calms her nerves at studio . . .

June needed the few minutes of relaxation.

She had just had a terrifying fifteen minutes in her pink Thunderbird—listening to a day-time serial.







**2:17 PM**

Gets tapped on nose . . .  
By UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL make-up man readying her up for test scene on *My Man Godfrey*.



**3:02 PM**

Snapped in hot clinch . . .  
Oh. Only re-shooting a scene for *Interlude*, which June made in Europe with Rossano Brazzi.



**4:20 PM**

Arm-in-arm, walking into the sunset . . .  
Well, walking off the set anyway. The scene's finished and June's thinking about the future: the immediate future, waiting for her at home—Dick, the children.



**4:59 PM**

Home in the nick of time . . .  
To receive a mysterious package. Her father tells her it was just delivered. Heck, it's only those shoes she bought at I. MAGNIN's department store the other afternoon.



**5:23 PM**

Time for a romp . . .  
And son Ricky gets some expert advice on horses, leap-frog, and how to build a real-gone dog-house—for a very small dog indeed.



Those are the facts, the secret facts about how June Allyson spends her days. The rest of the twenty-four hours? Well, husband Richard came home just about now, and June wouldn't share life-with-Richard . . .

not even with a very quiet little picture-snapper. We have it on good authority though that June and Richard spent a quiet quarter-hour together before Dick went off to chat with the children while June dressed for the evening. Then they drove over to some friends for dinner and round-table talk. Home by eleven, lights out, and to bed—cradled by the memory of another June day, like any other, surrounded by her home, her work, her family—and love.

Watch for June soon in U-I's *Interlude* and *My Man Godfrey*.







by Jane Wilkie

# HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

**Read this story of Debbie's reactions to trouble and embarrassment. Then answer truthfully: Could you laugh like she did?**

■ All told, it was a pretty terrible morning. In the living room of the little house where Debbie Reynolds' parents live, the phone shrilled at the unlikely hour of seven a.m.

"Must be Eddie," she thought, stirring sleepily in bed. He had gone to Las Vegas on a business trip for the week end, and was to have returned at two that morning. A gruesome hour for homecoming, but the only way he could squeeze in all his appointments. She had wanted to stay at home, to be there when he arrived, but he had insisted that she go to her mother's house. "You'll be better off with the folks," he had said. After all, she was expecting the baby, and he didn't like the thought of her staying alone.

Debbie had looked at him impishly. "All right, I'll mind you. This time."

He was probably calling now to say hello, but what a time to do it! She swung her feet out of bed and groped her way to the phone, reaching it a second later than her mother.

"Mrs. Fisher?" It was a strange voice. "This is the fire department. I'm sorry to tell you your house is on fire." Debbie heard her mother say, "Yes?" It was all she could think of to say.

The voice went on. "We have it pretty well under control, except for the master bedroom. That's the only room that's flaming badly."

Eddie! Debbie suddenly remembered. If he'd arrived home on schedule he'd be in that bedroom now. "Is my husband there?" The question was hardly more than a whisper.

"I don't know, ma'am. We haven't been able to get in there."

"I'll be right over," said Debbie. She turned to her mother. "Come on—we had better get right over! The house is on fire! And—and—Eddie—maybe—"

They were halfway out the door, coats slung over their shoulders, when Debbie remembered Jim Mahoney. He'd gone on the trip with Eddie, was to come back with him. If Jim was at his home, that meant Eddie was home for sure! But maybe— She tore back to the phone, and dialed the number.

"Hello?" Jim's voice cracked with sleep.

Her heart bounced to the soles of her feet like a rubber (*Continued on page 95*)





"Now take Elaine Aiken.  
She's forever calling  
to see if I'm home on  
the nights I say I am.  
I usually can't stand  
that sort of thing,  
but from her I take  
it, because..."

*Tony Perkins goes into detail about:*

## "THE TYPES OF GIRLS I CAN'T STAND"

■ His first woman problem came to Tony Perkins when he was fourteen years old, and in prep school. There was a pretty little girl who kept phoning him. On a week end at home he approached his mother. "Do you think girls should call up boys, instead of waiting for the boys to call them?"

"No," his mother said, straight-faced. "No I don't think so."

Tony shook his head tragically. "Girls sure are bold."

Today, a grown-up Perkins has modified this opinion. He's charmed by a bit of boldness.

That's not the only thing that charms Tony. In fact, he has such a long list of likes—and dislikes—that you could say here's an expert. Could be, yes, sir, could be . . .

Anyway, here it is—Tony's Tip Sheet.

If a girl calls up to say *hello* he thinks it's swell, providing he *knows* the girl. If a girl calls to invite him to a party or a première, that makes him feel popular and well-loved too. What he dislikes are the ladies who phone angling for dates but who won't come out and say so. And the kind whose phone calls indicate a possessiveness that Tony could do without—you know what he means . . . (Continued on page 89)







# can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home?

*New Year's Eve, and Jeanne and Paul decided their happiness was with each other.*



*But only a few short months before, Paul's lady-fair was the dark-eyed Laurette Luez.*

by DICK WILLIAMS

■ One sunny day not long ago, a convertible came whizzing down Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills and swooped into the driveway of a sprawling pink home. The handsome young man at the wheel leaped out, scooped up three or four suits hanging over the seat and hurried to the front door.

But before he got there, the door opened and a trim-figured, dark-haired girl with a lilt in her step rushed out to meet him. They kissed tenderly and she murmured, "Hello. Welcome home."

The man was Paul Brinkman; the girl was his almost-ex-wife Jeanne Crain—and the bright occasion was Reconciliation Day.

It was a day for which Paul had been working for months. It was a day which Jeanne, frankly, had never expected to see, despite her love for him, her secret hope that somehow their personal problems might be resolved. Despite all the bitterness that had gone before.

It was less than a year after their perfect marriage had blown up in an explosive quarrel over an exposé magazine's lurid account of Paul's alleged extra-marital capers. Less than a year, and the Brinkmans kissed and made up.

But can it last?

Can there be hope of permanent happiness for a couple who have split as violently as Jeanne and Paul did?

What about Paul's roving eye, his dinner-for-two dates in quiet out-of-the-way places, his *come-on-up-for-a-drink-Jeanne's-in-Laguna* invitations? Can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home now—any more than she could a year ago?

The Brinkmans have a devout hope that their marriage can be saved. They admit that their four small children, whose happiness mean so much to them, and their Catholic religion which frowns on divorce, have played a strong part in their reunion.

But it's more than that.

Jeanne and Paul are still in love. Despite everything that has happened, they have never fallen completely out of love.

From the beginning, even when things looked blackest, one of their closest friends argued that "No matter what they say, those two love each other. They'll go back together sooner or later!"

But some of their other friends were less optimistic. "Sure the children and their religion are a strong pull," argued one. "But Jeanne has a lot of bad memories to overcome. And the (Continued on page 82)







# IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD, read about Pier Angeli's joy

■ "I couldn't sleep. It was Christmas, and I was alone. I was restless, a little depressed. I missed Vic terribly. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, feeling so blue, when suddenly the phone rings." It was Vic Damone, calling his wife Pier Angeli. "How are you, darling," he asks me from three thousand miles away. I feel so relieved. I ask him, 'How did you know I was missing you at this moment?' And Vic said, 'I have not been able to sleep, thinking of you.'"

The telephone calls between Vic and Pier occur in strange places and strange times . . . a farmhouse in France where Pier is making a picture, on the stage of the *Cocoanut Grove* in Los Angeles on Vic's opening night . . . on their first anniversary, Christmas Eve, the night Pier was rushed to the hospital too late to save their expected child.

As Vic's voice caressed her, held her, enveloped her with his love, Pier whispered "Thank you, God, for all I have. I have so much more than most women."

*Not many girls would consider themselves so lucky if they were in Pier's place.* If, for instance, you could see your husband only a few months out of the year; if you never knew when your work would separate you for month after month from your husband and your baby; if you spent night after night alone at home waiting for the *telephone* to bring only your husband's voice to you . . . would you consider yourself the happiest wife in the world?

And if you had spent months of pain and fear in a hospital to have your first baby, and had lost the second without your husband by your side, would you consider yourself the luckiest of women?

Pier does.

Her eyes light up and her face breaks into a sparkling smile as she considers what life has offered her.

"Such joy as we have," she says, "it is unbelievable. We tell ourselves, Vic and I, all the time, 'How good God has been to us.'"

It is their heart-felt faith in God's will, no matter what has happened, that has been the bulwark of Pier's and Vic's marriage.

"Everything," says Pier, "everything happens for the best. This we know from our experience. Something that seems like a disaster may turn into a blessing *if you believe it is all part of God's plan. God has not given us the spirit of fear, but the power of faith.*"

When Pier married Vic, many who knew the problems they would have to face were frightened for them.

What kind of a marriage could it be, when two people would be separated from each other more often than they could be together? Vic is primarily a night-club singer and recording artist, and his work takes him on tours all over the country. Pier, because of her European background, is an actress very much in demand for pictures made abroad.

Some of her friends thought pityingly of the great loneliness Pier would feel when Vic was away from her. They remembered how Pier had always lived at home with her mother before she was married because, as she would explain, "I hate to come home to a house alone." How would she feel coming home to a lonely house now, when she wore a wedding ring on her finger?

"I'm not afraid of separations," Pier told Vic.

"I wouldn't want you to give up your work," said Vic. "Acting is part of you."

Recently, sitting in the soft blue den of her colonial house high on a hill in Bel-Air, Pier said, "Though Vic and I have had more separations than most people, we have also had more honeymoons. Each reunion has been like a honeymoon for us. There is never dullness for us." (Continued on page 97)

by HELEN WELLER









# WHY PAUL

The other woman



← The husband



The wife

*For three years we've known  
the story of Paul Newman's  
secret love. For three years we  
refrained from printing it because  
we hoped things would become  
right again with Paul and his  
wife, Jackie. But now that there's  
no hope left—we feel we have  
to answer the hundreds of letters  
we have received asking—*

■ Last October the Paul Newmans announced they were separating.

Six years of marriage and three children had been pitted against one terrible truth, the truth that love had died. Jackie and Paul still shared a house, but their hearts had become strangers. So they quit.

They said good-bye to each other and Jackie was left in the house on Long Island with Scott, Susan, Stephanie and the bitter knowledge that dreams are not forever. Paul fled to Hollywood to discuss *The Jazz Age*—the Helen Morgan story—and reporters thronged to both places, hoping for interviews which would clear up various whys and wherefores.

No soap. And no interviews. Neither Paul nor Jackie would talk, and their silence paved the way for endless speculation. People who are quick to leap at conclusions found ready answers. The Newmans were just another young couple thrown off balance by sudden fame, money, success in Hollywood.

It's a good story. There's only one thing wrong with it. It isn't true. The Newmans' problems began long before Paul ever set foot in Hollywood. The trouble began the day he first looked into the eyes of a girl named Joanne Woodward.

He met her on what must have been the most exciting day of his life. There he was, only five months out of YALE DRAMA SCHOOL, and he'd got himself a job in the Broadway play *Picnic*; and there she was, fresh from the NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE and television, and she'd got herself a job in the same Broadway play. And from the grins on their two faces you'd have thought they were the stars, not a couple of understudies.

She was all big green eyes, a mop of blonde hair, a plain way of saying what she thought, and something about her killed him. Maybe, he thought later, it was the youngness you feel in young actresses when they're so shiny and full of hope. His wife had been just such a young actress. They'd met in Woodstock, Illinois, in 1949; he'd been cast opposite her in *John Loves Mary* in a repertory company, and after a while they were calling (Continued on page 87)

# NEWMAN LEFT HIS WIFE



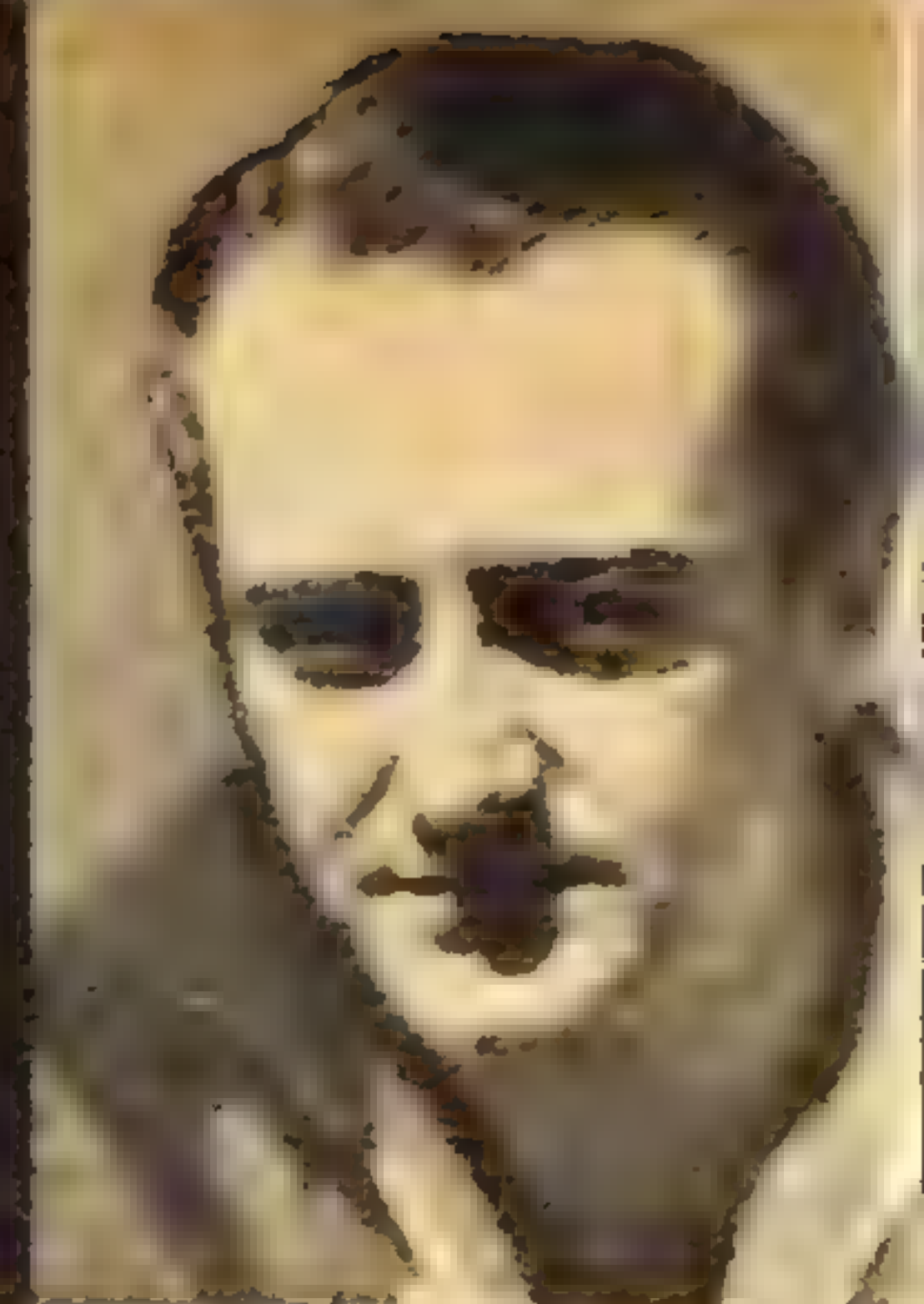
*neither  
Frank*



*Mac*



*nor  
Mario*





is  
enough  
for her

by DORA ALBERT

# why Kim remains unsatisfied

■ It isn't at all unusual for the girl with the lavender personality to get three phone calls from three fascinating men in the space of a few hours in the evening.

For instance . . . the phone rings . . . and a liquid voice, enough to make most hearts skip a beat, says, "What does it mean—this going steady? Will you please explain to me what it means?"

Mario Bandini was on the phone. He was calling Kim Novak, calling from thousands of miles away, from Italy. He was very upset. Mario felt he had reason to be upset.

His friends had shown him a photograph of beautiful Kim Novak, the girl he calls "my little angel," and the little angel was looking up at Mac Krim. The caption read, *Kim Novak and Mac Krim are going steady*. And Mario's friends had said to him, "How can you still be so interested in this girl, when she is going steady with someone else?"

"Mario was afraid," admitted Kim, "that I might be married to Mac Krim. I had told him about Mac, but the phrase 'going steady' confused him. When I assured him I wasn't married, he felt a lot less upset."

Five minutes after this call ended, the phone in Kim's new lavender apartment rang again. This time it was Frank Sinatra. "Kim," said the voice famous the world over for love songs, "I've recorded a new song especially for you. It's called . . . . ."—Kim won't share the name of the song with anyone—"Whenever you hear me sing it from now on," Frank said, "you'll know I'm singing it to you and you alone."

Frank hung up, but the phone rang again. This time it was Mac Krim calling. "Kimeee darling," he said—he spells her name with three e's—"how've you been, and how have your rehearsals for the *Jeanne Eagels* picture been going?"

"I don't know," said Kim. "I've been acting real crazy. Every once in a while I get so wrapped up in the part I forget I'm me. I feel like saying to people, 'How dare you interrupt a great actress like me, Jeanne Eagels?'"

"You'll get over it," Mac laughed. "But remember, I love the girl I used to know as Marilyn. I wouldn't love you the way I do, Kimee, if I didn't find Marilyn hiding in the girl the world knows as Kim."

Her name has been coupled so often with these (Continued on page 86)



PRESENTING

# The first complete story of Clint Walker



His poverty—  
stricken childhood,  
his years on the  
bum, his rocky  
romance with  
Verna, his  
big break, etc . . .





BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ In the Mississippi River town of Alton, Illinois, a gangling kid named Sonny Walker used to bust out of his house like a wild Indian whenever he saw a rainbow arching the sky. Churning his big bare feet like pistons, he'd gallop breathless, sometimes two or three miles, chasing a pot of gold—only to see the magic colors fade and vanish.

"Durn!" he'd swear then. "Missed it again. But," he always gritted, "I'll catch it next time for sure."

Sonny, who could have doubled for Huck Finn, never let loose of that crazy conviction—even when his hands grew to the size of hams, his shoulders spread like the spans of a bridge and whiskers spiked his rocky jaw. It sent him sailing the seven seas and on restless trips over most of the U.S.A. It plunged him in and out of a hundred different jobs in almost as many places. And usually it kept him hungry and stony broke.

Then about five years ago he sat cramped over the wheel of an ancient Model-A Ford at a fork in a Texas highway. Behind him was another hope that proved a wash-out—cattle ranching. Beside him was his pretty young wife, and in the back seat slept their year-old daughter. In his jeans he had just fifteen dollars and twelve cents.

But the familiar yen for adventure and new places shot through him as he gazed down the road stretching out toward Florida. "I've never been to Florida," he said.

His wife looked around at the baby. "I've got a sister in California," she argued. "That's something." The big guy grinned, gave her a kiss and turned the wheels West. It was the best move he ever made.

Because as a result, today  
Sonny (Continued on page 70)





# DORIS DAY'S ESCAPE FROM HELL!





■ One afternoon, Doris Day left her studio dressing room and started walking over to the set.

Then the pain hit her.

It hit her like the shock of an unexpected breaker in an angry sea and she was drowning with it. Her heart was a hammer and she couldn't catch her breath and she was drowning in a sea of pain . . .

She had just taken the first step down the road to a hell that she was to live in for almost two years.

A hell of fear . . . the kind of fear that twists your gut.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the pain was gone.

She drew a shuddering breath, stood for a few minutes to make sure her knees wouldn't buckle with the first step—and told herself that she hadn't felt anything at all. It hadn't happened.

Except that it came again and again, while her heart missed beats and her breath disappeared.

Cancer!

The word came flaming into her mind one day and she couldn't get it out. Cancer. That must be what she had.

But it wasn't cancer; it was fear.

Two years ago, Doris thought she was dying of cancer. Actually, she was suffering from fear. Oh, the pain was real enough; it hurt.

But it was the fear in her mind, not cancer, that caused the pains in her body—plus the suffering she has endured in her life so far, and the heartbreaks she has lived through.

Fear . . .

It was two years ago when Doris Day—movie star, wife, mother—first began being unable to catch her breath.

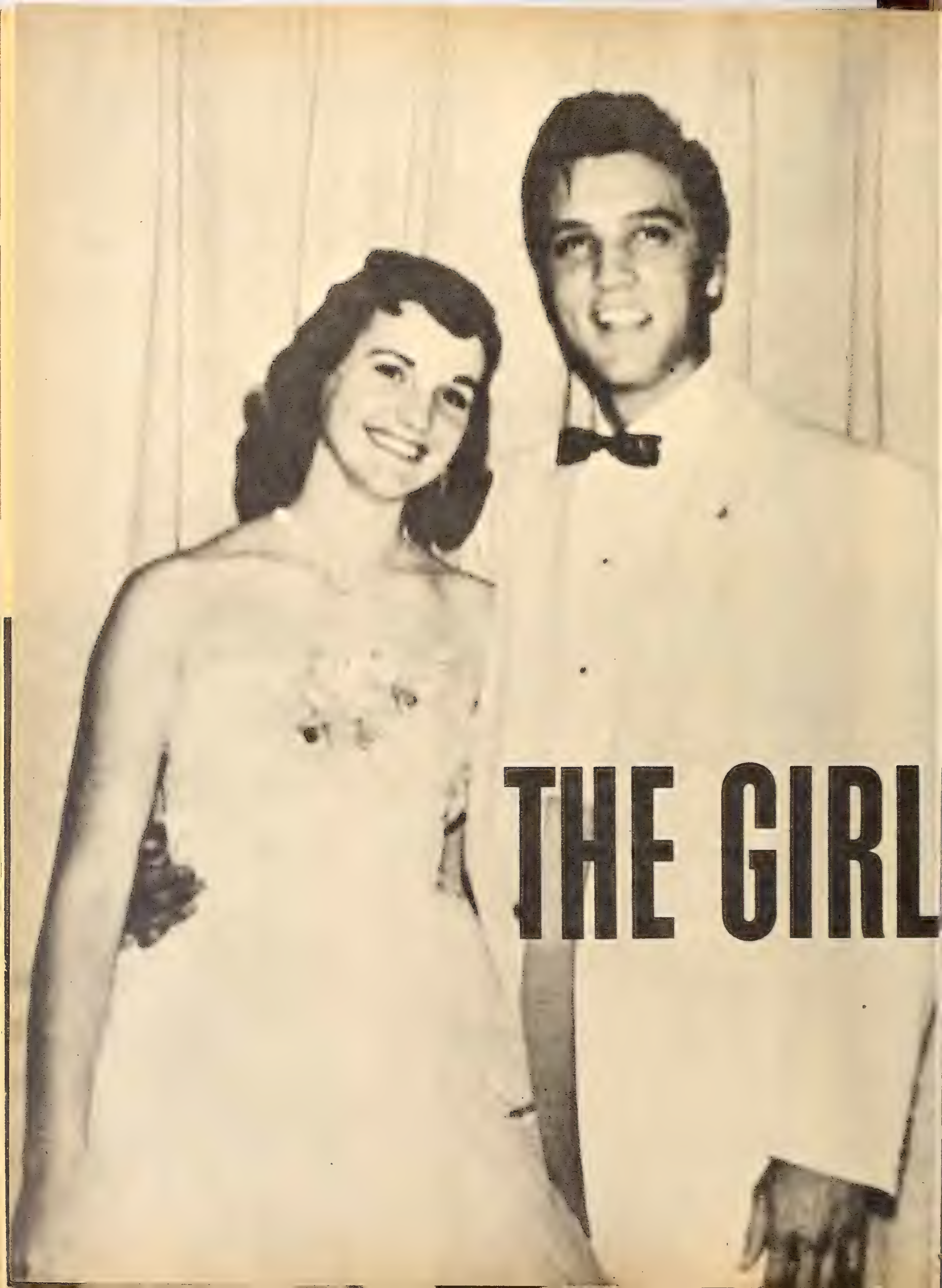
She couldn't imagine what that was all about, so she ignored it. For one thing she was a most sincere Christian Scientist and she could not believe in illness. Besides she wasn't ill. She just couldn't catch her breath.

She was under terrific pressure at that time, as any top star always is. Her WARNER contract was winding up. She didn't know (*Continued on page 93*)

by HARRIET FRANKLIN







**THE GIRL**



by Ned Polsky

■ One of Elvis Presley's close friends starts telling you one day, "You know . . . I don't think I'll ever forget those hours I spent with Elvis hiding in the shrubbery in front of Dixie's house, waiting for her to come home—from a date with someone else. Man, we were waiting, no matter how long it took. I got so danged hungry and tired I just about died. But old Elvis . . . he jes' crouched there in the shadows, misery and pain and sort of jealousy torturing his face. And somehow, well, you just couldn't leave him there . . . alone like that . . ."

It's a strange story, a sad one. It explains the Elvis you don't see on stage, except maybe when he's singing "Heartbreak Hotel"—the Elvis with a far-away look staring out of train windows . . . playing a piano backstage . . . sitting alone in a hotel room with only a phonograph and some records for company. This is the Elvis Presley that few people know, the boy with the sadness in his eyes and the sullen droop on his lips. The boy who's so much older than twenty-one, who wants desperately to be alone to think . . . Dixie . . .

Dixie Locke was a fun-loving girl.

She wasn't quiet or shy—or over-romantic. She talked a lot and she laughed a lot, this dark tiny girl with the dimples and the captivating smile. And she found and captured and finally threw away the heart of Elvis Presley, idol of idols, dreamboat supreme.

What happened to such a love?

How did it start?

Down in Memphis, Tennessee, in the year 1953, a boy named Elvis Aaron Presley was attending L. C. HUMES HIGH SCHOOL. Humes is in the older and poorer section of the city, and Elvis was just one of the kids who came to school in well-worn clothes and 'home-made' haircuts.

It didn't bother him. He was no different from his friends, his classmates. And it didn't bother him when he first noticed Dixie Locke, because Dixie was way out of his class and it wasn't even in his day-dreams that he ever thought of the possibility of "that purty little one" ever being his.

But they *did* meet, and they clicked, and the way he felt about her was pretty wonderful.

They talked a lot and they laughed a (Continued on page 84)

# WHO JILTED ELVIS!

*He went steady with her*

*for two years, took her to the*

*Senior Prom, suffered miserably*

*when she dated others.*

*Then she gave him back his ring . . .*



# *An important message*





# To Two unhappy people:

## Russ and Venetia —

Three weeks before you announced  
that your marriage was "on the rocks"  
you gave us the story that we're  
printing on these pages. Now we  
ask you to read your story again  
carefully, the story of your love.  
Then reconsider your decision  
to call it quits.

■ "All I remember now," said Russ when he started talking about it, "is that we had one block-buster of a fight. I don't remember how it got started, but I was *mad, fighting mad*. Around about midnight, we were both completely exhausted, but still terribly angry with each other, and we sat quietly discussing the facts. After a while there seemed just one solution: we'd have to admit our marriage was a failure, and that we couldn't live happily with each other, and the best thing to do would be to separate.

"We agreed—very coolly and dignifiedly, I must say—that since we couldn't afford two apartments until we separated I'd sleep in the den, and that we'd ignore each other as much as possible till we could make a clean break of it."

As he told the story, Russ's eyes lit up mischievously and a grin covered his face.

"Well, I made a real *production* out of putting the bedding on the couch in the den, and finally there was nothing left to do but put out the lights and try to get some sleep. Instead, I just lay there, thinking about Venetia in the other room.

"It seemed like a century later, though it was closer to a half hour, when Venetia appeared in the doorway to ask, 'What did you do with the toothpaste?'

"I didn't say a word. Just got up, marched into the bathroom, and found it. Right where it always was! I gave it to her quietly, and then marched back to the couch. A few minutes later, she was back again with a perfectly ridiculous question, 'Did you take the water glass?'

"Again I tramped back to the bathroom and found it for her. But by this time I'd decided that, no matter what our differences were, I was *not* going to sleep in the den.

"Venetia made it easy.

" 'Want to come in and visit me?' she asked, and her face had that quiet, afraid look of a little girl who doesn't know whether she'll be accepted or hurt, but who's decided to take the chance anyway. We rushed into each other's arms, and I picked her up as tenderly as I had the day I'd carried her over the threshold of our home after the honeymoon. By morning, we'd forgotten what in the world had started it off.

"But the wonderful thing about a marriage," added Rusty, "is that when you stop to think about the things that happened—as I am now, remembering our first year together—you don't remember the banging doors, or the harsh words, or what they were about. What you do remember is the (Continued on page 80)



by FLORENCE NILRES



# all my dreams went down the drain—

## then suddenly

---



Carroll and Jack, so in love.

■ *Alone* . . . the one word that clouded so many years of Carroll Baker's life . . .

Carroll was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania twenty-two years ago. Her father was a traveling salesman and kept the family going at a rather fast clip for a child.

"By the time I was old enough to have my first beau—he was three—I already learned about the heartbreak of separation," Carroll laughs. "I don't remember much about him, but mother tells me I threw a fit when I found out that I was the only one who was moving—that all the neighborhood children weren't coming with me!"

When Carroll was six, they moved to West Virginia. "I was eight when we shifted to the North . . . and I found that a southern brogue was just something to get rid of if I didn't want my classmates making fun of me."

Then Newark, New Jersey—for six months. And back to Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania it looked as if Carroll could settle down for a while, to make friends . . . and have a chance for a normal childhood.

But there was just one fly in the ointment: her parents' marriage (*Continued on page 76*)



*The true-life love story of Carroll Baker*

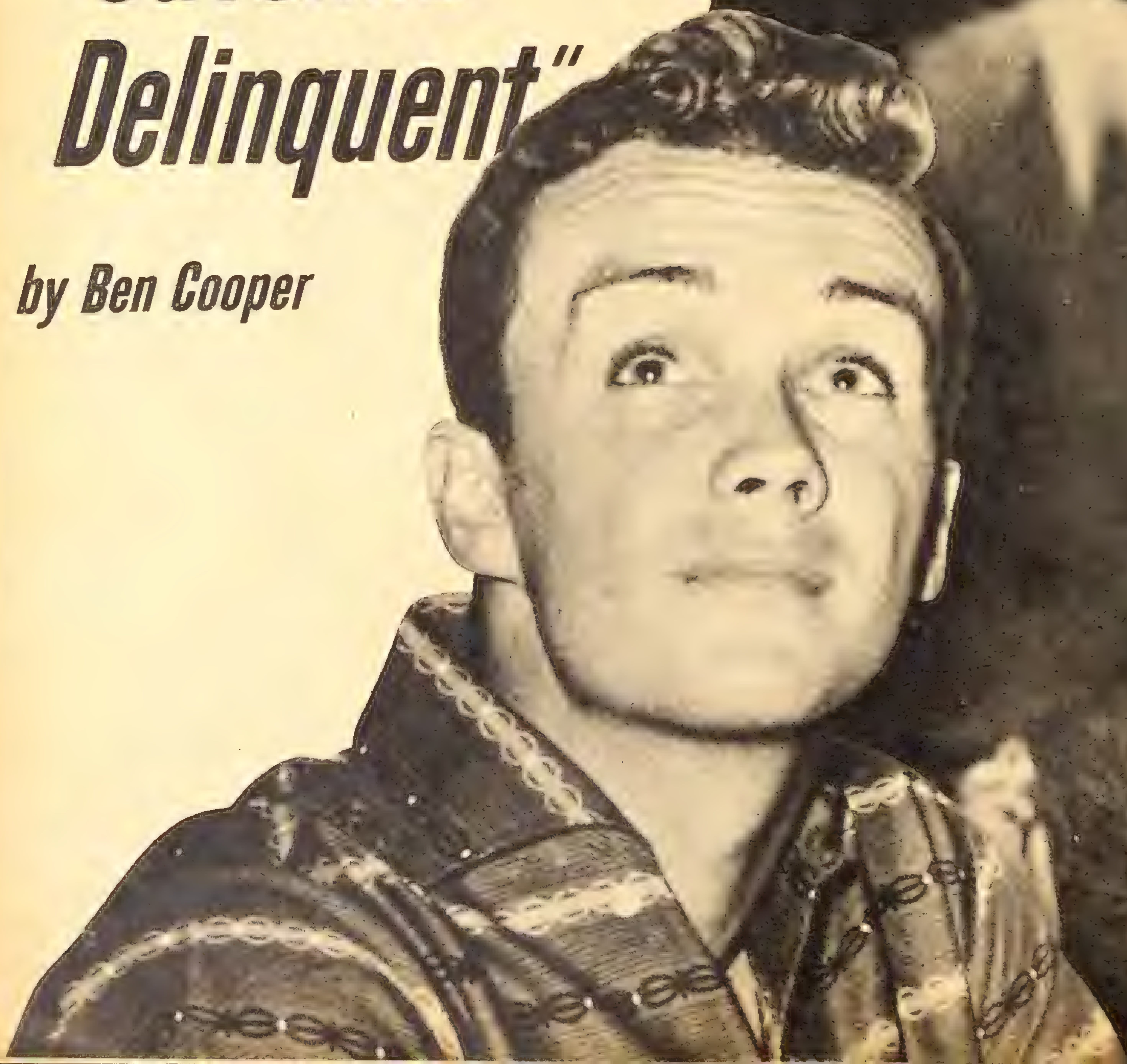




*This could have been me →*

*"I could  
have  
been a  
Juvenile  
Delinquent"*

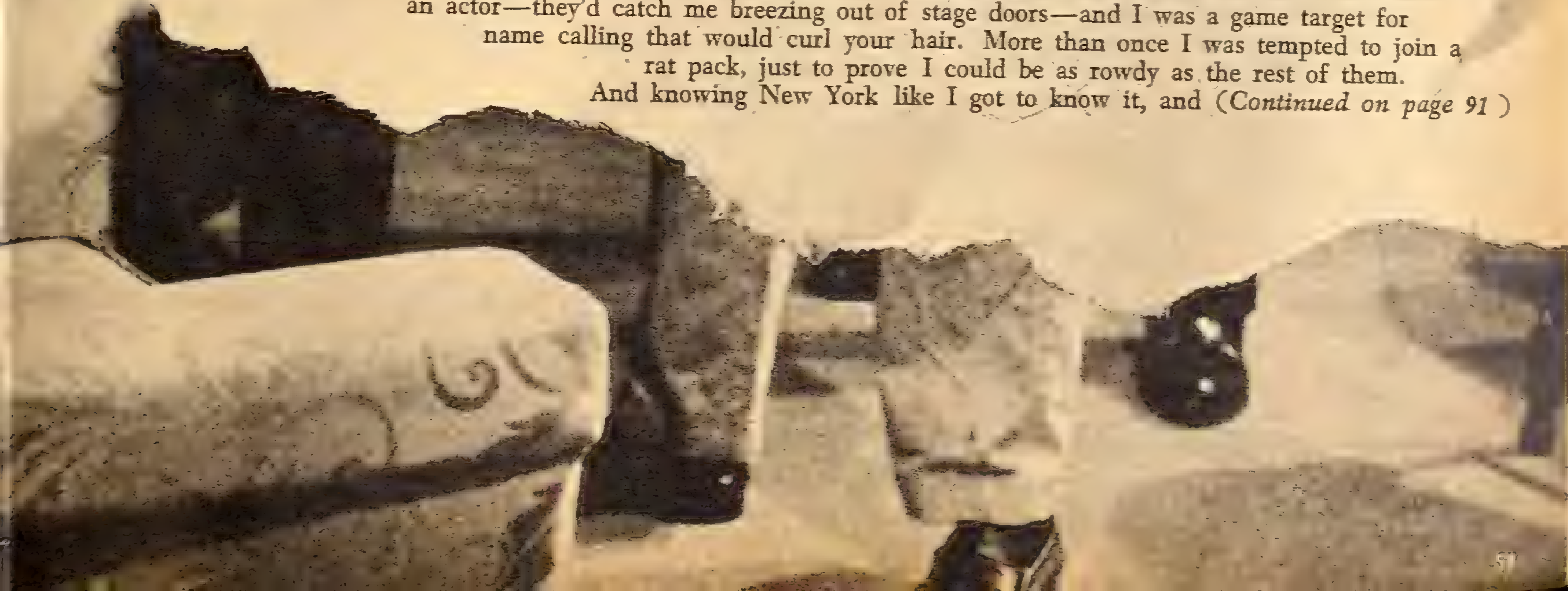
*by Ben Cooper*







■ It wasn't that I was a fiend type. As a matter of fact, when I look back on my boyhood I see myself as a walking symbol of the YMCA—such an angel that it's a wonder I lived through it. At home in Beechhurst on Long Island, it wasn't too bad. The guys in my class understood, or tried to understand, that I was in a Broadway play called *Life With Father*. It wasn't easy for kids in the third grade to figure out why, but at least they realized my hair was red for a reason, and they knew my family and they were always welcome in our home. But no kid wanders around the streets of New York with longish bright red hair that's obviously dyed, in junior Brooks Brothers suits, and escapes the evil eye and tongue of the flintier guys who consider that they are leading a more normal life. Add to that the fact that I was an actor—they'd catch me breezing out of stage doors—and I was a game target for name calling that would curl your hair. More than once I was tempted to join a rat pack, just to prove I could be as rowdy as the rest of them. And knowing New York like I got to know it, and (Continued on page 91 )







# how to be SOPHISTICATED

by Dana Wynter

■ I'm here to preach sophistication for teenage girls, a nice kind of sophistication. In England, where I grew up, girls dressed very, very youthfully and wore no make-up at all until they were seventeen or so—I'll get to make-up later—but in America that needn't be so. An American young lady can look as grown-up as she likes, provided she does so in a nice way. And I think I may have a few helpful suggestions.

First of all, and most important, a teenager can wear sheaths! Nothing is more sophisticated than a straight-line dress: all the top models and most really well-dressed women prefer them for all but the dressiest occasions. They are neat and simple, and you can wear a sheath almost anywhere—shopping, to dinner, even out dancing. Any time you're not sure (*Continued on page 60*)



# FREE!

Max Factor's new

hi-fi  
Lipstick  
75¢ size



when you buy  
Max Factor's  
**CREME PUFF**  
the new instant make-up for that fresh, young look  
**\$2<sup>00</sup> value for \$1<sup>25</sup>**  
PLUS TAX

Instant beauty is yours with this exciting offer!

Just buy a Creme Puff\* make-up compact . . . get a Hi-Fi Lipstick absolutely free! Hi-Fi is Max Factor's new lipstick discovery, based on his make-up research for color TV. Hi-Fi gives you everything you ever wanted in one lipstick! New vibrant color stays on till you take it off! New glide-on moistness never dries your lips! And Hi-Fi needs no blotting or setting!

Creme Puff gives you a soft, flawless complexion instantly—anytime, anywhere. It's all in one velvety disc—sheerest powder *plus* creamiest base *plus* exquisite complexion tone. Just touch the puff to Creme Puff, touch it to *you*, and instantly . . . you're lovely! So get your FREE Hi-Fi Lipstick today—pay only for Creme Puff, \$1.25, in an ivory compact with puff.



Limited time offer. Look for this Max Factor combination at all fine cosmetic counters. You get Creme Puff and Hi-Fi Lipstick . . . both for only \$1.25, the price of Creme Puff alone!

\*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP.



## how to be sophisticated

(Continued from page 58) where you're going, it's the perfect solution. They don't wrinkle the way a full skirt does, because there's less to them. And you don't take up two seats in the movies or on the bus as you do wearing a dozen crinolines and petticoats!

The one problem with a sheath is that you must be fairly slim to wear one well. Many teenagers have trouble with weight, of course. I did. I was always putting on pounds! Naturally, that prevents you from wearing a perfectly straight dress. I recommend diet and sports—everyone does—but while you're waiting for the pounds to disappear, you don't have to be stuck with dirndles and flounces that pretend to hide your posterior and actually only make you look worse. The answer is to look for a dress that is straight in the front, with some fullness in the back. They're making a great many of these today, and not only are they good for camouflage but they allow you to walk more freely than a perfectly straight sheath would. One word of warning: look for a print or a solid-color in your sheath—or even a stripe if it isn't too dramatic. Not a black one, please, or a slinky one in satin or crepe until you are in your twenties. A pastel-colored sheath will make you look twice as sophisticated as any of your friends in full skirts, without allowing their mothers to raise an eyebrow.

### Buy a basic dress

Most girls don't have a lot of money to spend on clothes, but a girl can be very well dressed on a small budget. If she's careful. For instance, bargains are all very well, but so many people buy things they don't want or need just because they've been marked down. I've done it myself. Now I walk past every bargain table with my eyes shut. I pay a little more for what I buy, but I get what I want.

The one thing a girl *should* spend a little on is a basic dress. I have a long-sleeved turtle-neck black wool dress that I wouldn't be without for anything in the world. It doesn't have to be a black outfit. Navy blue does nicely.

**Arthur Orloff and his wife took starlet Vikki Dougan to Ah Fong's for dinner the other night, and when they ordered, asked her, "How would you like your rice?" The starlet replied, "Thrown at me."**

*Sidney Skolsky  
in the New York Post*

Incidentally, this business of a flower or a scarf to brighten up one basic dress is so important. They make such stunning accessories these days, and there is so much you can do with them.

### Don't go bareheaded

About the most unusual thing a girl can do these days is wear a hat. Why, I don't know. So few young women wear them now, and almost no girls. Perhaps it is because they do muss up your hair. I can't deny that I wear my hair for my hats—and still, when I take a hat off, I have to comb my hair again. But the wind can have that effect, too, you know, so that's no excuse for always going bareheaded. And there is nothing in the world more flattering than a hat, framing a girl's face in flowers or cloth, bringing out the color of her eyes or her hair, or pointing out the interesting angles of her face.

I have a private theory that the reason most girls won't wear hats is that they've had bad experiences. They've bought hats that looked simply stunning in the store; when they walked outside they caught a glimpse of themselves in a store window—and looked so top-heavy and ridiculous! Well, there's a very simple solution to that—never buy a hat sitting down! Put the hat on, and no matter what the saleslady says, insist you want to see it in a full-length mirror. Then you'll be able to buy one that looks well when you're walking in the street!

For myself, I like huge, dramatic hats. I'm tall—5'7" in stockings—so I can wear them. Short girls, and young girls, should stay away from big hats. You don't have to stick to a cloche, necessarily, though they are very pretty. But if you choose a hat with a brim, it should be fairly small. There's no reason why it has to be utterly plain, though—since you'll be wearing a simple, straight-line dress you can certainly have some flowers or color in your hat. And there's nothing that makes a woman feel more feminine than buying a hat—unless it's wearing it.

### Sophistication—a full time job

As long as we're getting sophisticated, let's do it twenty-four hours a day. I don't like girls in trousers. A woman should check her appearance from every possible angle—like standing up to buy a hat—and no woman can possibly tell how she really looks walking down a street in slacks! Furthermore, if you are just sitting around the house, or even doing housework or homework—it is just as simple to slip into a little dress as a pair of jeans. Then you're feminine as well as comfortable. When it comes to shorts, that's a different story. Shorts are cool—which slacks are not—and give you more freedom than either slacks or skirts. But don't buy them carelessly. Get a chic length and a good fit that will take care of any problems you may have on thighs or hips. A few years ago, I would certainly have said that you should wear only flats with shorts, but now I think heels are permissible. I have found that since I wear heels most of the time, and I like really high, thin ones, a change has taken place in my feet. Flat shoes are uncomfortable for me now. And of course, heels make your ankle look slimmer and your leg look better.

Finally make-up. I go through phases myself. Right now I'm wearing a rather dark rose lipstick, but I'm just pulling out of a period in which I wore a lipstick as light as my first one—a pale *natural* shade. In this day of bright red mouths, you'd be amazed how striking this is. Sometimes I change lipsticks with my clothes, matching them. I own about five lipsticks, I suppose. I don't think American girls need keep their faces scrubbed and shiny until they are seventeen, as English girls do. The touch of lipstick and the dash of powder on a shiny nose—that we *didn't* start using until we were seventeen—is perfectly appropriate here several years earlier. But when you start using more elaborate make-up, go *lightly*. And above all, don't set your eyes and mouth at war with each other for attention. Don't neglect either, but underplay one so that the other becomes your most important feature.

And that's the secret of sophistication. Just as with the simple dress and the bright hat, let the eye fall mostly on one striking point. That way you'll always make a smart impression—as a bright young woman who knows how to dress and look her age.

END

Watch for Dana in the 20th Century-Fox film *The Sun Also Rises*, and in MGM's *Something Of Value*.

## CURRY À LA MacMURRAY!



■ Besides being one of Hollywood's top stars, Fred MacMurray is—along with his best friend John Wayne—owner of an exclusive Acapulco hotel; and whenever Fred has time off from movie-making he and wife June Haver do their fishing in sunny Mexico.

One afternoon, when they were loaded down with their catch, a guest spotted them and jokingly said to John Wayne, "Well, here comes our dinner!"

"Want to bet?" laughed Duke. "You're in for a surprise."

He was. The truth is, while Fred loves fishing, he just doesn't go for fish. So that evening the guests were served—chicken. And what chicken! Some call it *Fred-Fried Fowl*. Others say its name is *Curry à la MacMurray*. One puzzled guest blurted out, "I know it's chicken. But what kind? The dressing is so rich!"

"It should be," chuckled Duke, "it has a half pound of butter in it. But what else did the chef put in?"

"Nutmeg?"

"No—Chinese soy sauce!"

It's the third ingredient, though, that's the real mystery. Fred, like any amateur chef, doesn't like to give out his secret, but he confessed. It's honey! Fred mixes the soy, the butter and the honey in equal proportions. Then he literally soaks the chicken in this sauce. Everybody who has visited his Acapulco hotel says that Fred's chicken is the best thing in Mexico.

Everybody, that is, except John Wayne. "Chicken with honey? Fred may like it, but me—I'm strictly a steak and potato man!"

Watch for John in U.A.'s *Legend Of The Lost* and RKO's *I Married A Woman*. He's currently in MGM's *The Wings Of Eagles*.



## we had to elope

(Continued from page 29) the LIPSCOMB High cafeteria with a buddy of his, a basketball teammate. He'd heard earlier that day that Shirley Foley, the daughter of one of his idols, famous western and hillbilly singer Red Foley, was transferring to LIPSCOMB from a school across town and he'd been curious to have somebody point her out. Now his buddy had pointed her out during lunch hour. Pat had looked, gulped what he was eating and asked if he could meet her.

"She can't sing like her pa," his buddy said as they stood there, waiting.

"I hope her voice is a little bit higher than Red's," Pat said as he scanned the hundreds of faces of the other kids who came streaming out of the lunch room. "You're sure you know her, now?" he asked his pal, his eyes darting from one face to another. "I mean, you know her well enough to give me an introduction?"

His pal nodded. He was about to say something when he spotted a pretty girl with long red hair and called out, "Shirley, here Shirley, there's a fellow here I want you to meet. His name's Pat Boone."

### Who's got a fever?

The girl stopped and looked over at Pat. "Hi," she said, smiling. "I'm so glad to meet you. I've heard you sing around town and I like your voice so much and, well, I'm so glad to meet you."

Pat smiled back and shrugged. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but he blushed instead. He turned to his buddy.

"See you, Pat," his buddy said, winking, and he rushed off.

Pat turned back to the pretty girl with the long red hair. "I . . . I didn't think you'd know who I was," he said.

"Well, you're pretty much of a celebrity around these parts," Shirley said. She looked into Pat's eyes and he looked into hers. "Tell me," Shirley said, finally—beginning a line she enjoys teasing Pat about to this day, "is there something wrong with you? I mean, your face is kind of flushed. Do you have a fever or something?"

"Shirley," Pat said, very quickly, bringing his hand up to his face as if to wipe away some of the red, "would you think it rude of me if I asked you for a date?"

Shirley shook her head. "I'd think it very nice," she said.

"Even if I made it for tomorrow night?" Pat asked, still rubbing.

"I'd think it very nice," Shirley said again and—as she'll admit to Pat now—beginning to feel her own face get red.

### Pat's vow

Pat picked her up at seven o'clock that night, the night of one of the heaviest snowfalls Nashville has ever seen. He met her mother and father, asked very formally for their permission to take their daughter sledding with a group of his friends, and they left on their first date.

It was a wonderful evening from start to finish and when it was over Pat took Shirley home and stood holding her hand at the door. He wanted to kiss her good-night, but he didn't. A little while earlier, he'd broken up with the second girl he'd ever gone steady with and he'd vowed to himself at the time that he'd never kiss another girl again, no matter how much he wanted to, till he knew that this was really the girl for him.

And so he stood there now, knowing Shirley for only a few hours really and liking her very much and wanting to kiss her but remembering his vow and, even though it was hard, sticking to it.

"Good night," he said when it had got too cold just to stand there holding hands and looking at one another. "I had a real nice time tonight."

"So did I," Shirley said.

Pat let go her hand, opened the door for her, watched her take a step inside and started to walk away. He'd got to the steps at the end of the porch when he turned. "Shirley," he asked, "you doing anything Saturday night?"

"I'd been thinking about maybe going to the movies," Shirley said.

"Will you come with me?"

"Yes," Shirley said. "Yes. . . ."

For the next nine months, Pat and Shirley went to the movies together every Saturday night—with a few Tuesday and Thursday and Friday night dates stuck in here and there. Once in a while he asked her to come to the big white frame house where the Boones have lived ever since moving up to Nashville from Jacksonville, Florida where Pat was born—and just sit and talk with the folks and his kid brother, Nicky, and his kid sisters, Margie and Judy.

"We called him Pat shortly after he was born," Mrs. Boone told Shirley once, "because his daddy and I were counting on a girl and we had it all planned we were going to call her Patricia. Actually, we started out by giving him the name Charles Eugene. But a few weeks later one of us said 'Pat' and it's been that ever since."

Edwin Lester, head of the Los Angeles Light Civic Opera Co., was staying at the Warwick Hotel in N. Y. So was Frank Loesser, the songwriter, who was here for the premiere of *Guys And Dolls*. Lester and Loesser had been getting phone calls intended for the other. Lester finally met with Loesser and urged that they do something about the mix-up. "You, a famous songwriter and music publisher," he began, "and I, a producer, shouldn't be wasting our valuable time with . . ." "Never mind all that," Loesser interrupted, "where's my laundry?"

Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post

### Getting to know Pat

"When Pat was about seven," his father told Shirley, "we had a cow named Rosemary. I told Pat that Rosemary was his responsibility. Well, he didn't like the cow much, but he sure liked her products. I remember he used to tell everybody at school that he had to get home to milk the cow. But he always found something else to do. There was no telling what time poor Rosemary got milked. There was no telling how much of that milk he'd drink, either. Two quarts at one sitting once."

"How about William Green Hill?" sister Margie chimed in. She turned to Shirley. "William Green Hill was one of two goats daddy gave the boys one Christmas. Miss Minerva was the other. Miss Minerva wasn't much bother, as I recall. But William Green Hill was always getting those horns of his stuck in the fence and it was always Pat's job to go get them pulled out. We didn't keep the goats long."

"Nor Black Magic, the pig," said sister Judy. "Pat and Nicky were the ones who had to feed him. That was the same time we had all the cats, about twenty-one of them. Remember Toby, Pat—the persian with the white mustache? He was your favorite. He was much neater than Black Magic. Especially at feeding time."

"One summer dad had some logs in the back yard," Nicky told Shirley another

time. "He said he was going to build a fence with them, but he never did. So Pat and I took them and made log houses. We criss-crossed them, and really did some fancy building. One of them even had two stories in it. We never did spend the night in them, though. We couldn't figure out a way to keep the wind from coming through the cracks and somehow our beds felt a lot warmer than sleeping out there."

### Perry Como . . . a favorite

"Pat used to love to sit and listen to the radio," Mrs. Boone said once. "Even before he started to school, he used to harmonize with the singers. We encouraged him to sing, but he never had any special training when he was in elementary school . . . Who were his favorites? Well, I'd say Perry Como was one. And your own daddy was another, Shirley. And once, I'll never forget it, Pat was asked to sing at a movie house on a Saturday afternoon and the announcer said, 'We will now hear a rendition of "Single Saddle" by that young Bing Crosby, Pat Boone.' I think that tickled him the most."

"He's a good religious boy, Pat is," his dad told Shirley once. "His mama started taking him to the Church of Christ when he was six weeks old. When he was growing up, he attended Sunday school, church, Sunday night services and usually prayer meeting on Wednesday. I guess he still attends them, all but Sunday school."

"When he was two-and-a-half years old," his mother said once, "his daddy bought him a tricycle, a beautiful red and white one. Well, one day he was blithely riding the bike down the sidewalk when something happened and it veered over into the street. A neighbor woman happened to be out there at the moment. Later she told me that as the bike went into the street a big school bus came speeding around the corner. The bus headed straight for Pat, she said. She stood panicky for a split second and then with some unknown strength she ran and pulled Pat off the bike. Another second later and the bike was crushed under the bus wheels . . . I often thank God for the time He took that special watch over my little boy. And I think that He's glad that my boy has such a special love for Him."

Yes, there was very little that Shirley Foley didn't know about Pat after those first nine wonderful months together—months that happened to be leading up to the two most dramatic moments of Shirley's life.

The first moment came suddenly, cruelly. It was the death of Shirley's mother.

The second moment came about a month later. It was Pat's declaration of love. As Pat himself tells it:

"We'd known each other for such a long time. We'd been through so much together. But we'd never said anything personal, anything about us . . . Then one night we were alone together. I remember we were sitting there in Shirley's house, holding hands, not saying anything, just holding hands. Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. I leaned over and I kissed Shirley. And as I kissed her—the first time I'd kissed her in the ten months I'd known her—I knew that I was in love with her and that she was in love with me and that some day we were going to be husband and wife. Just that simple, I knew it."

As it turned out, things weren't just that simple.

### Their thoughts to themselves

On the surface they might have looked that way. Sure, Pat and Shirley dated more than ever now. Most of the dates consisted of baby-sitting for the children of Hugh Cherry, Pat's friend and a tv master-



of-ceremonies who had put Pat on one of his shows; of sitting together at Shirley's piano and harmonizing; of rehearsing sermons Pat would give at church services every Wednesday night. Sure, everybody thought it was a real cute sign of puppy love when Pat broke his nose playing basketball one afternoon—as a kid he'd had a broken elbow, collarbone and wrist, all from sports accidents—and Shirley would come running to his side every possible moment during those next uncomfortable weeks . . . and how she'd cry at the mention of her poor suffering Pat. Sure, lots of the kids giggled the night Pat won the big local *Discovery of the Year* award . . . and he turned, right after the announcement, and ran to grab Shirley in front of all those people and hugged and hugged her.

Deep down it was love, strong love—and this a few people, important people in Pat and Shirley's lives, found it hard to take seriously.

For the next year or so, Pat and Shirley managed to keep their true thoughts about one another to themselves. Then, a little bit at a time, hints began to fall from them—hints like how nice it would be to get married, how nice it would be to have a little house, how nice it would be to have four or five children some day.

#### "In time," they were told

At first, Pat's folks and Shirley's father did their best to humor the couple along. They tsked-tsked any mention of marriage with big parental smiles and all sorts of nice soothing bits of advice.

"In due time," Pat's mother told him once when he mentioned the possibility of marrying Shirley some day. "In due time."

"You talk like there's no tomorrow, Shirley," her father told her once when she mentioned the possibility of marrying Pat some day. "There are years ahead for getting married . . . years and years."

Pat and Shirley waited one more year, and then a little over that. Things had happened in that time, too, to make the prospect of marriage seem more and more a possibility.

For one thing, of course, they'd grown older—they were both seventeen now. For another, they'd both been graduated from high school and were in college—Shirley studying nurse's training, Pat majoring in English. For still another, Pat's popularity as a singer was really beginning to zoom.

"Although he was doing most of his singing for free," a Nashville friend remembers, "there wasn't a social or religious club in town that didn't ask him to any occasion they had. And although he wasn't getting paid for it, he did have his own radio show on Saturday mornings. This was also at just about the time he was invited to go to New York by Ted Mack to appear on his tv contest show. There was no question about it; Pat was really beginning to come into his own as an entertainment personality."

Yes, Pat and Shirley had waited and waited. And things had got better and better for them. Except for one big thing, that is: their parents' consent.

#### The opposite effect

Pat tells what happened next this way:

"When it was known just how serious Shirley and I were about each other and about getting married, my folks objected in no uncertain terms—and Shirley's daddy felt fairly much the same about it. Their complaint was that we were too young. They said it would be fine for us to get married . . . some day. After college, maybe, they said. But no, not now."

"At one point they suggested that we stop dating for a while. I know what they figured—that we'd (Continued on page 64)

# WIN

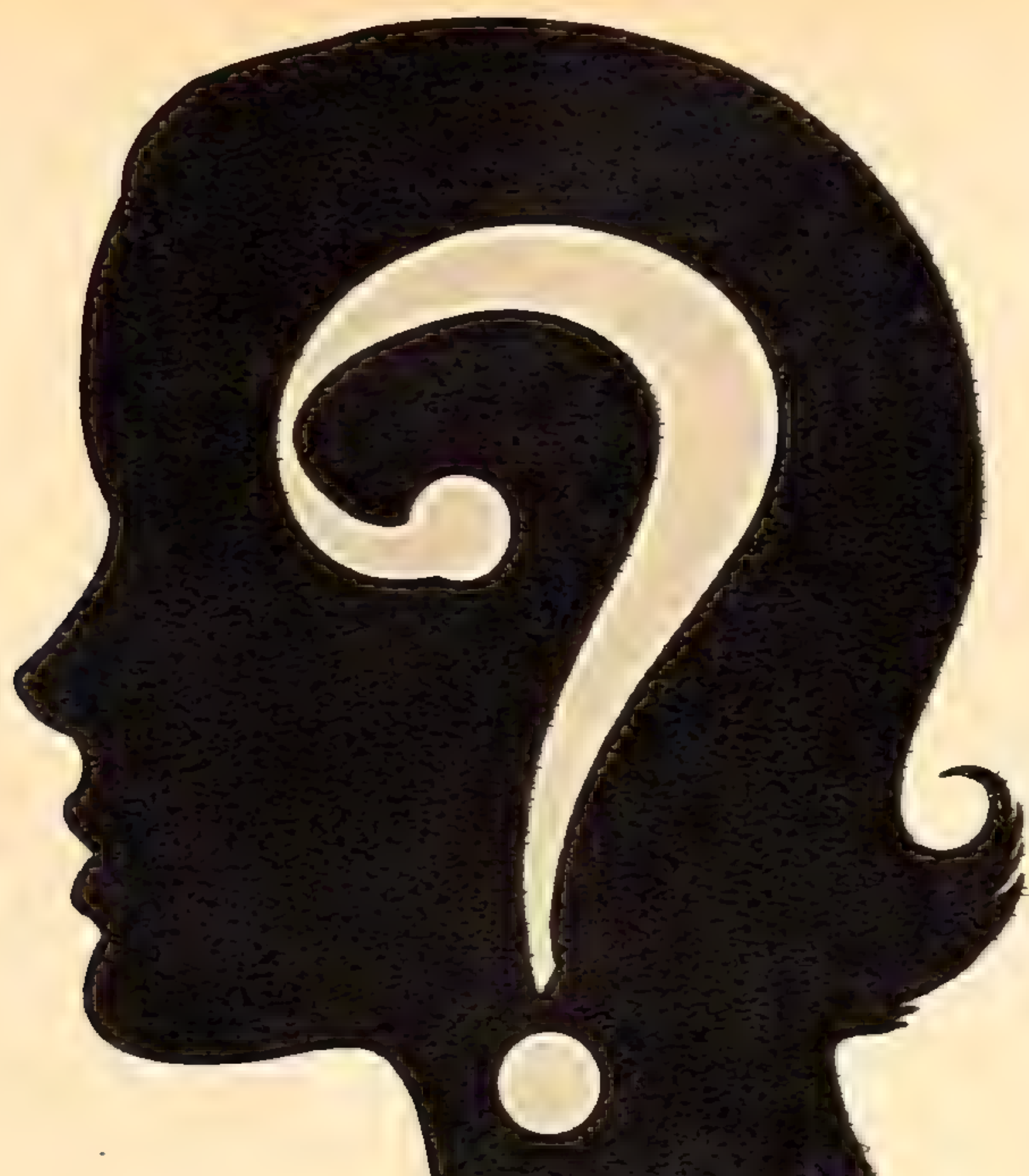
# \$1000

Alabama, Athens—Jaffee's Dept. Store  
Alabama, Bay Minette—S. Kahalley Store  
Alabama, Bessemer—Sokol's Dept. Store  
Alabama, Dothan—The Leader  
Alabama, Gadsden—Hollywood Shop  
Alabama, Jasper—Kay's  
Alabama, Marian—Wilbourne Bros.  
Alabama, Tusculum—The Grand Leader  
Arizona, Kingman—Alex's Taggery  
Arkansas, Batesville—Skinner Shoe Store  
Arkansas, Blytheville—Zellner's Slipper Shop  
Arkansas, Harrison—Cooper Shoe Store  
D. C., Washington—Shoe Lane, Inc.  
Alaska, Anchorage—Robbins Shoe Store  
Georgia, Griffin—Marsh's  
Illinois, Anna—R. L. Rich Shoe Store  
Illinois, Belleville—Lerner's  
Illinois, Cairo—Khourie Bros.  
Illinois, Carmi—Willis Shoe Mart  
Illinois, Charleston—Ryan Shoes  
Illinois, Chicago—Brandts Shoes  
Illinois, Chicago—Carroll's Shoes  
Illinois, Christopher—Schwind Shoe Center  
Illinois, Clinton—Murray Boot Shop  
Illinois, Flora—Wilkins Shoe Store  
Illinois, Hillsboro—Seltzer Store  
Illinois, Jacksonville—McCoys Shoes  
Illinois, Morton—Witzigs Dept. Store  
Illinois, Mount Carmel—Hackler-Vogue Shoes  
Illinois, Mt. Sterling—Thorntons Shoe Store  
Illinois, Mundelein—Fenwick's Footwear  
Illinois, Normal—McReynold's Shoe Store  
Illinois, Palatine—Suburban Shoes  
Illinois, Pana—Summers Shoe Store  
Illinois, Pekin—Crawford's Shoe Store  
Illinois, Peoria—Crawford's Shoe Store  
Illinois, Pinckneyville—Kohlsdorfs Shoe Store  
Illinois, Quincy—State Street Store  
Illinois, Rantoul—Graves Shoe Store  
Illinois, Rockford—Ancona Shoe Store  
Illinois, Springfield—W. H. Roland Co.  
Illinois, Sterling—DeAnne's  
Illinois, Taylorville—Summers Shoe Store  
Illinois, Urbana—Sholem Shoe Store  
Indiana, Batesville—Cartee Shoe Store  
Indiana, Evansville—The Shoe Box  
Indiana, Farmland—Foster Shoe Store  
Indiana, Goshen—L. Simon Company  
Indiana, Tell City—The Shoe Mart  
Iowa, Denison—Nelson Shoes  
Iowa, Jefferson—B & R Shoes  
Iowa, Knoxville—Elliott's  
Iowa, Missouri Valley—Houdek's Shoe Store  
Iowa, Newton—Witter Footwear  
Iowa, Spencer—Redmond's  
Iowa, Spirit Lake—Chosen Store  
Kansas, Clay Center—Hawkins Shoe Store  
Kansas, Eldorado—Family Shoe Store  
Kansas, Garden City—Family Booterie  
Kansas, Goodland—M & W Shoe Company  
Kansas, Liberal—C. R. Anthony Company  
Kansas, Newton—Ott's Shoe Store  
Kansas, Pratt—Bernard's Shoe Store  
Kansas, St. Francis—Jo-Lene Shop  
Kansas, Wichita—Smart Shop  
Kentucky, Fulton—Dotty Shop  
Kentucky, Hopkinsville—Buck's Shoes  
Kentucky, Maysville—DeSpain Shoe Store  
Kentucky, Paris—Ben Cohen Shoe Store  
Kentucky, Pineville—The Fair Store  
Kentucky, Providence—Cooper's Store  
Maryland, Baltimore—Woodmoor Shoes  
Maryland, Landover Hills—Community Shoes, Inc.  
Michigan, Alpena—George Masters & Sons  
Michigan, Caro—Riley Shoe Store  
Michigan, Detroit—Hocking Shoes, Inc.  
Michigan, Detroit—Nap's Shoes  
Michigan, Durand—Economy Shoe Store  
Michigan, Flint—Sol Wineman  
Michigan, Grand Rapids—East End Shoe Store  
Michigan, Grand Rapids—Wurzberg Dept. Store  
Michigan, Grandville—Groendyke's Shoe Store  
Michigan, Gaylord—Guggisberg Bros.  
Michigan, Hudsonville—Stroo's Footwear  
Michigan, Iron River—The Shoe Box  
Michigan, Lansing—Merritt & Bailey  
Michigan, Milford—Gillies Family Shoe Store  
Michigan, Oscoda—Rogers' Shoe Store  
Michigan, Romeo—Sam's Shoe Sales & Service  
Michigan, Royal Oak—Gillies Shoes, Inc.  
Michigan, St. Louis—Al's Shoe Market  
Michigan, Sturgis—Tribbett's  
Minnesota, Austin—Austin Bootery  
Minnesota, Bemidji—Bemidji Bootery  
Minnesota, Crookston—A & E Bootery

Minnesota, Duluth—Geo. Swor Shoes  
Minnesota, Eveleth—The Golden Rule Store  
Minnesota, Fergus Falls—The Bootery at Madsins  
Minnesota, Grand Rapids—Latz Bros. Dept. Store  
Minnesota, Jackson—Chozens Store  
Minnesota, Minneapolis—Roberts Shoe Store  
Minnesota, Owatonna—Owatonna Shoe Co.  
Minnesota, St. Paul—Bonne Shoe Stores  
Minnesota, St. Peter—Adolphson Shoe Company  
Minnesota, Virginia—Mitchell Swor Shoes  
Missouri, Cape Girardeau—Gaylor's Shoes  
Missouri, Charleston—Friedman's Dept. Store  
Missouri, Dexter—Friedman's  
Missouri, Kansas City—Henry's Shoe Box  
Missouri, Kansas City—Palace Clothing Co.  
Missouri, Kansas City—Mortons Shoe Store  
Missouri, New Madrid—Shainberg's Store, Inc.  
Missouri, Piedmont—Childress Shoe Store  
Missouri, St. Louis—Famous-Barr  
Missouri, St. Louis—Proper Shoe Store  
Nebraska, Falls City—E. & S. Bootery  
Nebraska, Nebraska City—E. & S. Shoe Store  
New Jersey, Camden—Open House Shoe Store  
New Jersey, Lakewood—Central Shoe Store  
New Jersey, Palisades Park—Ely Shoe Shop  
New York, Bronx—Park Hill Shoes  
New York, Cedarhurst—Haydan's  
New York, Hudson—Siegal & Sons  
New York, Lynbrook—Harry's Shoes  
New York, Newburgh—Massell's Bootery  
New York, Newburgh—Chas. Smith  
New York, New York City—Har-Ed Shoes  
North Carolina, Asheboro—Baker's Shoe Store  
North Dakota, Fargo—Hall-Allen Shoe Company  
North Dakota, Grand Forks—The Bootery  
North Dakota, Minot—Anderson's D & S Bootery  
North Dakota, Valley City—Stevens Shoe Store  
Ohio, Akron—The Hower Dept. Store  
Ohio, Galion—J. & H. Shoe Store  
Ohio, Lorain—Januzzi's Shoe Store  
Ohio, Martins Ferry—Dupke Shoe Store  
Ohio, McConnellsville—Stiffers Store  
Ohio, Perrysburg—Cordrey's Shoe Store  
Ohio, Port Clinton—Nissens Shoe Store  
Ohio, Shaker Heights—Mir-Lee Shoes  
Ohio, Shelby—Duff's Shoe Store  
Ohio, Toledo—Cordrey's Shoe Store  
Ohio, Troy—Davids Shoe Store  
Ohio, Van Wert—Van Wert Bootery  
Ohio, Xenia—Sol's Store  
Pennsylvania, Clearfield—McClure's Boot Shop  
Pennsylvania, DuBois—Con Allen  
Pennsylvania, Emporium—Charles W. Lawson  
Pennsylvania, Hanover—Strine's Shoes  
Pennsylvania, Hazleton—Leader Store  
Pennsylvania, Jeannette—Karl's Shoe Store  
Pennsylvania, Johnstown—Leonard's Shoes  
Pennsylvania, New Castle—Dunn's Shoes  
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—R. Morton Dunoff  
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Jacob Goldstein  
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Rosner Bros.  
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Russells Shoe Salon  
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Sid David Shoes  
Pennsylvania, Pittston—Sally's Shoes  
Pennsylvania, Sayre—Sharping, Inc.  
Pennsylvania, Shamokin—The Bootery  
Pennsylvania, Turtle Creek—S. & S. Shoes  
Pennsylvania, Uniontown—Metzler's Dept. Store  
Pennsylvania, Warren—Valone's Shoes  
Pennsylvania, West Chester—Harry Olin  
Pennsylvania, Williamsport—James Shoes  
South Dakota, Lemmon—Snyders Dept. Store  
Tennessee, Bristol—H. P. King Co.  
Tennessee, Cookeville—Woodbine D. G. Co.  
Tennessee, Harriman—Edwards Shoe Store  
Texas, Brenham—Marsh Dept. Store  
Texas, El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.  
Texas, Laredo—Scooli Shoe Store  
Texas, Plainview—Dargan's  
West Virginia, Fairmont—Golden Bros.  
West Virginia, Grafton—Pettrey Bros., Inc.  
West Virginia, New Martinsville—J. F. Loehr & Son  
Wisconsin, Beloit—Ben Packs Shoe Mart  
Wisconsin, Clintonville—Schauder & Schauder  
Wisconsin, Eau Claire—Catlin Shoe Store, Inc.  
Wisconsin, La Crosse—Arenz Shoe Company  
Wisconsin, Lancaster—Weber Shoe Store  
Wisconsin, Marshfield—Town & Country Shoe Mart  
Wisconsin, Monroe—Kunder's Shoe Store  
Wisconsin, Platteville—Deweys Shoe Store  
Wisconsin, Prairie Du Chein—Kozelka Shoe Store  
Wisconsin, Rhinelander—Danner's Shoe Store  
Wisconsin, Rice Lake—Rolf Swenddal  
Wisconsin, Two Rivers—Schroeder Bros.  
Wisconsin, Waupaca—Quality Shoe Store  
Wisconsin, Wisconsin Rapids—Gleaves Shoe Store

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Six separate weekly contests starting March 3, 1957... enter as many times as you wish. Each weekly first prize winner receives the exciting and fashion-right new Jolene Spring Shoe Wardrobe as shown on this

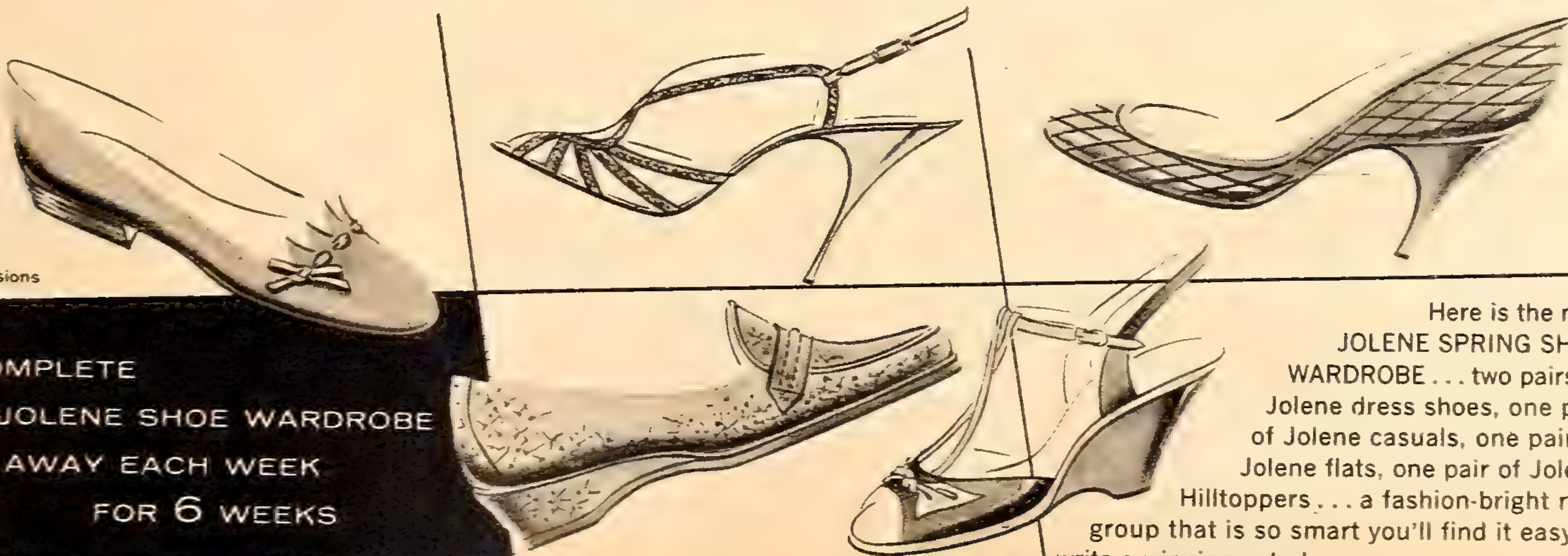
page! The 50 next best entries each week each receives one pair of shoes chosen from the beautiful Jolene Shoe Wardrobe for Spring.

One of the six weekly first prize winners will be awarded the grand prize—a \$1000 scholarship or \$1000 Government "E" Bond plus 2 all-expense paid trips for two, one to St. Louis and one to Chicago.

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## we had to elope

(Continued from page 62) grow out of love and gradually get to forget one another.

"It ended up having just the opposite effect. We didn't make actual dates. But it happened over and over again that we would find ourselves meeting here and there, meeting accidentally-on-purpose, meeting on what amounted to the sly.

"This went on for a while. Then one night Shirley and I were sitting in an ice cream parlor in a part of town where not too many people knew us and Shirley started to cry and she told me that her daddy was planning to take a permanent singing job in Springfield, Missouri, that this was really going to be the final break between the two of us.

"I proposed to Shirley right there on the spot. I told her we'd been forced into eloping and that's just what we were

**Arthur Godfrey insists he received this fan letter from a lady: "I do everything in the house while listening to the radio. I burn the toast while listening to *The Johnson Family*; I wash dishes with Don McNeill . . . and I mop the floor with Arthur Godfrey!"**

Paul Denis

going to have to do. She asked me if I didn't think I should tell our folks. I told her I knew I couldn't tell mine, that they wouldn't understand. She said she'd feel a lot better if we told her daddy, that she knew how much he liked me, how much he wanted her to be happy, that he would probably understand.

"I took her back home and had a talk with her father. At first he didn't say anything. But then he looked at the two of us and he smiled and this man I'd loved so much as a kid just from listening to him on the radio, I loved now as the man who was consenting to my marrying the only girl in the world I would ever want to call my own.

### The elopement

"The next morning, a Saturday, I got up and packed some shirts and underwear into a valise. The folks didn't see me leave the house. I got into the car and drove over to Shirley's and picked her up.

"The wedding ceremony was short, very short. As soon as it was over, we went to the church and took part in the prayer meeting. The church, by the way, sent us our second wedding present—a pair of silver candelabra. My pal and high school principal, Mack Craig, and his wife gave us our first present—a leather-bound copy of the New Testament, engraved Mr. and Mrs. Pat Boone.

"Anyway, we stayed at the prayer meeting for a few hours and then we faced the hardest part of all, calling my folks. We put it off for a little while. We stopped at a restaurant to eat. We drove around. We parked and sat and held hands and talked. We did just about anything we could not to get near a phone. But eventually I knew we'd have to. So we called.

"I spoke to my daddy first. He didn't say much. Then I asked to speak to my mom. I could tell as soon as I told her that she was shocked by the news. She managed to say that she liked Shirley fine. But I could tell that she was shocked.

"And the next night when Shirley and I came back from the one-night honeymoon we had, I could see that my mom was shocked. Looking back, I can sort of understand her feeling. After all, I was young and there was a chance that Shirley and I were making a big mistake. And I

was the oldest child in the family and the first to leave the family nest.

"But I'd taken the step, I'd taken the girl I loved so much to be my wife, and I felt that there was nothing that anyone could do about it. I was married and now I'd prove that I'd done the right thing.

### A paying job!

"The following day was a Monday and both Shirley and I went back to our classes. After school, I took a ride down to the radio station where I'd been doing that free radio show on Saturday mornings. I asked the owner of the show if there was anyway that I could start earning some money now that I was married. I nearly fell over when he shook my hand and told me that I could have a job as a part-time announcer—at \$60 a week.

"To Shirley and me this was the best possible news in the world. We thought that when my folks heard it they would figure we were off to a better-than-average start. We figured they'd break down and tell us all was forgiven.

"But, well, it just didn't turn out that way. They still seemed hurt, and it made it very hard for me and Shirley.

"So after a few months I told Shirley that I thought it might be best all around if we got out of Nashville for a while. That's when we moved to Denton, Texas, and when our lives—despite all the time we'd known each other—really began."

They had chosen the small Texas city because Pat wanted to continue his studies at CHURCH OF CHRIST UNIVERSITY there. The Boones didn't know anybody in Denton when they drove into town that first day. But this didn't stop them from being, as they wrote to a friend shortly after they arrived, "the happiest couple in this whole big world of ours."

Four days after they arrived Shirley, a gleam in her eye, prepared a big steak for dinner.

"But, honey. . . ." he said when he sat down at the table. He looked confused. He looked up at Shirley as if to say look, I like steak, but it costs a lot and there are lots of things that cost less and do you remember Saturday night how we thought twice about spending half a dollar on a movie and. . . .

"Pat," Shirley said. "Pat . . . you've got to eat that and get strong because—you're going to be a father."

"But, honey. . . ." Pat started to say again. Then, suddenly, he jumped up from his chair. "Honey!"

The expensive steak barely got touched that night.

### A call from Godfrey

A few days later, Pat landed an after-school job. That morning he'd gone to a radio station in nearby Fort Worth for an audition and was turned down. "They told me I didn't sing loud enough."

Then he went over to a tv station in Dallas. He sang three numbers and was signed on the spot—for \$44.50 a week. "I guess they assumed I could do little else being a boy from Nashville," Pat says, "so they signed me to sing hillbilly songs on a barn-dance program. Funny thing was the sponsor was a local dairy and nobody can ever say that Shirley and I didn't go to town on all that free cottage cheese they used to send over."

By the time Pat and Shirley's first baby, Cheryl Lee, arrived things were really looking up for the young couple. Pat was called up to New York for another appearance on the Ted Mack show; he eventually won. Then Arthur Godfrey called him up to ask him to make an appearance on the *Talent Scouts*. And then Randy Wood, owner of DOT RECORDS, signed up Pat to make his first record, the very

successful "Two Hearts," which shot up to the top ten within a matter of weeks.

Shirley was expecting their second child when Godfrey phoned Texas for the second time, congratulated Pat on his hit record and asked him if he'd like to return to New York, on a permanent basis.

Pat had a long talk with Shirley that night. He had a hunch what New York would mean to him at this stage of the game—lots of appearances on the Godfrey shows, lots of records because the DOT people had begun clamoring for him at this time too, and lots and lots of money.

"But I've got school to finish," he told Shirley that night. "More than anything I want to finish school . . . And the church meetings; I want to keep going to church and preaching when I can and thanking God when I can."

Sometime that night, Pat decided to take the chance. After talking it over some more with Shirley he figured that he could finish his studies by enrolling in COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, which he's attending right now and where he's affectionately known as the *millionaire senior*, that he could find a CHURCH OF CHRIST where he could continue attending prayer meetings and doing a little preaching and that maybe he and Shirley could even find a little house somewhere outside of New York. "We've got a wonderful little house in Leonia, New Jersey," Pat says now. "We're country people at heart and this is just the place for us. It's got a garden and trees and you'd barely know you were so close to such a hectic place as New York."

The rest, as anyone who's ever turned on a tv set knows, is history. Within a year, Pat had zoomed from \$44.50 a week and all the cottage cheese he could eat to well over \$1,000 a week—an amount which could easily have been tripled, one of his managers says, if he hadn't been so darned earnest about continuing his studies at college and staying home lots of nights just to get his homework done. In the course of that year, Pat appeared on the Godfrey shows countless times, taped a batch of hit records and—study-time permitting—made personal appearances at some of the swankiest night clubs in the country.

In the course of that year, too, Shirley Boone gave birth to their second daughter—"a doll named Linda Lee," says Pat.

### Sickness strikes

Their third daughter, Deborah Ann, was born with the usual happy fanfare. But a few months later—and just a few months ago—Shirley started feeling a little sick.

**Bridey Murphy was sold to the movies, according to Bernie Hart, who says it was filmed by 18th Century-Fox. . . .**

Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post

Just a pain here and there at first, and then much more serious trouble.

Pat called in a doctor. The doctor examined Shirley, then called for an ambulance and rushed her to a hospital.

The next twenty-four hours were torture for Pat. He kept phoning the doctor to know how Shirley was, to know why he wasn't allowed to visit her.

"We're not certain now," the doctor said. He tried to keep the darkness from his voice, but he didn't succeed very well. "We'll let you know when we're sure."

"But how serious is it, Doctor?" Pat pleaded.

"We'll let you know as soon as we're sure," the doctor repeated.

Pat had planned to attend a prayer meeting of the CHURCH OF CHRIST that night. A friend of his persuaded him to go, any



way. "I'll come with you, if you want," his friend said. "My wife can stay and take care of your children."

His friend tells about what happened at the prayer meeting that night. "When we arrived, somebody suggested to Pat that he preach. He looked as if he were in a daze, but he said yes anyway. I'll never forget it, how he stood up and how very quietly he began to talk to the fifty or sixty people there.

#### Pouring his heart out to Shirley

"I remember how he talked a little about religion in general. 'We shouldn't think in terms of the uncertain future,' he said, 'but of good works on earth here and now. In that way we can build up treasures in Heaven. Treasures on earth are too frequently pitfalls of the devil.'

"And then he started to talk about Shirley. He didn't say anything about her being in the hospital at that moment, about the doctors being worried about her and not knowing exactly what was wrong with her. He talked instead as if she were sitting just a little ways from him and he and she were alone in that church and he



### WHO IS SHE?

- (a) *Judy Garland*
- (b) *Jayne Mansfield*
- (c) *Gale Storm*
- (d) *Terry Moore*

See Page 84 for the answer.

ust happened to be pouring out his heart to her. He talked about the happiness she had brought him.

"He told again how grateful he was to God for providing him with such a wonderful wife."

Pat had a few tears in his eyes as they left the church. He and his friend went back to Pat's house, neither of them talking during the drive.

And as soon as they got in the house the phone rang. Pat picked up the receiver. It was the doctor, calling from the hospital. Pat whispered something and hung up. He turned to his friend, smiling. "Shirley's going to be all right," he said. Then like a ball of fire he grabbed his coat, reached into a vase and took out a single flower, and rushed out of the house to his wife, the pretty girl with the long red hair; the girl they'd said he was too young to love and to marry, the young girl who was woman enough to know—"we had to elope!" **END**

Watch for Pat, who will soon be in his first film *Bernadine* for 20th Century-Fox.



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White embroidered cotton, satin lattice . . . style 202, \$2.50

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# GO SPRING SHOPPING WITH SHIRLEY JONES



*All photos by Roger Prigent*

Shirley selects high-heeled shoes for Spring—a group from Jolene that will not only serve you now but also take you well into Summer—even on your vacation, too. All are about \$9 to \$11.

1. The ever popular springolator pump, called St. Moritz, it comes in black, gray and white straw, also beige ombre straw.
2. A basic classic pump for every shoe wardrobe. Calf, linen, patent, suede, and silk. Fashion colors, also black.
3. Backless high-heeled shoe, draped leather vamp. Calf, kid, suede, and patent. Fashion colors, also black.
4. Madelene—a feminine name for the popular sling-back pump. Shown in patent, also champagne, gray and white Ripple Cloth.
5. The Loop—the name of the black calf pump, with metal trim, Shirley wears above. Also in flax, blonde, and red.





■ What more fun than shopping for your clothes, shoes and accessories with a movie star! Stars are career girls, too, and so their selections and purchases are not only glamorous but also practical as they must be ready to travel at a moment's notice—on picture locations, for personal appearances—and to vacation spots when time allows. Modern Screen asked Shirley Jones, bride of Jack Cassidy, and beautiful 20th star, to plan a spring shopping tour as a guide for you for your new clothes.

*At the right:* Shirley wears a basic flannel dressmaker suit by Joselli. Beige in color, slim in silhouette—it is just right for travel and all daytime town occasions. Shirley suggests you wear the skirt with contrast sweaters and scarves as an extra costume change. She accents it with Jolene's calf pumps from her Jolene shoe wardrobe shown below. Her handsome luggage is Samsonite's Ultralite Medallion, of course. Shirley's great carry-all calf handbag is from Rolfs. Pigskin Laundry Leather gloves—Superb. Pearl and gold earrings—Trifari; Fashion Circle nylons in a heavenly skin tone color—Parisian Nude—Holeproof; and a gay confetti-dotted umbrella from Henryson. *Far left:* Shirley wears Joselli's piqué trimmed silk tweed suit for casual occasions. Here she teams it with a masterpiece of a handbag—all leather and hand tooled—with an adjustable strap. By Clifton. Shirley adds white cotton Hansen gloves and Vogue's new Fresh Water pearl earrings.



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MORE ➤



# GO SPRING

■ Shirley feels a gal's Spring shopping spree should include clothes that head right into Summer as well as for town and travel outfits. *At the left*, Shirley wears Cabana's white piqué go-on-a-date dress and calls it perfect to wear with the new Dancetime Huskies which she chooses in all white. Her accessories: Fresh Water pearls (Vogue), shorties (Hansen), Fashion Circle nylons (Holeproof). The Dancetime Huskies shoe collection was inspired by Fred Astaire, in Paramount's *Funny Face*, and nationally famous dance studios. *At the right*, Shirley shows you accessories that she feels a gal really needs to properly accent and glamorize her clothes. A large black patent handbag—shining note for suits, cottons and sports clothes (Rolfs), Parisian Nude seamless nylons—buy a quantity in one becoming shade and you will save as you can always match up pairs (Holeproof); Ne Rain Dears, the truly clear plastic rainboots you'll love more than ever to protect every style in your shoe wardrobe. Shirley holds one, see close-up at far right; an umbrella—Shirley suggests it in white (Henryson); Jewelry is just a Springtime must. Try pearls or pearls with gold as Shirley does. Try Duchess multiple strand ones—the new Fresh Water pearls by Vogue—a precious gold and pearl set by Trifari. Your glow wardrobe must be just as complete as your shoe collection. Choose cottons from Kayser—or Hansen, new Launder Leather whites from Daniel Hayes or Superb. The wee all-in-one white pocket purse by Rolfs carries everything. The news about the dress Shirley is wearing—it is by the famous Mr. John, maker of the famous hats that stars wear, who now designs dresses, too. It is of white silk sprinkled with roses. Buy the Springtime selections Shirley has and you'll be a best dressed gal—even in Hollywood.

Your shoe wardrobe should include several casual styles. Shirley suggests these Huskies.

They are priced from \$3.99 to \$5.99.

1. Shirley wears Tango, a leather model with accent trim. Black, white, Bark blonde. Black suede.
2. Los Vegas, a foam cushion wedgie of stretchable braid, cork wedge. Black, white or Bark blonde.
3. Yale, lustrous textured leather with unique vamp trim, foam sole. Red, gray, cream puff or Caramel.
4. Merengue, a shoe popular as its Dancetime name with a demure colonial buckle. Patent or black, white, Bark blonde or blue leather.
5. Yosemite, a snug-fit shoe, foam sole, metallic braid trim. Black, red, wheat.



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# SHOPPING WITH SHIRLEY JONES

*continued*



New Rain Dears are a smooth ankle and foot hugging truly clean plastic rainboot. They are one-piece 100% fully molded—no seams to come apart and they have a proven safe, long wearing tread. Fashion Fit for high heels (illustrated above); Form Fit for medium heels; Universal Fit for low heels down to flat. All models, \$2.00 each.

*All photos by Roger Prigent*



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More fashions on page 71



## the first complete story of clint walker

(Continued from page 47) Walker has the steadiest, best paying job of his life. He's Clint Walker. WARNER BROTHERS' ace TV star. If you're one of the millions who watch him every other Tuesday night you know Clint better as *Cheyenne*. On the TV screen Cheyenne's a lonesome drifter, playing it straight and playing it hard, aiming to handle himself right and do some good as he goes along. No man was ever cast more perfectly. That's big Clint Walker himself.

Physically, Walker's a giant—six feet six, 235 pounds, and all muscle.

But in another way he's even more of an oddity: Clint's a big star who's never made a movie! In almost three years he's starred regularly in feature films for TV, but never in one for the movie-houses. What's more, he's shot them bang-bang-bang in a row with just one week's vacation. As a result Clint knows hardly anyone in Hollywood except the people he works with. He doesn't get invited to fancy parties and would only get lost on Sunset Strip. Frankly, that's the way he likes it. But it's no wonder Clint Walker still finds it hard to believe that he's anything special.

For instance—coming up for air one week last spring, Clint made a quick swing around the country on a personal appearance tour. One day he walked into a Washington, D. C., park for a stroll and a look at the cherry blossoms. A crowd collected and the cops came running up. "We'd better beat it," Clint told a companion. "We'll get in trouble." The cops, of course, were there to protect Clint!

Even in Hollywood at the *Giant* premiere a while back, he got baffling squeals and applause from the fans when he strode up. "Who's that for?" Clint asked his wife Verna. "Rock Hudson?"

"No," she told him. "You!"

### "Look at him," said mom

From his childhood on, Clint was an oversized oddball. Maybe it was because the blood in his veins was as mixed up as a cocktail. His mother, Gladys Swanda, came from Austria, but his dad, Arnold Walker, was English, Irish and Indian, from pioneer sawmill people in Oregon.

When Clint was born, on May 30, 1927, his dad wanted to name him Mickey after his own prize-ring idol, Mickey Walker. "Mickey sounds like a mouse," his mother

**Jack Benny claims his violin has a simple story: "My great-grandfather gave it to my grandfather, my grandfather gave it to my father, my father sold it to me."**

*Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post*

said. "Look at him!" So he got Norman Eugene, but usually Sonny or Eugi around the house. Later on, in the factories, Big Foot was his nick-name; Clint shuffles size 16's around. Boots, that is—he doesn't own a pair of shoes.

Sonny Walker was a twin, but you'd never have guessed it. His double-entry sis, Lucille Neoma, was about everything he wasn't. A girl, for one thing, but also home-loving, and good in school. People took to her naturally. Just as naturally they let Clint alone.

One day, when they were only babies, their mother sat them down in the front yard and went back to her house work. A rabid collie charged crazily into the yard frothing at the jaws with neighbors racing after, yelling "Mad Dog!" They snatched Neoma to safety. "But nobody

paid any attention to me," says Clint. "Not even the dog. He just ran around me in circles till somebody shot him."

It didn't bother Clint though that nobody paid attention to him. But some things did hurt the young Clint. Like the time he was in an elementary school art class with Neoma. He came up with a knockout painting that made the teacher gasp. But the next minute she was bawling him out. "Your sister did this for you," she accused. "Don't you try that again!"

The only small burst of glory that Clint remembers was the time he made a life-sized soldier out of tin cans in a wartime scrap drive and won a \$25 War Bond. But that was 'way on up the line when he was in ALTON HIGH SCHOOL. "Most of the time I just sat at my desk staring through the window thinking about what was outside," confesses Clint.

### Never without a job

There was plenty outside for an adventurous kid. The big Mississippi River rolled alongside town, and you could yank out fat catfish and swim—if the six-foot alligator gars, one of the Mississippi's more vicious fish, didn't chew off your arm. There were Indian caves to explore in the limestone bluffs and 'pirate' islands where you could paddle on a plank raft or in a leaky skiff. And freights to hop on the C&A tracks. Sonny Walker had a distant eye and an itching foot.

He heard that you could get to China by digging straight down, so he promptly grabbed an axe and tried it—only to hack up his toes.

All this took place around Alton, Illinois, which was mostly Clint's boyhood home, although nearby Hartford and Wood River took turns too. His laborer dad moved twenty-odd times, Clint reckons—wherever there was a job in that area of steel mills, glass factories and oil refineries.

During the depression pickings were lean. Clint can remember the day the furniture men carted out the first furniture they'd ever bought, to leave their flat as empty as a barn. He was only seven, but Sonny resourcefully rustled some orange crates and hammered together a bed for himself. He couldn't afford a suit, not until he was fourteen. But he was never without a job.

He was only six when he started peddling door-to-door the aprons and pot-holders his mother sewed. Later, he set pins at a bowling alley, delivered WESTERN UNION telegrams and groceries, caddied and bell-hopped in a riverfront hotel. When things were slow he'd go junk hunting—digging around town for bottles and scrap to sell; or raid the railroad tracks for coal. Best of all was when a carnival came to town and he could peg tents with a sledge hammer or set side-show booths, and soak up carnie folk-talk of far-away places.

### A social outcast

By the time he got to high school, Sonny Walker was doing man's work in the steel foundries every afternoon, from four o'clock often till midnight. His big frame mushroomed into muscle. He could lick about any guy in town and often did.

But socially he was an outcast. He never belonged to a school club, the Scouts or anything. Although he could have taken on half a football team, he never played the game, or basketball either—or any team sport.

He didn't have time.

He skipped school dances, too. "I was self conscious," Clint recalls. "I never

seemed to fit in with the crowd. I wanted to belong but somehow I couldn't. Finally I just gave up." He quit high school his second year.

The closest ambition big Sonny Walker ever had to a career in show business was pro-wrestling, but his dad talked him out of that. For a while he thought he might go for the Forest Ranger service, but his schooling was too slim. He was fifteen when he busted off from home the first time, down to St. Louis on the prowl. But he lost the bus-boy job he found in a hotel when they couldn't find a white jacket big enough to fit him! So back he went to Alton, stacking 1,000-pound bales of straw at a glass factory. At night he knocked around getting into mischief with another dare-devil chum, Dick Linnacher.

**Lenny Kent claims at the Copa, "Elvis Presley's record, 'Heart-break Hotel,' is so big that Conrad Hilton bought it."**

*Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post*

One night Clint and Dick cut up considerably in BLOCK'S ICE CREAM PARLOR and the owner started to call the law. But a pretty brown-haired waitress talked her boss out of it. Her name was Verna Garbel and Norman Eugene Walker never managed to forget her.

It was about this time that Clint started getting anxious for a look at the world.

He got it. It would take a swimming bloodhound to follow Clint's trail during the next ten years. But it's worth a try, if only to prove a conviction Clint still holds—that a rolling stone may not gather much moss but it can sure land a jackpot.

Clint started rolling at seventeen, down the Mississippi aboard a river boat that went from New Orleans up to Chicago. He worked as an oiler and there weren't any complaints, except from Clint himself. He already boasted a torso like Tarzan's and a jaw that seemed chipped out of granite. But that was the trouble. A giant like himself couldn't stand to sweat in cramped engine rooms for long. Besides, the draft was coming up for him in a year and he knew what a flop he'd always been at trying to live by rules and regulations. "I figured I'd be a lot more help in the war to everybody, including me," says Clint, "if I could move around more free and easy."

So with his pal, Dick, he joined the Merchant Marines, asking for duty as a deckhand. They sent him to Catalina Island for training, then started to ship him out as a mess man. That was the end of that. Clint quit.

"Why," he explains, "imagine me in a kitchen! I'd have just broke all those dishes and suffocated in the steam!"

As it was, he almost conked out from hunger and cold hitch-hiking back to Alton. But after his mom revived him with a few square meals Clint was off again. That draft was still breathing down his neck and he aimed to get his salt-water papers before his *Greetings*.

He finally made it North in a boxcar to Chicago and, just under the wire before his eighteenth birthday, hit the lakefront docks. "I walked on a ship and the mate seemed to like me," remembers Clint. "So I said a prayer. That night I was eating."

He earned his chow. Clint loaded cargoes of coal and iron ore, and on the short lake runs, was unloading them again. In between he had thirty-two hatches to cover and uncover, as the weather shifted, with two tarpaulins apiece, each a good, one (Continued on page 72)





Roger Prigent



## ADD COLOR TO YOUR SPRING BRAS

■ Pretty bras and lingerie complete that well-dressed feeling. This season choose color as well as white. *Above*, Maidenform's Chansonette bra now for the first time available in pink (in your favorite store by March 25th). The cups are stitched for that beautiful rounded look, the front has a new "spoke" design to further round and accentuate. Pink broadcloth. \$2.00. Also available in white broadcloth at the same price. By Maidenform. *Below*, a red embroidered nylon sheer bra, that is now Lanolized for extra comfort. This new Ringlet bra has single needle stitched cups—for a fuller look—and a Lastex center insert and panel. Spring colors—pink, yellow, blue—as well as black, beige, or white. \$2.00. By Lovable. Just as fresh as Spring—the season's popular fragrances. New Primitif by Max Factor, Coty's L'Aimant, Lancome's Magie, Dorothy Gray's Turquoise, Bourjois' Roman Holiday, Arpege by Lanvin. For that favorite guy of yours—Kings Men Thistle and Plaid. The season's new fun game, Jotto, a Hollywood favorite is shown in the foreground.



## the story of clint walker

(Continued from page 70) hundred pounds. If he looked idle the mate sent him over the side to paint. Once, teetering on a roped plank, the boss told him, "I don't care what happens to you, but if you slip, don't come back aboard without that paintbrush!" Just then the ship rolled and the plank turned over. "I locked my legs around it and swung back and forth for a spell bumping my nose on the water," grins Clint. "But when I climbed up again I had that paintbrush!" He earned his papers after a few months and when he quit the mate told him, "You're a good man. You can work for me any time."

But Clint wanted to work for Uncle Sam now that he had something to offer. So he hitched out to Seattle and signed on with the Army Transport Service. First trip, he went North, up around Alaska and the frigid Aleutians, and for the next two years he sailed almost everywhere you can name hauling troops, war gear, oil, wheat and what have you on about every kind of tub. He hit North Africa and South Africa, South Europe and North Europe; he saw icebergs and tropical palms—and girls.

### Cave-man style

"But I kept out of mischief," Clint grins. There was a reason, that pretty ice cream parlor girl in Alton. They'd had some dates before he left town and he wrote Verna love letters wherever he went. Not too many came back, and you couldn't blame Verna. A guy with an itch in his foot isn't what you'd normally tag husband material. But poor Clint—"I suffered," he says.

By the war's end, he couldn't stand the suspense, so he hitch-hiked to Verna to settle things. They got settled, all right. Verna said, "No, you're not ready to marry—and I'm not sure I am either." But a man like Clint Walker doesn't fold up from one punch like that. He trailed Verna, and the misery got critical.

"I was working sheet metal sixty feet above a concrete floor," recalls Clint. "I got to thinking about Verna and walked straight off a beam right out into the air. I grabbed a pipe in time, but it gave me the shakes. I figured that girl had to marry me right away to save my life!"

He tried to explain this to Verna but she wouldn't listen. "We're gonna take a walk and talk this over," said the desperate lover, "if I have to drag you." Which is just what he had to do. A little girl spied the cave-man stuff and screamed, "Mama—look at that mean man!" That made Clint and Verna howl. They were married September 5, 1948, although Clint was an hour late at the church trying to get his Model-A revved up for a honeymoon. Then he put his trip money in an envelope and got so flustered he gave it all to the preacher and didn't dare ask for it back. On the way, the jalopy lost both bumpers, the generator burned out, three tires blew and they had to borrow \$100 for the wedding trip. But the Walkers have no kicks about the honeymoon.

### The traveling Walkers

Afterwards, with a baby on the way, Clint tried to settle down in Alton, selling insurance. But it didn't work.

"You see," drawls Clint, "back home people like us live out a pretty dull pattern. They get a job, get married, raise a family and hope in maybe twenty years to own a little house. I was only twenty-one but I figured on faster action."

This time Verna figured with him, although from a strictly feminine slant. "When you love a man," she says, "you'll

go anywhere with him—and it's home."

Next home for the Walkers was Texas, where a sailor buddy of Clint's offered to cut him in on a ranch his dad owned. They rolled in the Model-A to Brownswood, with the motor warming milk for their six-month-old daughter, Valerie. But a drought promptly wrecked the ranch dream. Clint hammered houses together for a while, and prospected for silver until he went broke. That's when the Model-A paused briefly at that fateful fork in the road—then rattled off toward California.

When you start toting up the jobs Clint Walker's had in his short life you need an adding machine. The guy's still got enough union cards—carpenter's, painter's, metal worker's, seaman's, laborer's, steeplejack's—and of course now a tv actor's—to fill out a deck. Ask him how many different things he's done and he can't tell you—"Maybe a hundred or more," is his best guess. But the one he found in Long Beach, California, you'd say, was the least likely of all to make him the idol of millions or land him on easy street. He became a cop.

Pretty soon he heard about Las Vegas, the fabulous gambling town where, people told him, anything could happen and pay-checks were high. He put a down payment on a house trailer and took off.

The Walkers parked their trailer on three acres of homestead land in the desert and Clint barely had time to swear in as a deputy sheriff before they had him patrolling the casino at the famous SANDS

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**Leigh Snowden, who walked across the stage on a Jack Benny TV show and got famous (and a movie contract), did it all over again for Keenan Wynn's USO show at Altus Air Force Base in Oklahoma. "Ten of the fliers took off immediately," Keenan told me, "without their planes."**

*Sidney Skolsky  
in the New York Post*

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HOTEL. That was the beginning of the road to Hollywood.

Van Johnson forced his hand. Headlining at the SANDS for two weeks, Van, a friendly sort, got to admire Clint. One night he introduced him to an agent named Henry Willson. Henry's specialty is digging for diamonds in the rough for the movies—Rock Hudson, for instance, Rory Calhoun, Tab Hunter, Bob Wagner. He gave Clint a sales talk on Hollywood. That night Clint told Verna, "Maybe we ought to go down there and try our luck." Verna had been Mrs. Walker long enough to know that when her man got an idea, it was moving time. She packed the trailer and they took off.

She found a car-hop job at a drive-in, and Clint prospected Hollywood.

### A whole show or nothing

When you've never acted in your life, you've got to start somewhere. And pay to learn. Clint slaved with some drama coaches Henry Willson suggested. The going was expensive—\$15 a lesson. Also mortifying: "I felt silly," confesses Clint. "It took a spell before I was sure I wasn't making a dam' fool of myself." After he got the hang of it a little he hit the studios, trying to break in on bits.

"Bits?" they all laughed. "You really think any star's going to let you in a scene? Why, you'd crowd them out of the picture! A moose like you has to be the whole show or nothing!"

They were dead right. When Clint finally connected as Cheyenne he was the whole show.

But for a long time he was nothing. In fact, the only movie on Clint Walker's record is in DeMille's *Ten Commandments*. His muscles got him a job as Pharaoh Yul Brynner's bodyguard, \$500 for two weeks work—and some acting lessons sneaked in on the side at PARAMOUNT.

But that doesn't keep a family fed. In the Valley, where the Walkers had moved Verna took a waitress' job at the RABBIT DOLL nightclub and Clint signed on at WARNERS as a gate cop.

Then Henry Willson got him a trainee's contract and a few weeks later Clint shuffled over to Stage 5 to test, along with half the cowboy actors in Hollywood, for a tv western. The western was *Cheyenne*.

Next day in a projection room, Jack Warner stopped the reel when Clint's massive hulk loomed up. "Who's that?" he asked, and they told him. "That's our boy," he said.

That was three years ago come next May, and by now Clint Walker has more or less settled into the unbelievable world where his luck led him.

### "Longest job I ever had"

It hasn't been all apple pie for Clint of course. When you shoot tv full-hour features, crammed with stunts and bone-bruising battles, you're earning your dough. Clint has often worked from eight o'clock one morning until 1:30 the next. "Longest job I ever had in my life so far," allows Clint. "And the hardest."

He's settled in a little pink ranch house on an acre of land in the San Fernando Valley. After he finished the pair job with Verna, he set up a workshop in the garage and started making his own furniture. The first item was a king-sized bed, no luxury with Clint!

So far he hasn't seen the inside of a Hollywood night club and isn't aiming to look—Clint doesn't smoke or drink and he'd just collect doctors' bills dancing on Verna's feet. His hobby is polishing stones that he picks up in the desert. When he gets a chance to relax it's by piling Verna and six-year-old Valerie, along with his Geiger counter, into his Chevy and taking off prospecting. They've got stuck in the sand a few times miles from nowhere and Verna had visions of winding up a pile of bleached bones. But each time Clint simply lifted the heap and tossed it up on solid ground!

### Samson and the health food

How Clint can work such Samsons—keep alive, for that matter—on the fodd he eats is the biggest mystery. Verna shops in a Foods-For-Health market and stacks her cupboards with jars of nuts, raisins and dried fruits. The whole Walker family lives on a natural-food diet. Some times Clint works all day on a bunch of bananas and a sack full of raisins. "On the rough days we had a pretty punk diet," he explains. "We figured now's the time to catch up on the right vitamins." Another way he catches up is studying power of mind, positive thinking and faith books—including the Bible. Why?

"A lot of people in this world want something better'n what they've got," drawls Clint Walker. "But they haven't faith enough in themselves to go hunt for it. I try to live by the Ten Commandments. But at the same time, if I've learned anything bumming around the world, it's that life's a gamble."

"The only thing," he adds reflectively, "is that when you gamble you've got to know when to stop." Which is Clint Walker's way of saying that there is an end to that rainbow he's chased—and figures at last he's found it.

Clint is in the *Cheyenne* series, presented by Warner Bros. for ABC-TV.





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## modern screen exclusives

1. Popular perfume fragrance, Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs, now comes in hand lotion, body powder, spray mist and the Eau de Toilette is also now newly gift packaged.

2. Dorothy Gray's new lotion called Outline. It will help to clarify and refine the pores of your skin—and, to reduce fatty tissues as well. Packaged for normal or oily skins.

*Look for these exciting new items at your favorite stores.*

## Sneak preview of new things for you

Photos by Roger Prigent



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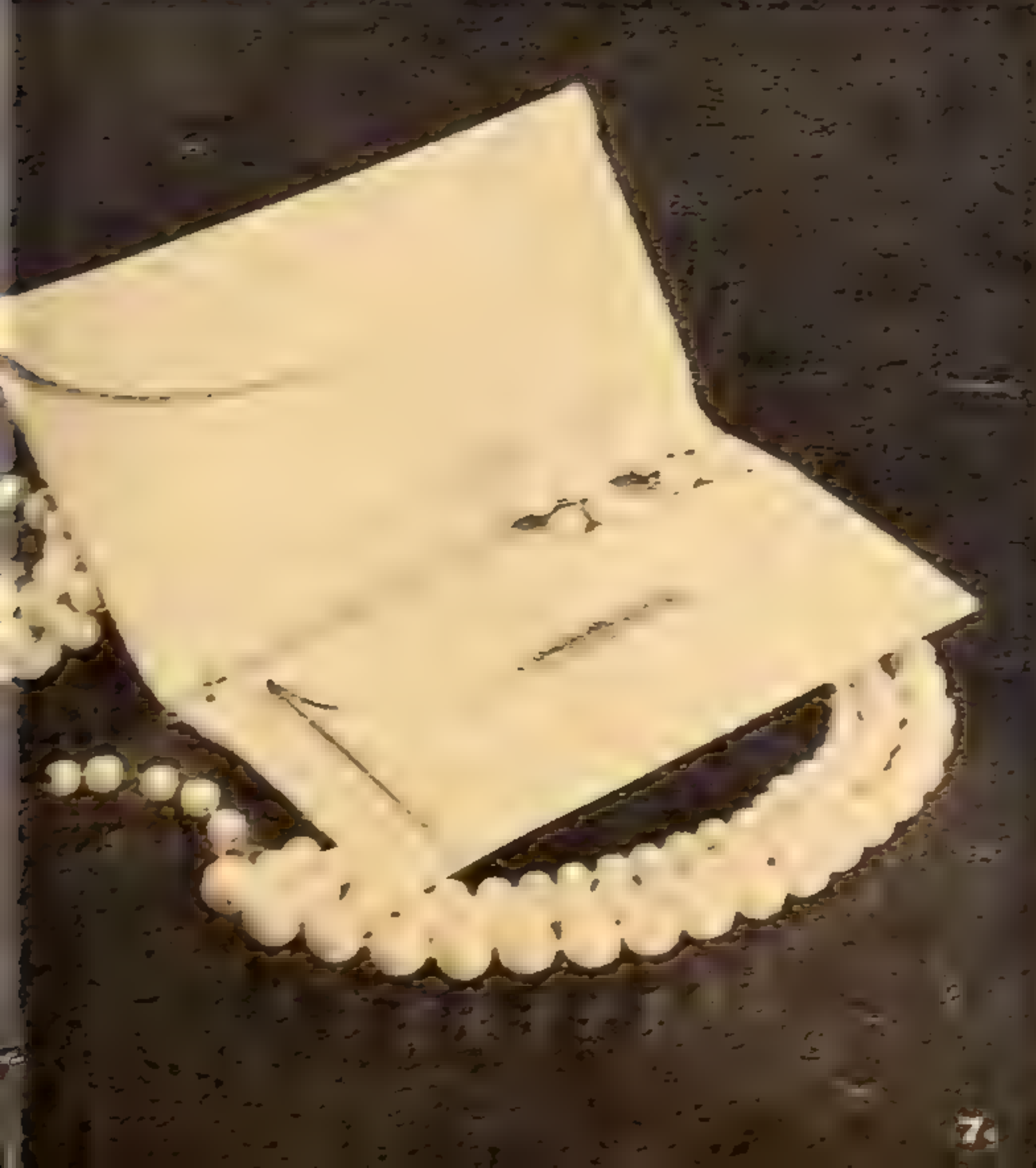
3. Your glasses will come home if you lose them if you use this padded eye glass case with the golden tab that pulls out to reveal your identification—name, address, city, state and phone. By Rolfs.

4. Beads are the season's jewelry news and beads make cotton gloves news, too. Left, white chalk beads on shortie; right, pearls trail dainty design. By Hansen. Vogue jewelry.

5. One of your favorite sun tanning preparations, Tartan Suntan Lotion, will now come to you in a cream—packaged in a soft plastic tube—and called, Tartan Suntan Cream.



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6. Campana has two new surprises! Magic Touch cream make-up in a brand new mirror case. Solitaire make-up that now contains Vita-Lite—an exclusive ingredient to benefit skin all during wearing time.

7. Rolf's new Boodle Bag carry-all with zippered pocket and holder for identification. Comes in white, red or lovely pastels. Also close-up of new Water pearls by Vogue, see pg. 69.

8. Premier Muguet—the new Lily of the Valley perfume imported from France to be introduced March 15th by Bourjois. Illustrated are the package and bottle of matching cologne.



• Every girl dreams excitedly and tenderly of her first baby—the fulfillment, the love, the ribbons and bows. But sometimes, and much too often, lurks the fear! The threat that having baby may steal the bloom of freshness and youth from mother's face and figure.

Such fears may have been realized in grandmother's time, but today's wonder medical advice and care coupled with the almost miraculous beauty, dental and hair products assure every girl that she can have her baby—or babies—and beauty, too.

Movie star mothers have been a great glamour boon to the morale of other mothers. The stars work—and hard—right up to the last weeks, have their babies and soon return to the studios looking just as trim and beautiful—if not more so—in but a short number of weeks.

We have chatted with all of Hollywood's mothers of the last couple of years—Jan Sterling, Janet Leigh, Julie Adams, Debbie Reynolds, Gale Storm, Olivia (*Continued on page 75*)

Roger Priant

**you  
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baby  
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**BEAUTY**



Jan Sterling, Mrs. Paul Douglas, poses exclusively for M. S. with her fifteen-month-old son, Adams Douglas. Jan's peignoir by Vanity Fair.



## can have a baby and keep your beauty

(continued from page 74) De Havilland, Simmons, Ann Blyth, Shirley McE, Corinne Calvet. All agreed having baby was the most wonderful experience—was no problem to beauty, body or career—and that every girl should look forward to this great event with an attitude of happiness and fearlessness. The famous obstetrician, Dr. Alan Guttmacher, assures girls that childbirth is as painless today with the improved methods of delivery and agrees with the idea that it should be looked forward to as a happy time with no threat to activity, health or beauty. Jan Sterling had her son, James Douglas, by natural birth which she feels is a thrilling and wonderful way to have baby. MODERN SCREEN asked Jan to pose with Adams for our illustration of an article on baby and beauty. We wanted to show you not only what a happy and beautiful boy Adams is but how vibrant, trim and beautiful his mother, Mrs. Paul Douglas, is. Jan poses in June M.S. in bathing suits—don't miss the exclusive photos—you can really see how sleek and slim Jan is. Jan feels that having baby and keeping your beauty are true go-togethers. She maintained it this way in an exclusive interview with MODERN SCREEN. When a girl expecting she must necessarily turn full time to planning on herself, her health and her beauty. Most of all an expectant mother receives the counsel and attention of her physician who guides her diet, exercise and rest. Every girl knows that face and figure have their beginnings in a bal-

anced diet, regular exercise and scheduled rest. In pregnancy these fundamentals are accomplished automatically and almost without knowing it an easy-do routine is established that will persist throughout life and be a wonderful beauty investment.

Secondly, Jan feels that every girl who is expecting wants to stay beautiful but because of old-fashioned talk fears in her heart that she will not carry through the nine-month period looking as lovely as she did before. Some girls even feel that they will never be beautiful again. Jan dispels all these fears, explaining that the rest periods of pregnancy give a girl more time than she will ever have again to take care of and study herself—her beauty. She will have time to thoroughly cleanse and soothe her face with her chosen beauty preparations—she will even have time to try many new preparations she has never used before. She will take all of this time and interest because her beauty is now so personal to her. She will study her face and try new make-up methods and preparations to accent her best features, giving particular attention to her eyes and lips.

Naturally, one can't be slim and pregnant—but a girl can curtail her diet and not put on too much weight. When baby arrives, slimming down will be no trick at all if prescribed exercises are faithfully followed.

A top executive of one of the leading manufacturers of baby products feels that the most important discovery made by a recent research program conducted among expectant mothers is that although every girl looks forward to the birth of her baby the average expectant mother feels dowdy, self-conscious and lacks the enthusiasm to partake in social and career activities. All aims are now being directed toward changing this mental attitude to

show every mother-to-be how she can become glamorous, active and happy during this very important period in her life.

Mr. Richard Willis, TV beauty authority, also joined in on our chat about having baby and keeping your beauty, too. His particular make-up counsel is to accentuate the eye make-up and the lip make-up—wear a rich vibrant red lipstick color. Of course, he agrees on lots and lots of skin care and make-up study to keep every expectant mother as beautiful as ever. His notes on hair: Brush it a lot, keep it well shampooed, styled and groomed. Choose a becoming hair style. Glamorize it with combs, clips, flowers and bows.

As usual, be sure and give yourself your home perms whenever you need one. It is more necessary than ever to keep your hair beautifully curled during your expectant months if you want to always look your lovely best. Dispel any doubts that an expectant mother should omit her home perms during pregnancy. This is a false rumor. We checked with one of the largest manufacturers of home perms to verify this. In fact, the more than usual idle hours during pregnancy allows more time for you to study your hair—decide on the right type of home perm for your kind of hair.

You will look back to realize that the period of pregnancy was a treasure of a time when you could give whole attention to you!

In your extra moments, plan baby's cosmetic cabinet, too. Fill it with precious baby preparations—oils, creams, lotions and powders. The manufacturers have perfected these preparations especially for baby's every need because baby's skin, like mother's, needs the same fine care.

Heed the advice of Hollywood stars and expectant mothers authorities—you will have baby and your beauty, too. **END**

# Magic Touch

## ...FOR BUSY GALS WHO CAN'T TAKE HOURS TO MAKE UP

Who has time these days for elaborate facial care? The people who write the articles seem never to have needed to keep a house, husband, and baby happy all at the same time! That's why young marrieds find Magic Touch make-up so wonderfully ideal.

No muss or fuss—no time to apply (with fingertips, in seconds)—and no look of the "siren" (how many sirens change diapers?). But beauty, yes! For this lightly-lovely make-up hides blemishes, smooths color tone and glorifies complexion. And more, it protects the skin as you wear it, lubricates with its creamy richness, ends need for elaborate bedtime creamings.

Here's the casually beautiful, effortlessly-lovely look that goes with being modern. Magic Touch (such a perfect name) at all variety stores and better drug stores—6 shades, 45¢ or \$1.00. Made for people like you! . . . by Campana.



The Make-Up of Young Moderns





## the true-life love story of carroll baker

(Continued from page 54) was ripping apart at the seams.

"It's funny," Carroll remembers, "grown-ups never think that young children know anything. I remember one time, I came home from school at three in the afternoon and Dad was home. I asked him if he was sick."

"No, honey," he said.

"I asked him if anything was the matter at the office."

"No, honey."

"Is Mom sick?" I couldn't figure out why he was home so early.

"No, honey," he answered again, in that same voice that just sounded so tired.

"Then what's the matter," I cried, "What is it?"

"And then Mom and Dad both started talking at once, asking me how school was going . . . and trying so darned hard to sound perfectly natural with each other."

"But I knew something was wrong because they'd talk to each other, and never look at each other's face. I knew inside that they didn't love each other anymore."

After that, life changed. "My father used to make such a fuss over the marks I'd get. And now he'd just look at my report card and say quietly, 'That's very nice, Carroll.' Coming home wasn't fun any more, not in that quiet house where no one seemed to laugh anymore."

So Carroll started spending more and more time in school, more and more time at the studio where she was taking dancing lessons.

### The reason why

"I went out for anything that would mean hours of rehearsal—in school; anything that would keep me out of the house."

The first thing Carroll did was audition for a part in the school play. She didn't get it. So she tried out for the school operetta and got the dancing lead, and then was chosen drum majorette.

"That was loads of fun," Carroll remembers, "rehearsing with the boys in the band, learning to twirl the baton, standing up there at football games and feeling more and more excited every time I lead the kids into a victory cheer."

"One time I got so carried away that without thinking, or even being aware of what I was doing, I led the band up and down the hills of Greensburg. You should have seen those boys puffing, especially the one carrying the tuba."

Then all at once the laughter is wiped away and the pixie face is somber and sad as she suddenly remembers what started that dazed walk . . . a few words she heard one of the fellows say when they were lining up in position . . . words she wasn't supposed to hear.

"Don't misunderstand. It wasn't that I was getting even, or anything like that. It's just that . . . I guess I was running from what I had heard. I don't think I heard a note that the band played. And the business of twirling the baton—I don't even remember holding it, much less doing all the fancy tricks with it."

"All I kept hearing was that one sentence, over and over, did you hear—Carroll's mom and dad are getting divorced?"

And all of a sudden she was drowning in the whole thing.

### No need to ask

"It's funny," Carroll says wistfully, "you can know something and live with it a long time, and do everything you can think of to try to blot it from your mind. I had known for years that my parents weren't getting along, and I knew a couple

of kids in school whose parents weren't together, but when it happened to me—and remember, I was a big girl; I was sixteen—but it was like the bottom falling out of everything. It didn't seem possible that such a thing could happen . . . and I couldn't imagine how I'd get along without both of them to come to with my worries and my problems and my questions. I felt so alone."

When the long walk with the band was over, Carroll ran home, still in her majorette costume, still holding the long stick with the gold ball at the tip of it.

Maybe . . . maybe it wasn't true! She'd ask her mother. Maybe that boy didn't know what he was talking about, even though his father was a lawyer and a friend of Carroll's father . . . maybe, maybe, maybe.

She didn't have to ask her mother.

There were a couple of suit-cases almost blocking the hall door-way, and the look on their faces—they were just sitting there, waiting—told her it was true.

"Carroll," her mother began as Carroll stood there, not quite believing it yet, not quite believing the words she heard or the evidence of packed suitcases, and two people who looked so miserably unhappy.

"Honey," her father interrupted, "it's not that I don't love you or that I'm not going to miss you. You know that, don't you?"

**A male movie star, who is working in a film abroad, became unhappy about delays and started to pack to go home. He received a thousand word cable from the studio head, urging him to stay. The entire cable, except the last brief paragraph, was a touching, gentle appeal to his sense of fairness, gratitude and loyalty to the studio that had made him a star. But the last brief paragraph was the convincer: "Besides, if you quit, we'll sue you for two million dollars."**

*Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post*

And all Carroll kept thinking was *then stay, stay Daddy; don't leave me.*

As if he heard her silent cry, her father continued, "It's that your Mother and I feel that we will all be happier just seeing each other as friends."

*But I don't want friends, Carroll's thoughts raced, I want my family, like it used to be. I want you, Daddy, to show my report cards to. Like it used to be. I don't want to write to you about things. I want to TELL you about everything.*

Her father's voice droned on, and every once in a while her mother said something, and all that Carroll was hearing was her own voice—*please, please, please . . .*

. . . Carroll stayed in Greensburg with her grandmother until the end of the term, and then joined her mother who had gone down to Florida to live.

It was in Florida that her 'career' got its start.

### The dancing act

"I enrolled in ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE—and barely had time to finish the first term. Mother was heart-broken, but I just didn't have time for both school and dancing, and I knew what I wanted. I wanted to go right on being so busy that I didn't have time to think about what a family should be."

The career business started quite accidentally. The FLORIDA CITRUS GROWERS ASSOCIATION was having its convention. Somebody mentioned to somebody who told

somebody else that there was a kid who was real good in the dancing department. Carroll got a call, and was sensational.

Florida is a town that has many a convention. "And it seems I danced at all of them! Then they began to pay me, and that was nice."

For a couple of years, Carroll burned up the countryside with her act. She was doing so well that she figured it was time to get to the big-time and settle down to fame and fortune.

So she came to Broadway—and was on the worst couple of months of her career.

"It's one thing to want to do something, and know it's going to be tough," she'd tell you, "like when I decided to switch careers and study acting seriously."

"But when you think you're a real hot shot and have had no trouble getting bookings . . . and suddenly find yourself starving to death—that's another story! And New York was cold!"

Then a lot of things happened at once.

### Marriage and unhappiness

Carroll tried out for a couple of dancing spots on tv . . . and was turned down. The sweet guy she had been dating asked her to marry him, and she *didn't* turn him down.

"It wasn't just that I was lonely and a bit frightened by the bigness of New York," Carroll remembers, "I guess I thought that at last I had found someone to belong to, someone who would *always* be there."

His name was Lew Ritter, and he was a sweet guy, a lot older than Carroll and a kind of a father to her. Maybe she was looking for her own father, the father who had left her.

"I guess I was just too young," Carroll says. "I thought it was the kind of feeling that makes you want to be with somebody all your life. I didn't know then how really is when you find the man who's right for you."

But one day she stood in a court room with this girl with the long, loose-flowing hair and the large eyes that seemed to mirror the tragedy of too many unhappinesses—the face that looked so much too young to be there in front of a judge to hear those solemn words *divorce granted*.

*And so this child of divorced parents found herself a divorced woman.*

She was Carroll Baker again. She was Mrs. Lew Ritter any more. All the dreams were down the drain and she was Carroll Baker again.

### Living it over again

"It's funny, I stood there and felt that I was living something over again. You know, like when you walk into a room and you could swear that you've been in it before, that you'd know just where the rug is stained and the spot where somebody spilled some coffee? That's how I felt. Like I'd lived through it all before."

"Then it suddenly hit me, why I'd *had* lived through it before, only I'd *been* the kid that two people had tried to hurt by sticking together, until they couldn't stick together any more."

"Then I knew how much I must have hurt my Mother and Father. There they'd been, knocking themselves out till I was sixteen—and they couldn't try anymore. And I had made it even tougher, thinking only of what their divorce was doing to me, not once stopping to think how happy they were over the thing."

In those months of depression when she first really knew what her parents had been feeling, Carroll decided she had to find more to keep her busy, busy so she wouldn't just sit around and mope and feel sorry for herself.



She had to find something to throw herself into so that she'd stop remembering that life again was nothing but loneliness. She decided to study acting, seriously. Maybe because she remembered the little Carroll who used to play-act standing on a chair in front of the medicine cabinet.

#### Her decision led to Jack

And that decision brought her so much more than something to kill the long hours. It also gave her the kind of love that she didn't know existed, the kind that makes your heart hit the top of a skyscraper, the kind that makes you *know* there really are clouds to float on.

His name is Jack Garfein.

Carroll had been in New York long enough to know some of the ropes, so she knew that the thing to do if she wanted to learn the brand of acting that appealed to her was to try out for the ACTORS STUDIO. What she didn't know was that she was so trying out for husband-to-be Jack. She took a bus that would let her out on the busy street in Manhattan's forties, walked over to the white brick building that had once been a church, and found herself in a room no larger than her own living room. There were pictures on the walls, old prints of European actors whose names were once familiar to the theatre publics of the world.

A man was sitting at a small table, frowning away at a typewriter. A man with black wavy hair "and just about the

**Robert Q. Lewis, the comedian; Ralph Bellamy, the actor, and Helen Tamiris, the choreographer, found themselves sitting next to each other at a screening of old Charlie Chaplin movies at the Museum of Modern Art. After the showing, Lewis said, "That Chaplin is the greatest comedian!" Bellamy sighed, "Chaplin is the greatest actor of them all!" And Miss Tamiris confided, "Chaplin is really and basically a dancer, and a great one."**

Paul Denis

"The best eyes I've ever seen. Do you know what I mean? Not the kind," Carroll laughs, "that you think you can get lost in... the kind that you feel you can find yourself in."

Of course it was Jack. Jack was doing volunteer work for the STUDIO while studying his own job of theatre directing. He took one look at Carroll, but if you think it is going to be that kind of romance you're mistaken.

Jack took one look at Carroll, told her that she needed to know about getting an education to study at the STUDIO—and that was that.

#### It began at an automat

"Sure Jack and I saw each other—at the automat. It took him a *month* to get around asking me out—and then only because he was hungry.

He asked me if I'd like to join him for a sandwich at the automat!"

But one lunch led to another, and the next thing they knew, it started to be almost every evening that they were seeing each other.

"I knew I was in love with Jack. I guess I knew it even before that first time we went out to lunch. Jack used to be around the STUDIO a lot, and the first thing I knew, I was there a lot too. I could have died at home, too, you know!"

But suddenly it was exciting to go to the place. A particular place. And suddenly the days weren't long any more,

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## GIRL FROM TENNESSEE WINS 2-YEAR SCHOLARSHIP AT PASADENA PLAYHOUSE

The Lady Ellen Princess of 1956, Beverly Faye Robinson, 19 year old receptionist from Nashville, Tennessee, will study for two years on a full dramatic scholarship at the famous Pasadena Playhouse. Beverly won the Lady Ellen Search for Talent, sponsored by the Kaynar Company of Los Angeles, manufacturers of Lady Ellen Pin Curl Clips and Klippies. She also won a \$500 wardrobe and a trip to Hollywood as the guest of screen star Maureen O'Hara.

Nine Maids of Honor won \$500 wardrobes each in the Search for Talent Contest. They are Ellinor Gerrish, Middletown, Conn.; Anne M. Perillo, Brooklyn, N.Y.; LeAnn Brown, Toledo, Ohio; Susanne Rockvam, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eleanor Yeager, Jacksonville, Fla.; Amira Salinas, Laredo, Texas; Sharon Tracy, Ogden, Utah; Becky Haynes, LaGrande, Ore.; and Beverly Ross, Toronto, Canada.

Now the Search for the Lady Ellen Princess of 1957 is underway! The 1957 Princess will live like a movie star for two weeks in Hollywood... date a handsome screen star (chosen from Hollywood's most eligible bachelors) win a \$500 wardrobe and an optional screen test at a major studio. Complete rules may be found on the back of the 25c Lady Ellen Pin Curl Clip Card on sale at variety, drug, food and department stores and beauty shops throughout the United States and Canada.

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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota**



## WHY MARLON BRANDO WAS ASKED TO LEAVE HIGH SCHOOL



■ Don't worry if your kid brother isn't doing very well in behavior in high school. Maybe he's another Marlon Brando in the making!

When Marlon entered LIBERTYVILLE HIGH, his ambition was to become an archaeologist. However, Libertyville had little to offer in such courses, and Brando arranged his own special assignments. One afternoon he and his school pal went to the nearby creek, instead, and worked until six o'clock on archaeology—diving for interesting stone specimens from the creek bed!

Brando's fractured French was bad enough but his marks in algebra and geometry paid off the ancient Hindus for inventing the concept of zero in our numbers. While the rest of the class was busy one day, trying to find the value of X, Marlon wondered about the value of an embalming fluid he had invented. As any budding archaeologist should do, young Bud took a great interest in the old Egyptians. Their secret process for permanently embalming bodies was a challenge Bud had to meet. He brought along to school that day his own mixture of lighter fluid, hair tonic, auto polish, and a touch of kerosene—intending to try it out on some dead beetles. But when the algebra answer proved so elusive, Bud's mind wandered to his new formula. Unpocketing it, he saturated his handkerchief and traced an interesting word on the classroom wall right next to him. Sure enough, the liquid was invisible. Next question: would it burn?

It did!—with quite a flaming swoosh—and the algebra class was over for the day. Unfortunately, instead of tracing out an Egyptian hieroglyphic Marlon had written a simple Anglo-Saxon word that expressed his sheer boredom with mathematics. However, the principal let him finish out the day and arranged a talk about better discipline with his father.

Bud's next class was French—and of course the entire room was still buzzing about the handwriting on the wall. Mrs. Culbertson, the French teacher, finally stood up at her desk, poised herself forward slightly—so that to young Marlon she looked something like a waitress at a counter—and shouted "Order! Order!"

Responding impulsively to his first impression, as he still does today, Brando immediately shouted back, "TWO BEERS, MAISIE!"

Next day he was out of LIBERTYVILLE HIGH, on his way to SHATTUCK MILITARY ACADEMY. There they put him in a regiment—but no one has ever succeeded in regimenting Marlon Brando.

*Marlon can currently be seen in MGM's Teahouse Of The August Moon. Watch for him soon in Warner Bros.' Sayonara.*

because there was something—some one—to look forward to the next day.

So day after day, they'd meet for lunch. And gradually the young kids fell in love.

"Not that it was easy, mind you. Jack is an angel, but sensitive! I remember the time that he picked me up for dinner. In his hand he had a single red rose. It was really quite lovely, and I thanked him for it. And for an hour he's so talkative that I began to think maybe it's all a dream and I'm really sitting there by myself.

"What's the matter, Jack?" I asked him.

"Nothing."

"Something's the matter; now what is it?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Isn't the play going well?"

"Yes," he answered. Like I said, he's being real talkative.

"Don't you feel well?"

"Fine."

"Did I do something?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter, Jack?"

"Nothing."

"Now I don't want you to think that I

give up easily. But after a while I ran out of questions to ask, so I just shut up. I don't want you to think I'm exaggerating, but three hours later—well, maybe I am exaggerating, but not by much!—suddenly Jack turned to me and said, 'Don't you care?'

"Care about what?" I ask him.

"The rose," Jack answers.

"Of course," I say, 'I told you how lovely I think it is.'

"But, don't you care?"

"And then he finally came out with it. And explained that giving a girl a single red rose is like telling her *I love you*.

"Of course, I didn't know that. And even after I told him I hadn't known, and how thrilled I was to have him say it to me that way—with a flower—I'm not so sure that he gave up feeling hurt that I didn't care!"

### Dreams for the future

Anyway, that's what life was like with these two—romantic gestures between the hours and hours of talk about the theatre, and plays and directing and acting and

theatre, and plays. And reading plays together and visiting friends, other young actors or directors.

"Like practically every other actor actress or director you're likely to talk Carroll points out, "we were broke weekly pay check wasn't the routine so it was cheaper to eat in than out. I never at my place got to be almost routine."

"And even that wasn't so easy to manage! Jack and I got to the point where didn't even think twice about what we were going to eat—nine times out of ten it was that inexpensive answer to a hungry prayer, Kraft Cheese Dinner!"

"But we still like cheese—now and then. And after the dishes were done and they had a couple of quiet hours they did whatever every young couple in love will do—told dreamed of the future.

Then things started happening fast. Carroll was signed for a fat role in a tv production that resulted in a Hollywood nibbles. And surprisingly, a girl who had had a tough struggle to get anywhere in New York, Carroll turned down all the offers.

For by this time Carroll was head over heels in love with Jack.

"It took Jack six months to propose, another six before we decided enough enough of un-wedded loneliness."

And so they were married.

Carroll wore a dress that she made herself, desperately sewing up the hem—as she heard the first wedding guests begin to arrive. "That was about the only time I was grateful to my Grandmother for making me learn how to sew. I don't know what I'd have gotten married in otherwise!"

But Jack gave her a look that showed he couldn't have cared less about what she was wearing, just so long as she was standing there beside him to hear the words of God that joined them together forever.

And so they were married, and the girl who had been rootless all her life had the strongest kind of roots imaginable . . . last.

### Happiness thrown her way

Then Carroll was offered a role in George Cukor's *From Here to Eternity*. Jack could go with her to Hollywood. Carroll accepted. And things started looking up for the young director, too, with the directing of *End As A Man*.

Carroll and Jack have moved from their one-room fourth-floor walk-up to an apartment that's big enough for Carroll and Jack and their Christmas present, a dog named Blanche.

Their new apartment started out pretty bare, with just the bed-couch in their first place—"it was the first thing I ever bought"—and the linoleum for the baby's room and a prop gun which Carroll used once to scare a good performance out of an actor. Today, it's lovely furnished—with about the three happy people imaginable.

And that's the story of this girl with long loose-flowing hair, the large eyes seem to mirror the tragedy of too many unhappinesses—and the face that looks much too young to know the kind of heartbreaking loneliness that only a child of divorced parents knows, and that a divorced woman understands. Carroll Baker had to live through being a child of divorce and divorced woman. Before fate, Kismet, or call it what you like, decided it was time to throw a little happiness her way.

Carroll can currently be seen in Warner Bros. *Baby Doll*, and George Stevens' *Production of Giant*, a Warner release. You also be seeing her soon in U.A.'s *Devil's Disciple*.



## IT'S A COVER-UP"

### says Ronald Reagan

"Sure I've seen them—the young girls and the young men who've just become movie stars. Sure they're con- ited, some of them. But for the ma- rity, the air of nity is just a ver-up. Mostly, ey're shaking in eir boots!"

This was Ron- dReagan talk- g. And, as one o's been coping th the problems fame for more an fifteen years,

is a guy who knows whereof he eaks.

"Fame is a difficult thing to adjust psychologically," he added. "One y you're anonymous. The next you're ing stared at, talked about, written out, and asked for your autograph.

"The question that plagues almost erson in that position is: how should u behave?

"Most actors and actresses get used it. But some are always uncomfort- le about it, especially if they're shy. "I recall an incident that made this rticularly clear to me.

"I was standing nearby when two enaged girls recognized James Mason a hotel. One of them dared the other speak to him. Finally, she got up the rve and she said, 'Aren't you James ason?' He admitted he was—and rriedly excused himself and left.

"Both girls thought he was vain and de. So I went over to them and said: o you know why he left? Because you ghtened the poor man half to death, eaking to him out of the blue like at. James is the nicest guy in the rld. But he's extremely sensitive and y. He's the kind who sits in corners parties."

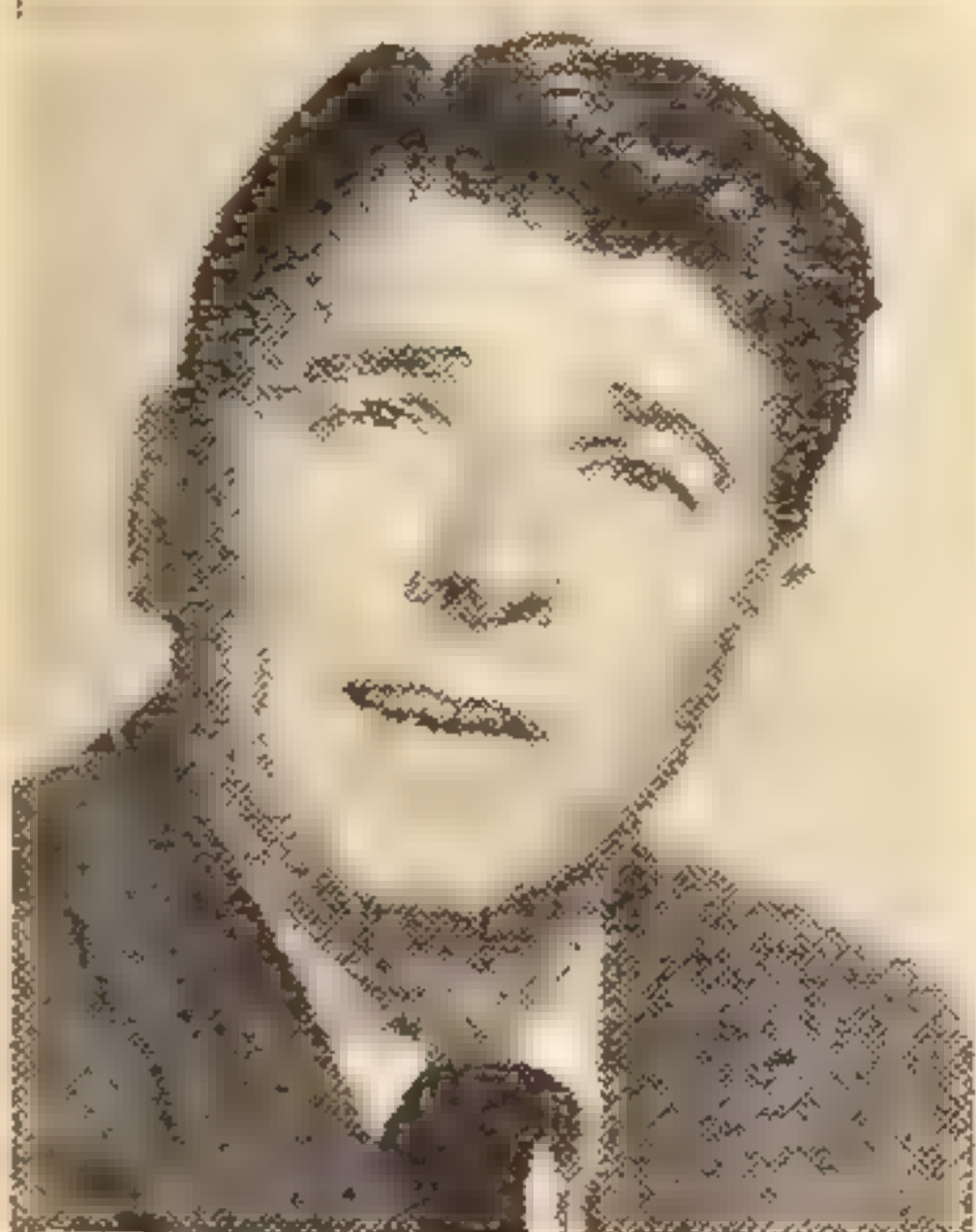
"I don't know whether they believed e, but it was the truth.

"I remember when Lana Turner first ame famous. There was a big party r her. A few weeks before, she'd been kid in high school. And now here she as, the honored guest among all kinds mportant people she'd never seen be- re—except on the screen.

"She was the picture of glamour. And cool as can be. She walked by a mous producer, winked, and whis- red, 'How'm I doing?'

"You see, underneath that gown, her ees were shaking. So," says Ronnie, f a star seems to give you a cold shoul- r, don't write it off as rudeness— cause chances are they're more afraid you than you are of them!"

Ronald Reagan will soon be seen in olumbia's Hellcats Of The Navy.



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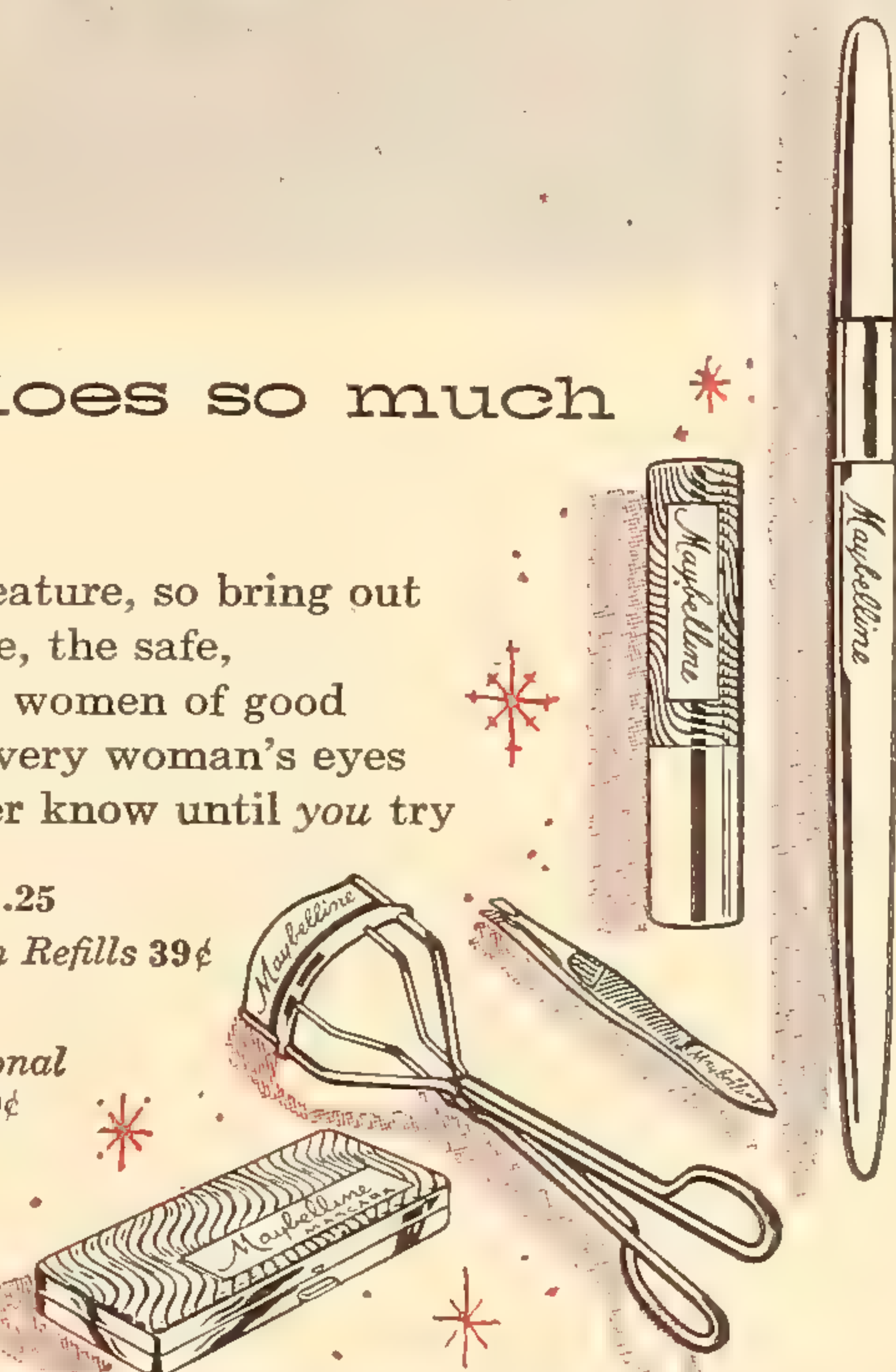
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## an important message to two unhappy people

(Continued from page 53) way your wife has candles and flowers on the table and dreamy music on the record-player waiting for you when you get home, to let you know she feels romantic. . . . The time you both decided you wanted some ice cream at two o'clock in the morning and slipped some slacks over your pajamas to drive out to a roadside place to get some, and what fun you had hiding the secret from the car-hop. . . . And the time your wife wore herself out making a huge party for the family on Christmas day, and how wonderful it felt to be home, surrounded by those you love, with the one you love most of all in all the world right at your side. . . . And sometimes, you remember when your wife couldn't find the toothpaste or the water glass."

That's the way Russ talked just a couple of weeks ago. . . .

Russ Tamblin and Venetia Stevenson planned to celebrate their first wedding anniversary on St. Valentine's Day: they'd dine at Venetia's favorite restaurant, and finish the evening off with a champagne party . . . for the two of them at home.

### Venetia's motto

Just as they'd start to unwrap the gifts, Venetia planned, she'd disappear into the den. A minute later she'd come back with a hammer and a set of picture hooks.

Russ would see the huge and lovely portrait of Venetia he'd been wanting, look at her standing there with the hammer in her hand, and grin.

"I learned a lesson last Christmas," she would say, "and decided the best motto in the world is *Be Prepared*."

Remembering Christmas Eve, when they'd waited for the stroke of twelve to unwrap their presents, Venetia started to laugh. For Russ's gift to Venetia had been a handsome silver tea set—and out they'd gone at midnight to find some tea so Venetia could launch Russ's gift. They thought they'd run out of gasoline before they'd run out of determination, until one of them spotted the open-all-night delicatessen. "A package of tea and some butter cookies," Russ had said to a startled clerk. And home they rushed to inaugurate their tea set.

So Venetia planned to be ready, and then they'd set about hanging the picture in the den, then sit down, arms around each other, and watch some tv. Watching television with a champagne glass in hand may not be the most exciting way in the world to celebrate a first anniversary—but to Russ and Venetia it would be. It was enough to be home, to be happy, to be completely lost in each other. So that's how they planned it.

### What he learned the first year

"We've learned a lot about ourselves, about marriage, and about each other in this first year," Russ said a few weeks ago.

"It's helped us both grow up," added Venetia, and Russ continued, elaborating on that thought, "You know that song, 'We Come From Two Different Worlds?' Well that could apply to us. In the beginning, at least."

Russ comes from a closely-knit, happy family. Venetia's parents, English director Robert Stevenson and actress Anna Lee, were divorced when she was a child. Russ is a man with close family ties; Venetia's been on her own since she was sixteen. Russ is outgoing; Venetia's quiet and self-contained. Russ is happy-go-lucky; Venetia's a bit of a worry-wart. Russ is presents-happy; Venetia is budget-happy. Russ is crazy about hamburgers;

Venetia just tolerates them. Russ has a rollicking sense of humor; Venetia is a serious little thing.

Russ was twenty-one and Venetia was seventeen when they married a little over a year ago. It's a young marriage as marriages go. But maybe it's just that youth, with its flexibility and desire-to-grow, that made the marriage—for a while. . . . For instance, Rusty used to have a thing about the kitchen being strictly a woman's place. At dinner time, he'd go into the living room and watch tv or read the paper till dinner was ready. And then he'd disappear back in the living room again when they finished eating.

That's the way things used to be at his own home, where his mother managed everything.

Then one evening he noticed that Venetia seemed tired, and the dishes piled in the sink looked sky-high. Venetia looked so young and lovely and swamped that he found himself offering to dry the dishes. "That did it," he said. "Now I don't think twice about offering to help. Maybe when Venetia is my mother's age and has as much experience running a home, she'll have a system too. But meantime, I like helping. Maybe part of it is that she's appreciative of anything I do."

### What she learned

And Venetia used to have a thing about budgets. Right after Christmas they sat down with a notebook and paper, and

**Christopher Morley's story, *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*, was being adapted for TV at the Hal Roach studios. Morley wrote this story when he was starving. A publisher advised him that the surest way to get a story accepted was to make it (1) a story about Lincoln, or (2) about a dog or (3) about a doctor. Morley took no chances.**

Leonard Lyons  
in the New York Post

Venetia's verdict was, "No more extravagances for a long, long time. No more presents!" And even though Rusty's birthday was December 30th, they decided not to celebrate; they'd save money. Promptly on December 30th, not even a week after Venetia won her round, sure enough Venetia turned up with a birthday gift for Russ—a handsome gold bracelet with his name engraved on one side and *I love you* on the other.

"There are times when you don't have to stick to the letter of the law on budgets," said Venetia with a smile and a toss of her blonde head. "Rusty taught me that."

Because it's those little pleasure-giving things that make a marriage.

For example: Rusty's a man of simple tastes. He used to like nothing but hamburgers and hot dogs. "Every time I cooked dinner," Venetia smiled, "it was hamburgers or hot dogs. Then I tried a little ingenuity. I explained that meat loaf is one form of hamburger. And then I tried other variations. Until finally I got pretty far from the hamburger and the hot dog! I'm proud to say that Russ will eat anything now. But then," she continued with a smile and a sidelong glance at Russ, "I've learned to appreciate hamburgers too!"

### Just as you are

Other times, it's the big and important things that make two people living together know they have a marriage. Rusty told about the time he first got to know and to understand his wife, and to know

that he knew it. It took an outsider to point the way.

He had taken Venetia to a friend's house for dinner. Rusty was his usual bubbling self, but Venetia became strangely quiet and withdrawn. "If Venetia likes the people she's with," Rusty explained, "she's warm and charming and outgoing. But that evening she withdrew into herself. She walked over to a corner of the room and sat down alone. When I asked her to join in with us, I got a quiet, 'I like sitting here.' And things didn't get any better at dinner. Venetia made it clear that she wanted to be with me and only me—and I felt that we ought to socialize with the host and with the other guests. Her behavior embarrassed me."

"The next day I phoned my friend to apologize for Venetia. I was surprised when he invited me to stop by. And as I was about to leave, he lit into me!"

"He told me that Venetia has a right to be an individual, and that she had his respect because she's quiet and lady-like and acts the way she feels. He said, 'Some people will understand Venetia's individuality, and some people won't. But the people who don't understand her, well, they're not judging her as a person—they're judging a social form.'"

"His explanation made me feel ashamed of the way I'd felt about Venetia. I wanted to go right down home and apologize to her for trying to apologize for her. I think it made me realize that to really love someone, you have to accept her and appreciate her, just as she is—and to care about what she thinks more than you care about what anyone else in the world does."

### Just being married—not enough

It was Venetia's intuitive understanding of her husband's nature that helped keep the marriage on an even keel too—for a while, at the beginning. When Russ wasn't working, things started to get a little out of hand. It wasn't a matter of money. Russ had a couple of big hit pictures on his credit, and he had just come into a couple of bonds that had been put away for him from his childhood earnings. But Russ wasn't working on anything current, and as everyone in Hollywood knows the big thing in an actor's life is not *What have you done lately?* but *What are you doing now?*

For a while Russ' answer was, *Just being married*. And in the beginning, that was enough. But Venetia knew the strain of idleness was beginning to take its toll. Inactivity may be part of every actor's life, but Rusty hated it.

So one afternoon she sat down and quietly thought. She had to get his mind away from the what'll-I-do-all-day-today situation. When Rusty came home they talked over the solution she'd come up with and then signed up for drama lessons, and lessons in painting, pastels and clay. The idea worked like a charm. Russ stopped worrying about when the next job would come along—and when he landed a job dancing on tv, everything fell into place again.

But sometimes understanding each other hasn't been that simple or that natural. It's been something they had to grow in the dark for and reach for—and learn with slow despair.

### "It sounded so silly"

"We get angry in completely different ways, Venetia and I," Russ explained. "I explode. Boom. Boom. Boom. And then I'm ready to forget the whole thing. But Venetia. She gets very quiet and cold and aloof, and you know she's going through a long slow burn. After a while she starts hitting you over the head with



acts. Fact. Fact. Fact. I have a bad memory, and can't answer her. So what I used to do was to walk out and slam the door. That was all wrong.

"Finally I tried to have a little more of sense of humor about the whole thing. One of our favorite bits used to be her 'You never tell me that you love me any more.' Now that's so silly that I used to blow. And when I'm mad, I can't for the life of me remember the time, or the place, or the date I said it last.

"But the last time this came up, I found the perfect solution. When she said 'You don't say I love you any more,' I shouted 'I love you, I'm mad about you, I adore you!' Then I waited a couple of seconds, looked at my watch and said—'There, I said five seconds ago.' The whole thing sounded so silly that we couldn't help laughing, and that ended that argument."

And Venetia said, "I think we're beginning to rub off on one another. I'm trying to develop the kind of sense of humor that Rusty has. I know it's saved us from a couple of serious arguments. Usually enough, I have a terror of screaming like a fishwife, and so I don't say anything."

That was what Russ and Venetia said a few weeks ago. They said, "Things weren't easy at the beginning. It took a near-crisis during the first few months of our marriage to teach us how to handle ourselves and how to handle each other."

"I think there must be different kinds of love," Russ said, "I know mine has changed. Before we were married, I thought I knew what it meant to be madly in love. I thought it was the excitement I felt whenever Venetia stepped into the room. Now I know it's more than that. These days, I can just look at her while she's doing the dishes—with me helping, watch!—and I get a tremendous feeling of belonging and of sharing."

Which shall it be?

Yes, that's what you two said to us just a couple of weeks ago, Russ and Venetia, just a couple of weeks ago when you were happy and looking forward to your first anniversary and thinking how you'd made a big start towards learning to live together in the way your love for each other made you want to live.

That's the ending of the story you had with each other then.

But on January 18, such a short time before that first anniversary the two of you had planned together, the newspapers carried a different story. Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson announced they had separated, read the report. And your studio, Russ, said the decision was made with mutual regret.

There was one other thing to the announcement; the papers quoted you two saying, "Maybe we can work out our problems."

Remember that first big quarrel, that ended when you rushed into each other's arms? And remember what you said about it, Russ . . . how wonderful it felt to be home, with the one you love most of all in all the world . . .

Which ending is it going to be for you two. . . the happy ending, the one you two really want?

Or the sad ending . . .

END

Venetia Stevenson will soon be seen in RKO's *The Girl Most Likely*. Russ can currently be seen in the Allied Artist film *The Young Guns*.



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## GET YOUR POLIO SHOTS THIS SPRING...



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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



## can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home?

(Continued from page 38) very fact that she is so religious can make it twice as hard for her to forgive Paul's playing around—and his knocking her around! It can't be wiped out, just like that. Even if Jeanne wants to forget it!"

So how come?

Well, for one thing, Paul was on a strong campaign to win Jeanne back. It was a slow job, but he persisted . . . and she didn't resist too strongly.

A few weeks before they reconciled, Jeanne confided to a friend, "I've gotten more red roses from Paul this month than in the last five years of our marriage. If Paul wants to date me and court me a little, it's all right with me! I tried so hard," she added, "to think my problems out. It didn't do any good. I was just about going out of my mind trying to decide what would be the best thing. Now, I'm just going to let things happen as they may. Perhaps fate will take over."

Since her divorce last August, Jeanne has been unhappy, as few Hollywood stars have ever been over the bust-up of a marriage. She lost weight; she couldn't sleep; she came perilously close to a complete nervous breakdown.

At first she tried to kid herself and those around her. The lawyers were making out the papers; she was finishing work on *The Tattered Dress* at UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL; life was about as miserable as it could get; and Jeanne was making quotes like, "Now that it's over and finished, I feel like I'm starting life over again. Life is suddenly very exciting."

### She knew it wasn't so

Nonsense! And no one knew it better than Jeanne herself. Life was far from exciting for her. It had become hollow and meaningless and inwardly she was ripping herself apart wondering how much of it might have been her fault, looking for—and afraid to find—the things in herself that might have triggered Paul's actions. Had she failed him? How . . . how . . .

After *The Tattered Dress* was finished, Jeanne went cross country on a publicity tour. She drove herself—hard—and she came back to Hollywood tired and sick. Within days she was in St. JOHN'S HOSPITAL in Santa Monica, for what was officially described as nervous exhaustion.

"A more correct diagnosis would be a broken heart," said one bitter friend, bitter towards Paul for the misery he had created. "What was he looking for, anyway? . . . That he couldn't find right in his own wife!"

Then another picture came along, co-starring with Frank Sinatra. She took it. She wanted to be busy.

"After the picture is over I'm going to do some of the things I've never had time to do before. I'll travel . . . I'd like to take up painting in Paris . . . I'm going to sign up for courses in astronomy and sculpture at UCLA."

But living wasn't much fun for Jeanne without Paul.

### "Can Daddy come home?"

Because of the children, Jeanne and Paul never stopped seeing each other entirely. He'd come around to the Beverly Hills house for Sunday brunch. Or they'd take the children out for dinner. And Paul, Jr., Michael, Timothy and Jeanine, hopping up and down would beg, "Can't Daddy come home this time?" The coffee got cold and the ice cream melted while Jeanne's and Paul's eyes locked, both ashamed of what had happened. And Paul would start to say, "Honey, couldn't

little more with yearning, with wanting.

Jeanne justified these dinners—to her friends, to herself—by saying, "For the sake of the children, I think it's best for us to be friendly." And in a little while, Paul and Jeanne and the children would be having dinner again, and Paul would look at Jeanne, and beg with his eyes . . .

But every couple of weeks Jeanne would read another item about him dating some pretty young thing. And the hope would go out of her again, and her heart would flip again—with pain.

Until suddenly the items stopped, and Paul was always out stag.

He wanted Jeanne back, and he stopped dating even though now he was free.

On the sidelines, there were powerful forces pulling in opposite directions. Jeanne's mother and younger sister, who

had never wanted her to marry Brinkman in the first place, talked only about his escapades, his violent jealousy, his "sponging" off Jeanne for most of their married life. It's always been an unfortunate in-law relationship.

On the other hand, Jeanne's priest didn't feel that way at all. Neither did Reconciliation Judge Lewis Drucker, who had talked to Jeanne and Paul several times before the decree was granted.

And time was working its healing magic . . . when suddenly there were new headlines which could have smashed the whole thing.

A warrant was out for Paul's arrest; the police were looking for him.

He'd gotten in a fight with wealthy manufacturer Homer Rhoads, a man who had entered the picture earlier as a possible threat to Paul's hopes for a reconciliation.

Paul claimed that Rhoads, in the process

## "SEX isn't always what you think"



Rita Hayworth and Gene Tierney are two of the leading ladies that Glenn found sexy—for most unusual reasons!

■ Glenn Ford, who's pitched fancy woo at almost every top glamour star in the business—for the cameras, of course—has his own ideas about what constitutes glamour-gal sex appeal. "The sexiest quality," he says, "never stands out on the screen!"

To make it plain, Glenn adds, "A man who holds a beautiful woman in his arms sees her from a different perspective than if he were watching her from the back row of a movie theater."

To begin with—what's sexiest about Rita Hayworth, with whom Glenn teamed twice after making the memorable *Gilda*? He answers that easily. "The eyes! Rita's eyes promise excitement, mystery, adventure—believe it or not!" It may be news to fellow who've watched Rita's gams, or other assets, on the screen. But as far as Glenn's concerned, the eyes have it. Then he recalls making *The Return Of October* with Terry Moore—when he couldn't take his eyes off her hands! "Those hands," he claims "are sexy and feminine—yet strong and capable. They're hands that can rein a high spirited horse or soothe a man's brow. That's really sexy versatility!"

It took him a while to figure out Gene Tierney, when they did *The Secret Of Convict Lake*—but Glenn finally got it. "It's the walk," he says. "She walks, and all you can think of is following her. She's got the original come-hither sway."

And Janet Leigh, claims Glenn, "has the world's cutest nose. It's her most captivating feature—especially when she wrinkles it."

Another leading lady is Rhonda Fleming. For her he chooses "The fascinating line of her neck. It's best noticed from a side view, and can only be described as truly swan-like. If I were an artist I'd paint Rhonda's neck—and with great affection."

Bette Davis, who has some physical features that are a great delight to night club mimics, appealed to Glenn for a reason overlooked by most of her imitators. "Her mouth," he recalls, from romancing her in *A Stolen Life*, "is fascinating. In contrast to her famous drive and energy, her full mouth is expressive and relaxed."

And what about the glamour girl in Glenn's own life—Eleanor Powell? Could she give her version of the Glenn appeal that *doesn't* show on screen?

Eleanor sighs, "I can't do that, because Glenn's a different person with every part he plays. I can hardly wait to read his next script—so I'll know what kind of a man I am married to!"

Glenn's currently in MGM's *Teahouse Of The August Moon*. Watch for him in Columbia's 3:10 To Yuma.



of divorcing his own wife, was pestering Jeanne for dates. Paul went to Rhoads' Hollywood apartment to tell him to lay off, and within minutes fists were flying. Rhoads accused Paul of assaulting him, and the police went looking for Brinkman. The next night, according to Paul, Rhoads called Jeanne's home and threatened to kill Brinkman.

"That's when Jeanne got so nervous about the whole thing that she left the phone off the hook," Paul said. "Rhoads must be crazy if he thinks he's going to marry Jeanne."

But Rhoads publicly announced that he was getting a divorce to marry Jeanne. She promptly told reporters that she wasn't marrying him or anybody else.

#### Something special

Up until this time, Jeanne and Paul had not appeared together in public except for their occasional Sunday dinners with the children. Then something happened. What it was, exactly, probably even Jeanne couldn't say. But Paul invited her to a New Year's eve party hosted by their good friends the Tex Feldmans, and she accepted.

"It should be fun," Paul assured her. "It's a costume party with a *My Fair Lady* theme. The girls are all supposed to wear gowns of the 1906 period."

New Year's eve . . . that's something special . . . just a year ago they had celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary with the Feldmans, on the same night—December 31.

Yes, she said, *she'd love to go.*

The night of the party, Jeanne and Paul caused quite a stir as they walked in together. When they posed for pictures, the cameramen asked, "May we say this is a reconciliation?"

Jeanne and Paul smiled. "Definitely!"

Jeanne didn't wear her wedding ring, but she did have a stunning sparkler on her finger, a king-size aquamarine flanked by diamonds. Yes, it was from Paul, an eleventh-anniversary present.

Jeanne looked radiant—and her old vivacious self. And Paul's attentiveness said, plainer than any words, how precious he was to him. They acted like a pair of hand-holding newlyweds and theirs was a gay table that evening. How long since they had danced together? How lonely the long year had been!

Neither Jeanne nor Paul has said much about the reconciliation.

"I'd rather wait a while before I talk about it," Jeanne says cautiously.

"There's been too much conversation with reporters in the past," Paul complains. "That's been one of our troubles. I think we'll do better if we keep our personal lives out of the headlines."

"They've both learned a lesson," a friend of Paul's says. "Remember, neither of them was completely blameless. Paul took the brunt of it, because of his violence. But Jeanne wasn't entirely in the clear! A lot will depend on whether or not Paul learns to curb his hot temper. It's always gotten him into trouble."

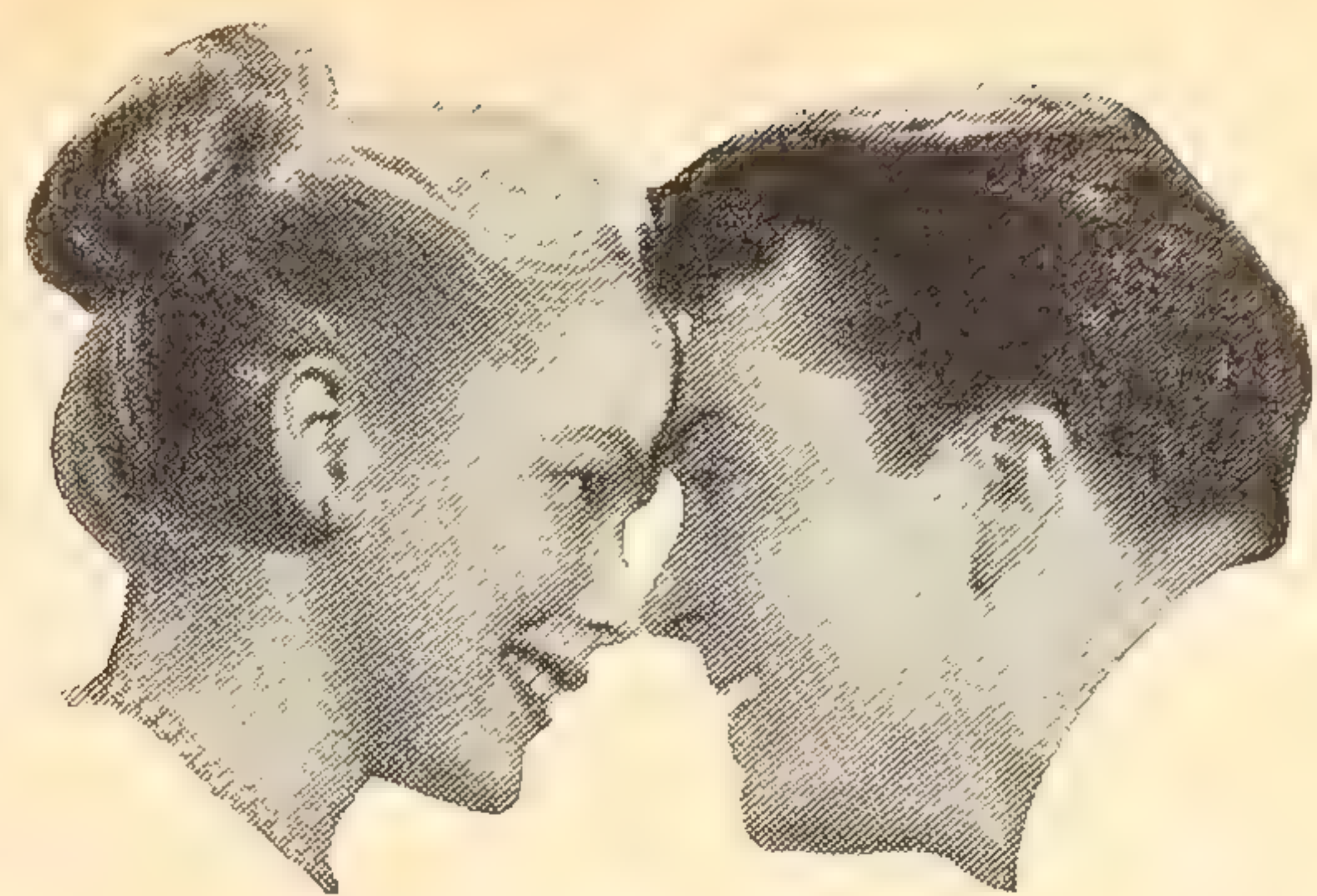
And while movie fans and gossip columnists cross country and back argued pro and con on whether Jeanne and Paul should have tried it again—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman quietly packed their bags and made their reservations for a second honeymoon, a second stab at happiness, on the sun-washed sands of Hawaii.

But—can it last?

Can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home?

END

Jeanne will soon be seen in U-I's *The Cattered Dress* and Paramount's *The Joker* s Wild.



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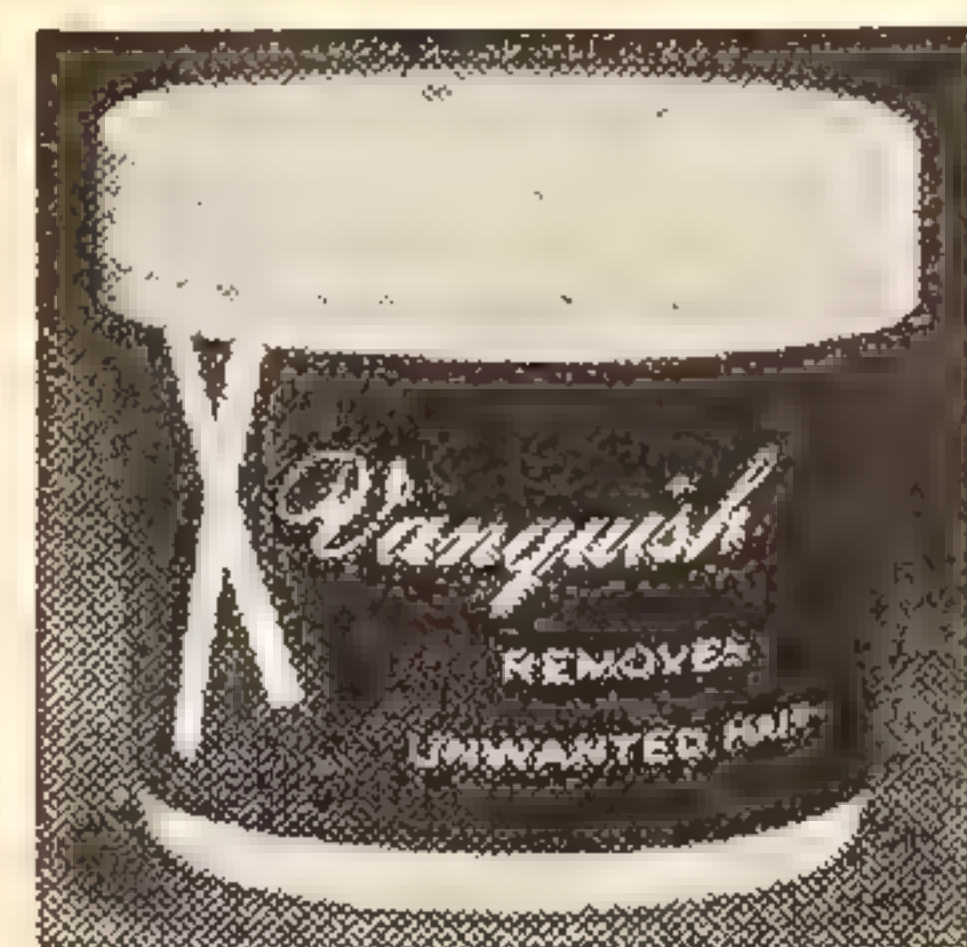
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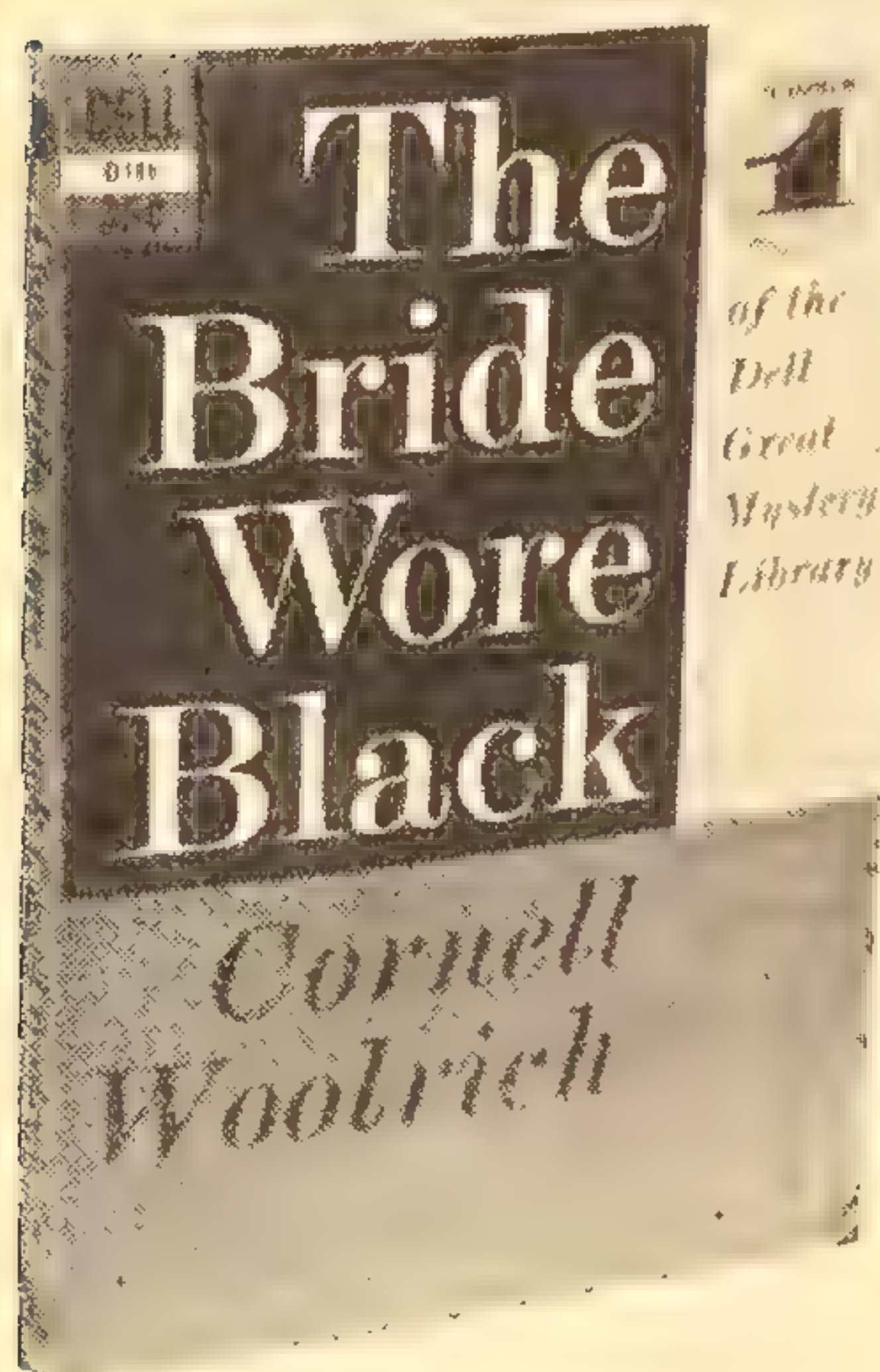


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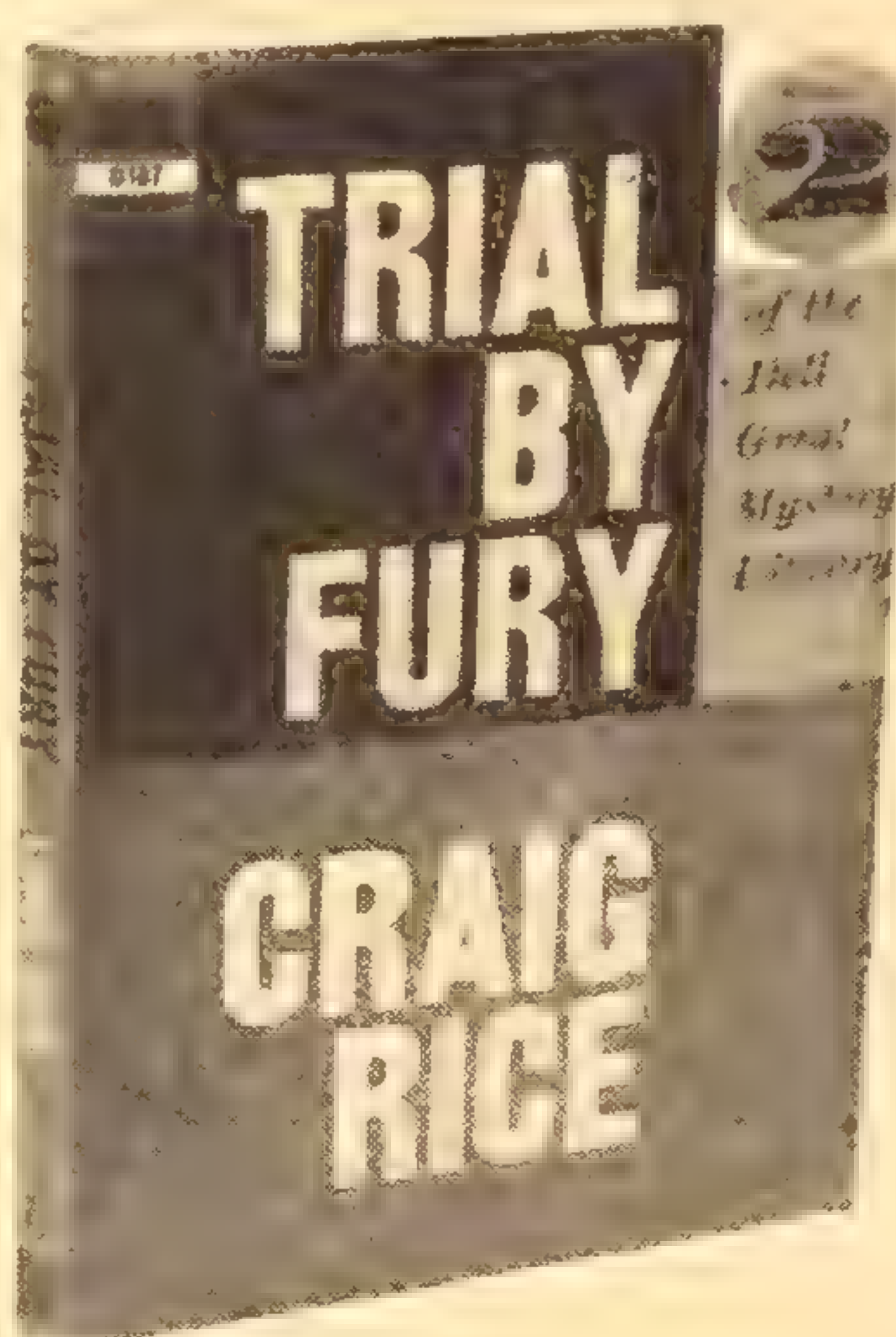
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## the girl who jilted elvis

(Continued from page 51) lot, and those who double-dated with them say that to see her and Elvis together was to really envy them. One minute they were laughing and in utter hysterics over something 'clever' one of them had said—they were always trying to outquip one another, and everything seemed funny—and in the middle of a great big joke, in the middle of a coke, if their eyes suddenly met and held, the laughter would stop . . . and, well, you just didn't look when they kissed. It was like intruding where you didn't belong.

By the time Elvis was graduating from high school there wasn't any question about who was going to the prom with him. Because Dixie was already wearing his school ring. And down in Tennessee, a girl doesn't wear your ring just because you're dating; you give your class ring to the girl who's going to be your wife.

Elvis graduated and got a job at the CROWN ELECTRIC COMPANY, and during holiday seasons Dixie worked at GOLDSMITH's department store. So one of the first things Elvis did with his spending money was save it up and buy an old beat-up Lincoln—so that he could drive Dixie home from work.

He was always there, waiting for her. They were going steady and some day they'd get married and life was wild fun—and quiet happiness.

Until Elvis made his hit record.

### He never changed

But this isn't the story of a boy who forgot all about his hometown sweetheart as soon as success hit him. Even today, down in Memphis those who know Elvis will tell you, "You just don't love very often like Elvis loved that Dixie."

Elvis made his hit record "Good Rockin' Tonight" and he hired a manager. He hit the personal appearance tours into Louisiana and East Texas.

Then Elvis bought his first Cadillac, a used pink and black one, and he was the happiest kid in the world. To be in love, and have a hot record, and a Caddy all at the same time!

Dixie was with him when the car burned up. And the people who know Elvis and Dixie will tell you, "No wonder it got all burned up—with Elvis and Dixie in it. They were so wrapped up in each other that the car was almost completely on fire, and passing cars were honkin' and trying to warn them. But they were so wrapped up in each other they kept right on riding. They almost lost their lives in that accident."

Elvis still says, "No other car will ever be as precious to me as that one." Because Dixie rode in it? And hasn't ridden in the newer ones?

## WHO IS SHE?

(see page 65)

Believe, it or not, it's Jayne Mansfield! This picture of Jayne taking a bow in costume was snapped when she played the lady-in-waiting in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* at the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.



Elvis Presley and Dixie Locke went together and were considered engaged by all their friends—for over two years—when success came.

But Dixie was still in high school, and there were lots of school activities—and Elvis was always away on tour.

Dixie loved him, but she was fun-loving. This was the very thing that had endeared her to Elvis, Dixie reasoned to herself, so he shouldn't mind if she dated other boys while he was away.

#### The stories drift back

While he was on tour, and then back in Memphis, the stories started to drift in to Elvis. At first he couldn't believe those stories. Because he *did* mind. He minded very much.

So he asked around and checked and watched, and when he finally knew for sure, he went to her.

What they said to each other no one but Elvis and Dixie know. Except for two things. Elvis told a friend of his, "When he offered me back the ring . . . that's when I died . . ." And Dixie's closest friend will tell you that Elvis took the ring, put it on his own finger, turned to walk away and said, "All right, Dixie. I'll take the ring. But I'll never love another girl again . . . ever . . ."

Maybe Dixie wanted to make up, maybe she knew that Elvis was more important to her—so much more important!—than any casual date. But by then Elvis was looking at her from her tv screen; and maybe she was afraid that he'd think it was only because he was a big star.

And maybe Elvis figured that she was the one who had rejected him—so it was her place to tell him if she wanted him back.

The big news about Elvis started to be his dates with girls. Girls he took out while he was on tour, girls he brought home to visit his parents, girls to ride with him in his Cadillacs and his motorcycle.

The people in Memphis who know Elvis say it's his way of burning up the torch he's carrying, and they'll tell you *there's no doubt about it, he's sure as shootin' carryin' a torch for that Dixie.*

Because whenever he hit Memphis, he'd always ask about Dixie, and who she was dating, and how she looked.

That was how it was . . . month after month. Until one time when Elvis hit Memphis, and ran into somebody who knew Dixie, and asked how she was. And the girl sitting over a hamburger in the GRIDIRON, Elvis' favorite restaurant in downtown Memphis, looked out of the plate-glass window because she couldn't stand the way Elvis' face just sort of collapsed when she said, "Why, Elvis, didn't you know? Dixie got married last week."

So down in Memphis now there's a girl named Mrs. Benny Mulberry who once loved and was loved by Elvis Presley.

#### "And he still loves her"

And Elvis' mother shakes her head with sorrow for her son and says, "That Dixie Locke is the only girl that Elvis ever talked of marrying, and he *still* loves her." And the mother of one of the girls Elvis has been seeing sort of often, worried about her own daughter's heart, says quietly, "He'd go a-runnin'—even now—if that Dixie Locke so much as crooked her finger at him."

And Elvis? Well, when they ask him—the reporters and the fan magazine writers—if he's ever been in love, Elvis always answers the same way, "Yes. I've been in love. Once. But I guess that's all over now."

Yes, perhaps someday it will be all over for Elvis. Perhaps . . . **END**

Elvis can be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *Love Me Tender*. Watch for him soon in Hal Wallis' Paramount release *Running Wild*.

## "YOU WUNNERFUL, WUNNERFUL PEOPLE"



It will be some time before the inhabitants of London forget the arrival of Liberace in their, until then, reasonably quiet city. He had the biggest reception and impact on London since Charlie Chaplin arrived in 1921.

Several thousand fans greeted their idol with banners *We Want Liberace*. To put everybody in the right mood the station loudspeakers played his recordings. "They're all wunnerful, just wunnerful," Liberace grinned, and squeezed his mother's hand.

When I found myself standing beside him, I said, "Mr. Liberace—"

"Please," he said. "Call me Lee. All my friends call me Lee."

ME: Isn't your first name Wladziu?

LEE: Ah, you've been checking on me.

ME: You've aroused interest here with your colorful wardrobe Mr. er—Lee. Do you really like wearing lilac evening suits and silver lamé jackets?

LEE: I love wearing them. People love lovely things—and they are deductible from my income tax.

ME: What made you start all that?

LEE (looking soulful): I've been in show business for years. Played the piano in all sorts of places. And always I'd go home feeling so unnecessary. That couldn't last of course.

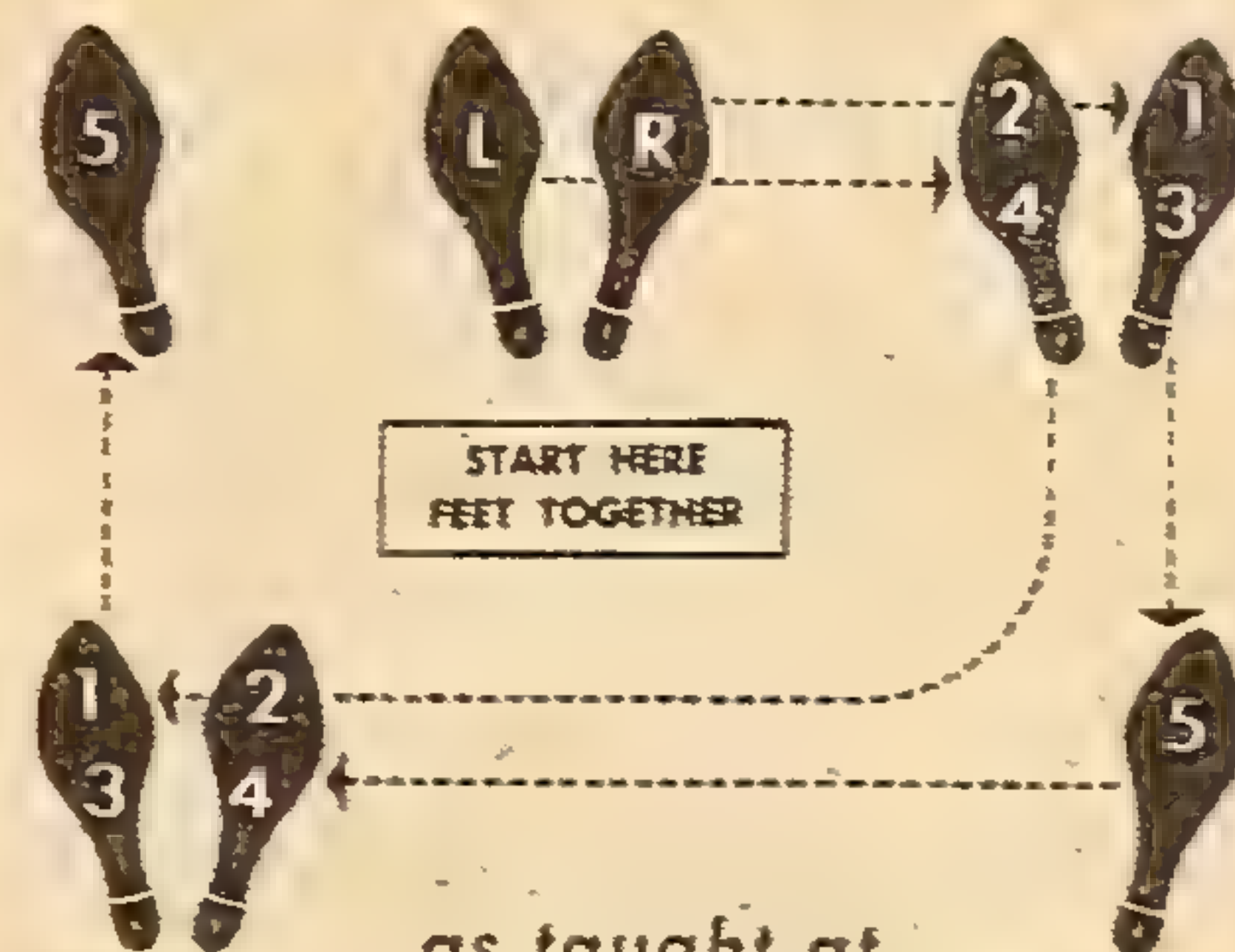
ME: So what did you do?

LEE: I took a year off and thought up my present idea. It's been a great success, and I've made a lot of money. But I'm not making much in England. But I can't let money stand between me and my fans. They have been so wunnerful in London.

ME: Tell me, is it true that some husbands in America have been known to kick in the tv screens when you come on?

LEE (with a laugh): When I heard it I cried—all the way to the bank!

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## why kim remains unsatisfied

(Continued from page 45) three—and she sees others too—that you can't help wondering: which is it—Mac, Mario or Frank? Is she in love with any of them? Why doesn't she marry one?

What have these men meant to her? What qualities in them appealed to her? And what have they done for her?

So far 'most everyone has only guessed at the answers, and so far only Kim herself really knew.

Now you have them, too, 'cause here they are, right from the angel's mouth:

"I admire Frank Sinatra," she said. "I am fascinated by Mario. And I love Mac Krim. Remember, I've known him the longest—for three years.

"However, three years ago, I was much more ready to marry and settle down. Now, something new has entered my life and I'm not ready for marriage. Maybe I have some more growing up to do.

"Since I can't find everything I want in one man, I go out with several men—not only Mac, Mario and Frank, but others, too. Since no one man seems to have everything I want in a man, I'm perfectly willing to see several men. Each man I go with fulfills a different need in me."

### What men mean to Kim

The truth is that men have given Kim Novak the inner emotional security she sought in vain as a child. Her test for her movie contract included a monologue in which she told what she wanted out of life: to love and be loved. "The words were just the way I feel," Kim said later.

In her childhood Kim had never felt completely accepted. Because she wore her hair in blond braids and most of the children in her neighborhood had permanents already; because her clothes were hand-stitched by her old-fashioned grandmother instead of being bought at stores, Kim looked and felt different. And the mocking laughter of the other children always rang in her ears.

"Mac," said Kim, "has had a great deal to do with helping me be happy.

"It is so nice to have someone who likes you, not just because of how you look, or because you are a star—but because it's you.

"I like to be casual and informal, and he's that type of man. I don't like to prepare for dates, but to do things on impulse.

"Where I used to feel left out as a child, and disliked for being different, Mac made me feel that I could be myself with him—and that he liked me that way. He made me feel accepted at a nice, casual level.

### Honest Mac

"And he is so honest with me.

"When I'd been on tour, I'd found that most people aren't like that. There are many who are willing to say, 'Everything's fine,' when it isn't, and they know it.

"But it's so comfortable to ask Mac if he likes something and get a straight out-and-out no. And if he says yes, I know he means yes—not maybe and not no, but I don't know how to say it.

"Like when I was placed under contract, I asked him one night, 'Do you think I'll ever be able to amount to anything in this business?'

"No, I don't," he said.

"My heart sank. He went on: 'You just haven't what it takes to be a success in show business. You are too shy, too quiet.' Mac owns several theatres, and he knows, I figured.

"Anyway, I went back to Benno Schneider, my dramatic coach, and told

him what Mac had said. I was pretty blue.

"Though it's good to have someone like Mac honest enough to knock down your opinion of yourself when he believes he's right, it's also good to have someone who will help build you up. Benno reassured me. He said that he was sure I had what it takes to become an actress.

### To prove a point

"Of course, I'm glad Mac was wrong. But that isn't the point. He accepted me

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as a woman he was happy to be with; he helped build up my faith in myself as a woman. Even though he thought I'd never amount to anything as an actress, that honesty was good for me. I tried harder to prove a point.

"Mac and I have a wonderful relationship. He's the only man who has known me as Marilyn Novak, before I became a movie star, and who also knows me as Kim. Other men know only part of my personality.

"And he's the only one to whom I can say, 'I've got five minutes. Won't you please come by and talk to me? Then I must dash home.'

"Or if we have a date and I've got to stand him up, I can say, 'I've got to study my script tonight,' and he'll be very understanding.

"And it isn't that he's the kind of person on whose shoulder I can cry, the kind I know will always stand by no matter what happens.

"I don't think a girl should ever think of any man she goes with as being old reliable. You have to try to please a man, and if you think of him as being steadfast no matter what you do, you might not make an effort to please him. I wouldn't like anyone who was just old reliable. Who wants an old-dog-tray type of character? Not me. To me Mac stands for love, for companionship, for honesty."

Then you ask her what Frank's fascination is.

"I like to go out with several different kinds of men. My feeling toward Frank is

mostly one of admiration. He's seen so much that it's interesting to be with him, and with his friends. They're bright, alert and sharp, just as he is."

Knowing Frank Sinatra, you know his reputation with women, so the thought comes that maybe it's because he's hard to get that makes him so wanted.

Does Kim find it intriguing that he's hard to hold?

The faintest gleam of yellow comes into Kim's eyes. They're fascinating eyes. Most of the time they look hazel. But they change color frequently. When Kim is happy, her eyes are soft green; when she's angry, they're a blazing yellow.

Kim answered, "I don't think that the fact that any man is hard to hold is intriguing!"

So you ask her the next question; isn't Kim in love with Sinatra?

"No," she said.

Hasn't she been in love with or infatuated with him?

"No."

A close friend of Kim's, asked about all the gossip items that had told how madly infatuated Kim supposedly was, said "Those stories make me sick. For some reason, many of the columnists wanted to believe that Kim was infatuated with Frank, instead of the other way 'round!"

### Is Kim jealous of Sinatra?

As for the Frank Sinatra jazz, it's hard to know the truth.

Several months ago, when Frank was entertaining in Las Vegas, some of Kim's close friends thought she might be flipping her lid over him when she flew out to see him on a couple of week ends.

But this is Kim's explanation: "My mother wanted to see Las Vegas, and I thought it would be more fun for her to see it from the inside out, rather than as an outsider looking in. When could there have been a better time to take her and give her an inside look at entertainment in Las Vegas, than when someone I knew was entertaining there? She loved it! I flew to Vegas the second time because one of my best friends and her husband were going."

But what about all those stories of Kim's jealousy, like the time she's supposed to have blown a gasket when she thought Frank had taken her back to her hotel early because he had a later date with someone else?

"Ridiculous!" answers Kim. "It's all untrue. That's why I don't read such stories. One night at Las Vegas, I was very tired. So at midnight I said, 'I'm sorry I can't stay for the late show, Frank. Please walk me back to where I am staying.' So he did; but he had to return, to rejoin his friends. That didn't bother me. Why should it?

"As for being jealous of other women—what nonsense! Altogether, Frank and I have had only five dates.

"Nor was Frank sore at me for asking him to take me back to my room early. When he's with a girl, Frank is very sensitive to the way she feels. He is also a very attentive, very tender person."

But Kim is candid about Frank, and she doesn't put him on a pedestal. Maybe it's because she and Frank are somewhat alike temperamentally.

"We both have so many ups and downs in our moods that I can appreciate the fact that he is quick-tempered—but quick to laugh and get over it. I recognize these traits in him because I have them myself. I'm too quick—too quick to get angry, quick to laugh, quick to cry."

And Mario?

"Ah, Mario! He is so colorful. I was first introduced to him at a party as Count Mario. Later, he told me, 'By the



way, I am not a count.' Personally, however, I think he is more glamorous than any count. A man doesn't necessarily have to do anything to earn a title—he may just inherit it. But Mario is an engineer, and one of the hardest working men I have ever known and he comes from a very wealthy family so he could be a playboy if he wanted to."

There are some who think that Kim really doesn't care much for Mario. If she did, she wouldn't tell him to postpone his visit to this country until April just because she is busy preparing for the *Jeanne Eagels* story.

Was this a polite brush-off for Mario? First *Jeanne Eagels*, then Kim and Frank making *Pal Joey* together in March. And then on the heels of that—Mario.

"April should be very interesting," said Kim, and her eyes turned green. But she obviously wasn't thinking of Frank at this moment—just of Mario.

She has a song she shares with Mario too, an Italian song called "*Carezzami*"—and it means *Caress Me*.

Mario's appeal for Kim lies in his romantic nature, "which proves my pink light theory," Kim laughs.

Kim has changed all the white bulbs in her apartment for lights with a soft pink glow. Obviously, she believes that if you look at things from the rosy point of view, they'll appear more charming, more romantic.

"To Mario," she said, "everything is just rosy. He expresses himself in a flowery and pretty way, but he seems to mean what he says."

He likes to choose gifts that will cause Kim's eyes to change color—and turn the soft green that means she's pleased.

There was one gift he was very eager to give her, but could never find. Early in their friendship, he learned that Kim wanted to take back the figure of an angel with her to America.

"We looked everywhere," said Kim, "including a place on the Left Bank in

Paris that had all kinds of figurines. Of all the angels in this world, I couldn't find one with the certain quality I was looking for.

"Mario says when he comes in the Spring, he will try to bring me a purple angel, or else some other angel that will be just right. Having been with me through hundreds of stores, he knows that just any old angel won't do. When Mario comes, I'm sure he'll bring the right one. I can't describe it, but I'll know it when I see it."

#### A world full of men

"Maybe," she added, "that's the trouble with me and men. I'm looking for an angel, and there aren't any."

"I'm an idealist," continued Kim thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's one of the reasons I put off marriage. When I marry, I wouldn't want to be disappointed or disappointing."

"I don't think I'm looking for a perfect man. But it's not just making up my mind about Mac, or Frank, or Mario. It's having to decide about these three and a whole world of men who haven't come into my life yet! And whom I hope to meet some day."

In the meantime, she has Mac, a wonderful companion, who has given her confidence in her ability to interest a very fine, particular man; Sinatra, tender, compassionate, hot-tempered, playing the field, but always intellectually and temperamentally exciting, and Mario, the poetic romanticist from Italy.

Is it possible to find all this fulfillment in one man? Or should a girl settle for the man who most nearly fulfills her needs, accepting the fact that she can get along without the other traits? Before Kim marries, she may, as she herself admits, have to learn to dream less and grow up more. Just a little bit more.

END

Kim Novak will soon be seen in Columbia's *Jeanne Eagels* and *Pal Joey*.

## why paul newman left his wife

(Continued from page 43) the thing Paul loves Jackie, and marriage was the only possible answer.

In 1951, Scott was born. Jackie forgot any dreams of theatrical glory, and concentrated on making a home for her men. Sure, Paul probably thought, studying Joanne Woodward, she's Jackie, four years ago. She's cute.

Naturally, the two became buddies. Once rehearsals were under way, Paul got promoted from understudy to a real part, but he and Joanne were still the 'kids' in the cast; they still shared the wonderment of a first show.

Before its Broadway opening a play generally goes on the road for a few weeks, for an out-of-town tryout. And a funny thing happens to people in a show, on the road. They grow into a kind of family. They spend so many hours together every day, rehearsing, working, worrying. They eat their meals together. At night, in strange towns, in strange bars and coffee joints, they cling to each other.

When *Picnic* took to the road, its people became part of that magic, private world. How many nights Paul and Joanne must have sat up talking the problems of career versus marriage, the state of the nation, life, the theatre. How unimportant they must have thought those talks were, then. Paul's wife was expecting her second child, and he and Joanne were honorable people, and love doesn't sneak up and

strike without any warning. Or does it?

#### No time to worry

In any case, there wasn't time to worry. There was work, work, work, and, finally, opening night in New York. February 19th, and the chips were down. Throw away all the clippings that say how great you were in Salt Lake City; this is the big one, the one that counts.

It was fine. *Picnic* was a smash. Paul a smash. And in the middle of the crush, the congratulations, the telegrams, there was a quick kiss from the blonde understudy, a laugh, and an *I-knew-you-could-do-it!* And why did his heart skip a beat, when he knew she'd have said as much to anybody?

Forget it, you figure he told himself. You're a man, not a boy. You've got a wife you love, and a life, and you don't jeopardize those things.

He thought of the way Jackie'd been all for him, no matter what he'd wanted. Soon after they married, Paul's father had died, and Paul had had to go home to Cleveland to take over the sporting goods store his family owned. A year of that, and he was frantic. "I want to act," he'd said, and Jackie'd said *okay*. She didn't remind him that security was sweet; she didn't say actors cheat their families a hundred different ways. So on to the YALE DRAMA SCHOOL, and then to New York, and television jobs, and *Picnic*.

Jackie rooted from the sidelines, and had the hot meals ready whenever he happened to get home. If she wasn't as much a part of his life as she'd once been,

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that's the price you pay when your husband wears grease-paint.

In the summer of 1953, Susan was born. Paul spent long afternoons with Jackie and the babies. Then at night he'd go to the theatre, and in a hallway between dressing-rooms he'd bump into her unexpectedly . . . the one with the large green eyes.

It's possible they were glad, Joanne and Paul, when *Picnic* was over. Fourteen months of friendship and closeness and bad jokes, and sudden, stricken looks. If they put a name to what was between them, if they called it love, that's still their secret.

Paul went to Hollywood to make *The Silver Chalice* for WARNER BROTHERS. Jackie wavered between going with him and staying behind, finally chose staying. "The kids are too small to uproot." Maybe she was wise, maybe she was foolish.

For Joanne Woodward turned up in Hollywood a few days after Paul arrived there. She was on a business-vacation.

They were two strangers in an often unfriendly town. What's more natural than that they should see one another? First it was just on his days off, and then it was for dinners, soon it was every evening.

Say that they stole what didn't belong to them, but don't assume they were happy over it. Perhaps they promised themselves this little time together, and then an end. Jackie wouldn't be hurt, because Jackie wouldn't know. Nobody would know.

#### The anonymous two

Back then it was easy for them to wander, anonymous, across the town.

Strangely, a Hollywood columnist was the first person to get curious about Joanne. One night Sidney Skolsky spotted a friend of his sitting at a table with Paul and Joanne. Skolsky walked over, and was introduced. He didn't know Joanne and Paul were together, and he found himself thinking Joanne was rather unusual. He made several conversational overtures; she let his words just lie there—which seldom happens when starlets meet reporters. Skolsky's interest was piqued. As he was leaving, he turned back. "You know," he said, "if you combed your hair and put on some make-up and decent clothes, you'd be a pretty girl—"

#### An alarming total of coincidences

Skolsky, unsuspecting of any relationship between Paul and Joanne, went serenely on his way.

But another reporter was beginning to put six and four together and come up with an alarming total: Coincidence piled on coincidence.

The reporter brooded a while, then took action. He phoned WARNER BROTHERS. Was Paul Newman divorced? No, Paul Newman was not divorced; he was still very very married; his wife had simply chosen to remain in New York while he made the movie.

The reporter felt like a louse. After all, the couple had been in *Picnic* together, they were pals, the whole business was coincidence.

Except that when Paul flew back to New York, Joanne flew back to New York. And when Paul reappeared on the Sunset Strip, there was Joanne, beside him.

Since you can't do all that coast-to-coast traveling without a bit of cash in your pockets, Joanne was by now concentrating on her own career. She'd never been movie crazy, it's true. She'd have taken a fat part in a picture, of course, but the thought of a stock contract appalled her. Who wanted to be tied down for a little money and a lot of years?

Still, her agent got her to test at Fox, 88 and she finally signed a deal which

pleased her. But it began to look as though her luck had hit just about the time Paul's ran out. The rushes on *The Silver Chalice* were far from inspiring. You don't have to knock the picture, or Paul either. They simply weren't suited to each other. His sex appeal was buried under the robes of a mealy-mouthed nobleman. He couldn't bear to watch himself on the screen; he wanted to run.

There's misery and there's misery. Paul needed to get away from Hollywood, back to the stage. He must also have needed to clear up his private life. Because you can't work when you're being torn apart inside, and he had a suspicion that his confused emotions were affecting his acting.

#### They meant good-by

Anyhow, he and Joanne said good-by, and this time they meant it. The one thing that now seems sure is the honesty of Paul's intention. He meant to come home to Jackie, and make his marriage work. A lot of innocent people weren't going to be punished because he, Paul, had been romantically mixed up.

Well, the Newmans *did* try, and they tried hard—Jackie as much as Paul. He got a job in a Broadway show called *The Desperate Hours*, and while he was in rehearsal Jackie told him they were going to have their third baby.

*The Desperate Hours* opened on February 10th, 1955, and ran for seven months. Paul played a villain, and got rave notices. His daughter Stephanie was born.

*The Desperate Hours* closed, and Paul went back to California to do a television version of *Our Town*. While he was out there, he snagged the lead in a movie

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**Henny Youngman lamented: "One year we gave Grace Kelly an Oscar, next year we deported her."**

*Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post*

---

called *The Rack*. It was summer by then. And Joanne was in Hollywood that summer. A brand-new Joanne, one that Sidney Skolsky would have beamed over, so dressy was she, so carefully made-up, so beautifully coiffed. She was in Hollywood doing a picture all the time Paul was in Hollywood making *The Rack*, but they didn't see each other.

You don't like to make a guy out a hero just because he's faithful to his wife and family, but sometimes idealism is easier written about than practiced. Give Joanne and Paul some credit for that summer, when you're toting up scores. It must have been awful for them to avoid one another, but they did it. Joanne was occasionally seen with a New York actor named Bob Quarry, but she was never seen with him more than just now and then . . .

#### "Where's Jackie?" they asked

Paul worked days, studied evenings, looked a little strained, but tried to give straight answers when reporters asked straight questions. Somebody wanted to know why Jackie and the kids weren't in California with him, and Paul said it was because kids needed roots. "You can't keep shuffling them around all the time, much as you miss them when you're away—"

Paul and Joanne returned to New York about the same time, but not together. Then Paul, borrowed from WARNERS by MGM, turned around and went straight back to Hollywood for *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.

The picture was great, but Paul's peace of mind wasn't. Right before its release, he disappeared. MGM, anxious to snag

him for some publicity, called his home. Jackie said she didn't know where he was. A few weeks later, he showed up in New York. He did a few television shows, kept turning down scripts WARNERS' submitted to him. The parts he was playing on television were indifferent ones, a couple were even bad, but he didn't seem to notice. A psychiatrist might have called it self-destructive, and a psychiatrist might have been right. Because Newman didn't appear to care much what happened to him.

The final proof of this came one night last July when he drove his brand-new very expensive sports car into a fire hydrant. Since the car could still run, he tore off again, leaving the hydrant overturned and pouring water. He was finally arrested for going through a red light, and taken to jail.

His conduct was anything but a shining example to the youth of the nation.

He screamed about reporters and photographers hanging around; the newspapermen were there covering a kidnapping, and hadn't any idea Paul was Paul. He screamed about how he'd played Rocky Graziano, struck threatening poses—and insisted that his cell door mustn't be locked because "I have claustrophobia"—which is a deadly fear of being in closed rooms or narrow spaces.

Somehow the picture didn't shape up as that of a clean-limbed American boy having fun on a night out. The picture was of a deeply disturbed guy running away from himself, and yelling so he wouldn't be able to hear himself think, so he wouldn't have time to notice how dark it was getting.

In the Newman house, it had got very dark indeed. Jackie's a proud girl. Offer her half a loaf, and she's not so sure it's better than none. She's also a compassionate girl. Miserable for herself and her children, she must have been equally unhappy for Paul.

#### The price of happiness

At any rate, the Newmans separated quietly last October. As a last gift, Jackie Newman returned to her husband his peace of mind.

December found both Paul and Joanne Woodward in Hollywood. She was doing a *Climax* television show; he was deep in conferences over *The Jazz Age*.

In the middle of December, Paul gave his first Hollywood party. The guest list was carried in some of the columns—Tony Perkins, Rita Moreno, Virginia Leigh, Dennis Hopper . . . and Joanne.

There it was.

For the first time, there it was in the public prints. Their names linked.

Paul came back to New York to spend Christmas with his children, and Joanne came back to close up her New York apartment.

New Year's Eve, Paul and Joanne were together. You wonder what went through their minds, as they toasted in 1957. For four years they must have looked forward to such a night, secretly, if not openly. Yet, having finally bought their happiness, they must have trembled at the price.

If Paul and Jackie divorce, if Paul and Joanne marry, what then? Can love erase guilt, and blot out pain? Can you look so deep into wide green eyes that you're able to forget three children, children who wonder why their daddy isn't coming home?

END

Paul Newman can currently be seen in MGM's *The Rack*. Watch for him in Warner Bros.' *The Jazz Age*.

Joanne Woodward will soon be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *Three Faces of Eve*.



## the types of girls I can't stand

(Continued from page 36) "There's the kid who has to know every move you make. I saw a lot of one particular girl and then one night I had a business appointment and couldn't keep a date. Said I'd see her the following night. The following night I walked through her front door and she attacked me. With whom had I been? For how long? What did I do? Why did I do it? I shut up like a clam.

"Another time the same thing happened, but with a very different kind of girl. When I picked her up, she was her usual sweet self. Never asked a question. By the end of the evening, I was boring her with the details of the night before. She enjoyed telling her about it. I'd probably have done the same with the first girl if she hadn't used force. Most fellows feel that way; the girl they go back to is the one that doesn't press.

"The possessive girl is generally the girl with telephone-itis. Tell her you're going to stay home and work of an evening, and she keeps ringing up just to check. If you happen to be out, she talks to your answering service, but never leaves her name. If you happen to be in, and pick up the phone yourself, you say hello, hello into silence, then you hear a click.

### There's always one exception

"Of course," says Tony, cheerfully, "there are always circumstances when a fellow lets a thing like that go. Now take Elaine Aiken. She's forever calling to see I'm home on the nights I say I am. I generally can't stand that sort of thing, but from her, I take it. She's got so many other wonderful traits, I can't really get mad or stay mad at her for more than thirty seconds."

(Tony's apt to get wound up on the subject of Elaine, and stray off the subject of women he's known and loathed.)

"Elaine's a very unceremonious person," he says. "If we get to a premiere and can't find a parking lot closer than six blocks from the theatre, that's okay with her. She'll walk the six blocks in high heels, or if it's warm, she's just as apt to take off her shoes and hike along that way. She'll stand in a lobby and do forty-five interviews if she's asked to. She adjusts. She'll go to a basketball game as contentedly as to the premiere of the Ten Commandments. She's got a sense of humor. If she didn't have, you couldn't catch me telling the story of her necking-up habits."

So much for Elaine, and back to the noxious ways of some other fair ladies.

### The window shopper

Say you're having fun together. Laughs, hand-holding, and isn't it great to be young. Then she starts looking in the furniture windows, and every jewelry store that displays a wedding ring gets a long look from her gentle eyes. What's in her mind? Marriage. One of Tony's girls didn't stop with looks; she put her case into words. "How about it?" she said, and he wanted to die right there, feeling embarrassed and trapped.

"I'm not ready, I'm too young, I haven't got enough money—"

All the reasons were true, which made them no less painful. From that day forward, the romance was doomed, the brightness had gone out of it. "I felt the rope going around my neck."

When the relationship finally fell apart, it left Tony with a conviction. "The more a fellow thinks he's being pressed to marriage, the more he wants to run the other way, even if marriage was in

the back of his mind for some future day."

You don't have to know a guy a year and a half to give him a bad time, Tony warns, and recalls a few first dates that were sizable pains in his neck.

When Perkins first arrived in Hollywood to make *Friendly Persuasion*, he wasn't acquainted with a lot of girls. On one of his first visits to the studio, he spied a cute brunette who worked in the secretarial department and asked her to have dinner one night. She accepted.

They went to a fine restaurant.

They went to the HUNTINGTON HARTFORD THEATRE and saw *Anastasia*.

So far so good. Then Tony put the lady in his car, and started driving toward her house. She was appalled. "Aren't we going to stop somewhere for a drink?"

"I don't drink," Tony said mildly, "but I'd love to buy you one. It's just that I have to get to bed around midnight. I've got to be up at seven for tests and—don't laugh—I'm supposed to look seventeen."

She wasn't about to laugh. She wasn't even about to be pleasant. "I know why you're not taking me anywhere. You're bored with me, you didn't have a good time—"

"It's because of the picture," he insisted desperately, "really it's because of that."

Tony thinks if you tell a girl you have to be home early, the girl should be gracious about it. Nine chances out of ten, you do have to get up at dawn, and if, in the tenth instance, you're actually bored, what good does it do the lady to know about it?

Lately, Tony's been solving the problem by dating the girl he's working with.

### Then there's Dr. Freud's helper

Next on Tony's list of pesky females is the girl who's an amateur psychoanalyst. "She's read somewhere that all actors like to be analyzed, and instead of judging the guy as an individual, she feels it's her duty to be Dr. Freud for the evening."

He remembers one girl who was passionate to expose his unconscious.

"You know why you're making pictures, of course," she said. "It's because you need fame to make up for an unhappy childhood."

"I'm really not making up for anything," he said. "I'm making movies because I like acting, and it's my business and a good business. And I was a very happy child!"

"Ha!" sneered the young lady, proceeding to deliver a talk on psychology.

That was another one Perkins never saw again.

And then there are the girls who think nothing of dishing out advice, "And I mean c-o-n-t-i-n-u-o-u-s-l-y," says Tony.

There was such a girl not long ago. Tony'd phoned and asked for a date "a week from Saturday. I'd love to see you before, but I'm knee-deep in studying for *Fear Strikes Out*."

### The sympathetic sort

On the other end of the wire: silence, indicating deep sympathy. Then: "Fine, for a week from Saturday. But—" Another pause. "Tony, you're working too hard. You're doing too many pictures, you don't relax enough—"

At the end of the conversation, Perkins was thoroughly depressed. He hung up feeling like maybe it wasn't worth it to go out at all. Maybe it wasn't worth it to work. Maybe nothing was worth anything.

He kept the date, and "It was as though



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she'd made a record of what she'd said on the phone." More worry over him, more concern about his health and welfare. Plus the fact that she never shut up. Which, incidentally, is another Perkins peeve. "A girl should try to understand a guy's mood. If he feels quiet, she should keep the conversation on a quiet level. If he feels wordy, she should let him get the words off his chest. Not that she should shut up like a sphinx, but a girl should know when she should talk and when she should listen—"

Switching from talk of solo dating to the problems of dating at parties, we find Tony's got a few party battle scars he's willing to talk about too. He begins these with the sad tale of the Clinging Vine.

#### 100% attention

"When I go to a party," he says, "there are professional obligations to adjust to and handle as well as friends you want to chat with for a minute. It's pretty tough to be with a girl who can't leave you for a minute.

"If you're trapped with a clinging vine at a party, you can be hip deep in conversation with Cecil B. De Mille, and she'll

still tug at your arm—'Tony, get me a sandwich,' she'll plead, as though she had two broken arms and a sprained ankle.

"Since she wants 100% attention at all times, you might just as well have spent the evening alone together and not come to the party at all. A girl should understand that sometimes her date has to and wants to talk to other people," Perkins declares, "and she should know what to do with herself, and not get into a tantrum if the guy is having a word or two with another girl, or forgets to pass her the watercress every four minutes. After all, if a fellow thought enough of her to ask her out in the first place, she doesn't have to worry that he'll forget to take her home."

Almost as much of a drag as the Clinging Vine is the Social Climber. Tony once met a lively college girl who claimed she wanted to be a teacher. She seemed refreshing to him: she couldn't have cared less about big names in the picture business. "I even hesitated about asking her to this industry-type party because I felt she might be bored, but when I mentioned it, she said she'd like to go anyhow."

## BARBARA LANG'S MIRACLE

■ Three years ago she was told by her doctors that she would probably never walk again. The word *probably* was used perhaps to soften the blow, to leave in the prospect of a miracle. Because the beautiful young blonde girl lying so helpless in LOS ANGELES COUNTY HOSPITAL was so definitely past medical help, the doctors felt they must tell her the truth.

Today, that beautiful blonde is playing an important part in MGM's *House Of Numbers*. She's Barbara Lang, newest glamour girl at the Culver City Studio, and she has what girls dream about all over the world: her name on a movie contract.

For Barbara, too, it's a dream come true. She had always dreamed of being an actress when she grew up. Other little girls might have had tea parties for their dolls; Barbara played theatre. Then, just out of EAGLE ROCK HIGH SCHOOL, the future was opening up at last.

But the beginning of the dream, that summer, seemed to be the end, also. Barbara contracted polio. There are varying types of infantile paralysis; Barbara's was hopeless. The verdict was that she would never walk again.

At first, Barbara tells you, she was in a state of shock. She couldn't believe it was really happening to her. Then she began to think, in the long hours in that bed. What was it the doctors had said? *If you walk again—it will be a miracle.*

It was then that Barbara Lang remembered God, and her faith in His help. She'd always been religious. She says, "In church, I used to believe that I was talking to God." Barbara asked for a Bible, her symbol that she'd walk again.

In a month, she was able to sit up. Not too long after that, she took her first steps. The road back was not easy but Barbara, it might be said, held on by her spiritual teeth. A year ago, her faith in a miracle was justified. She started her career, singing in clubs in the San Francisco area. A talent scout was impressed with what she did to the audience, as well as the way she looked. After that came tv and the lead in the *Death Valley* series.

Then director David Friedkin and producer Morton Fine were to do their first production at MGM, *Capital Offense*. They wanted a new face for the picture, and when they spotted Barbara on tv they knew they had found the girl. Here was more than a pretty face; it was a face with an intriguing depth, an unusual quality.

Barbara got the part. But after a reading, and tests, the studio decided she was worth an even bigger and better one—in *House Of Numbers*.

There is no medical explanation for Barbara Lang's recovery. Barbara's own, in her humble gratefulness to God, is that she held fast to her faith in a miracle.

And, behind that sexy facade is a spiritual quality that would not be there—if a pretty girl had not been told, three years ago, that she would never walk again.



Thinking back, he roars with laughter at his own innocence. "Bored? She didn't have time. Five minutes after we got there, she was making eyes at the biggest producer in the room. Minutes later, she was telling an agent how she 'just might be interested' in a movie career!"

#### This was the opportunity

It began to dawn on Tony that the kid was an opportunist, and this party was the opportunity she'd been waiting for.

At the close of the evening, Tony ushered the lady out, and he did it sullenly. "I even gave her a few dirty looks." She wasn't dumb enough to pretend she didn't understand, but she passed the whole thing off blithely. "I didn't think you'd mind," she said. "I won't do it again."

"It embarrassed me," he told a friend later. "I felt as if everybody knew she was using me to get into a situation where she could promote herself."

Tony vows he doesn't care what a girl is, as long as she doesn't lie about it. "If this girl had told me she was interested in acting, I'd have done anything I could to help her. It was the underhanded way she did it that got me down."

And that wasn't the first time. Girls, according to Tony, are always pretending to be who they just are not. For instance, you meet a girl at a party. She pretends to be sophisticated, cool. You take her out, and she's naive, nervous. You don't mind that. What you mind is that she tried to hide her real self.

#### Cha-cha-cha and Van Gogh

Take the case of the exotic creature in the low-cut tease-dress. That was what she was wearing the first time Tony saw her. And she was raving on about that Latin dance sensation the cha-cha-cha.

"I asked her out," he says, "suggested Ciro's and she said she'd simply adore it. They played the cha-cha-cha. I stood up, she sat there. She couldn't dance the cha-cha-cha. I waited for a waltz. She couldn't do the waltz either. In fact she couldn't dance. In fact she really hated night-clubs. Well, I'm not mad for them myself. I thought she'd like 'em. If she'd been honest, I could have planned something more up her alley and mine."

That was bad enough, but another girl topped her. Tony was at a gathering of some friends, and he was discussing art, which is one of his major enthusiasms. A girl he'd never seen before edged up and joined in the conversation. "I adore art. May I listen?"

What could be more flattering to a man? She listened as though it were her life's work, and every so often, she'd stick in a modest two cents' worth. "You're so right, I agree," she'd say to Tony's side of an argument about Van Gogh.

"I fell into the trap," he says. "I dived into it."

He asked the lady out for the following Sunday afternoon, with a great song in his heart. "I thought I'd surprise her—they were having a special Van Gogh show at the museum. When we got there she didn't know a Van Gogh from Whistler's Mother. If I'd showed her an etching of Mickey Mouse and said the immortal Vincent had done it, she'd have smiled. I felt like hitting her on the head with a copy of *Lust For Life*. I felt like bouncing her down the front steps of the museum like a basketball. She was bored to death—and both of us had a lousy time. We could have done something else that both of us enjoy!"

#### The whole world knows

Then there's a kind of girl Tony calls the mother-confessor with the big mouth. "If you're quiet," he says, "she knows



that you've got something on your mind. "Don't tell me," she says, "Unless you want to."

"Good. You don't tell her. Five minutes later, plaintively, comes: 'You can tell me. I'll understand—and I'll never say a word to anyone.'"

"You consider this, while she perfects her argument. 'In fact, if you must tell someone, tell me. You'll feel better to get it off your chest—'

"Finally you tell her. Only her. Next week, the item is all over town, and your best friends are calling up complaining. 'What's this I hear about you from somebody who heard it from somebody who heard it from somebody—'

Perkins' advice to girls who want to keep fellas. "If a guy confides, keep his confidence!"

There are various types of problem dates that Tony himself has never run into (he knocks wood as he says so) but his friends have warned him, and he throws in the following categories just to wind things up. These girls can frighten a guy away fast:

#### Is this you?

● Gold-digging Gertie: She drags young actors to the most expensive restaurants, orders the gold plate special, leaves most of the food on the plate because she thinks that chic. Poor date lives on coffee for the rest of the week.

● Hard-drinking Hattie: She takes more liquor than she can handle, and the guy has to carry her home, after she's made a public spectacle. Then she won-

ders why he never calls her up again.

● Painted Paula: She uses make-up as if there's no tomorrow. "I find it disconcerting to stare into beads of mascara," Tony says. "A girl who's natural is far more beautiful to me."

● Promiscuous Peggy: "The available type automatically makes herself unattractive to men," Tony believes. "And not only to the so-called nice guys. Even the not-so-nice boys have no use for such a woman after the first couple of dates. If you go out and make yourself free, the guy just isn't interested. It's sad, but it's human nature."

Which isn't to imply, Tony adds hastily, that he's got any use for those girls who fake complete unapproachability. If a girl wants to go out with you, yet plays hard to get, it's time wasted. And a girl who really likes you, yet won't give you a goodnight kiss, starts you wondering what's the matter with you.

Well, there it is. Some pretty good tips about how not to act with men.

If you want tips about how to act with men (or, at least, how to act with Tony Perkins), ask Norma Moore or Elaine Aiken or Maria Cooper. These are the girls Tony currently adores, though marriage to any of them is not on his mind. Used to be he didn't have the money, and he wasn't old enough. Now? "Frankly," he says, "I don't have the time." **END**

Tony will soon be seen in Paramount's *Fear Strikes Out*. Watch for him also in Paramount's *The Tin Star* and *The Lonely Man*. He'll be in Columbia's *The Sea Wall*.

## I could have been a delinquent

(Continued from page 57) knowing the kids who turn into hoods like I got to know them, it wouldn't have been tough to become one of them.

But let me tell you about it like it happened to me.

For instance. . .

One kid in school, about four years older than I, had a nasty habit of sidling up to me and drawling "Eeeehhh, Bennn-eee!" He was more than a head taller than I and I wasn't about to tackle him. But there were other kids, too. We'd go, my own gang and me, to the local movie theatre—a building fondly known as *The Itch* because it had no screens and used to be attacked by swarms of mosquitoes in battle formation. There I'd bump into strangers my own size who were itching, figuratively as well as literally, for a fight. It wasn't just my hair; I guess it was also because my name was in the papers so often. Kids can be pretty cruel, and they'd taunt and taunt until I'd put up my dukes.

I'm not a fighter by nature—never was. But my father settled it for me with a hunk of wisdom in the shape of a punching bag. "Fighting isn't worth it," he told me. "Even if you win, you can lose." And many, many times I came home seething, took off my coat and knocked it out on that punching bag, trying to prove to myself I was as tough as the bullies—and at the same time getting rid of a lot of steam.

#### It's tougher to walk away

At first I fought back, but soon I began to see my father's point. These kids didn't care if they carried home a black eye, but with me it meant that I had to put on the greasepaint a little thicker that night, and sidle on stage so that the audience couldn't see my shiner. As an actor, I had to protect my face. Friends in school

used to ask me, "Ben, why do you want to be an actor? Look at all the trouble it makes for you."

I ought to clear up the point right now that acting was important enough to me so that all this was worth it. Some kids are pushed into violin or piano lessons by their parents and hate every minute of it. Me, I wanted to be an actor, and I felt sorry for other kids because they didn't have a goal in life like me. My parents let me go ahead with the work because it made me happy, but they were never theatrical parents.

Anyway, soon I learned to walk away from a fight, and believe me that takes more guts than fighting. You leave yourself wide open to being called yellow, but I could see that if I fought one kid I'd have to fight every boy on Long Island.

When I was eleven I left *Life With Father*, and then began long years of radio and television work. I used to have running parts in radio serials, and I averaged about ten shows a week. This meant I had to spend every day in New York City. My mother went over with me at first, delivering me from one network to another.

#### The Beechhurst delinquent

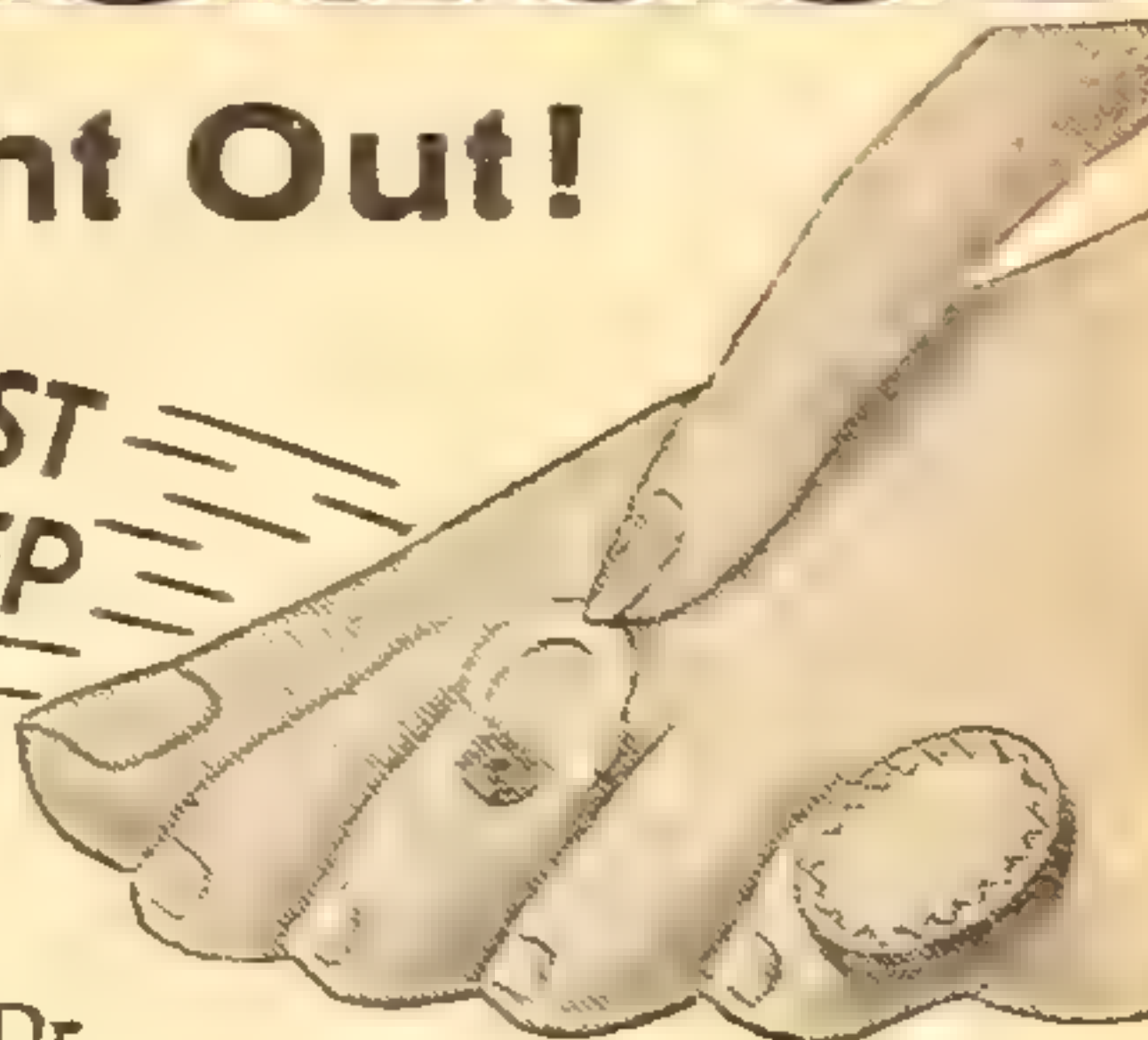
But by the time I was thirteen she figured I could go it on my own, and this left all of Manhattan wide open to me, with three or four hours of nothing to do. In between shows I'd roam the streets until I knew every lamp post in the city. I used to go into the penny arcade at 51st and Broadway to while away the time, and from there I walked away from at least a dozen fights. Of course there was an occasional exception—one show I did, you couldn't see me for the greasepaint. I had to cover the shiner!

At home during this period I was enjoying a little delinquency of my own.

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After an evening in the movies and a stop at the GREEN LANTERN for my favorite concoction, banana and black raspberry ice cream with chocolate syrup, marshmallow syrup, whipped cream and cherry, my pals and I would walk the long mile home and break every street light on the way. With snowballs or stones; it didn't matter. Those unprotected dinky light bulbs were too much of a temptation. We may have made the street maintenance department a little sore, but we figured we were providing an ideal Lovers' Lane for all of Beechhurst.

But things were a little different in the city! There the tough guys are really tough. At fourteen, I was working at a studio up around 109th and Lexington.

It's a rough neighborhood.

#### Proud of the scars

It was swarming with guys in leather jackets and dark looks. I'd come out of the studio at night and walk toward the subway, and all of a sudden out of nowhere there'd be two or three guys walking alongside of me. Sometimes they talked among themselves, keeping in perfect step with me. And sometimes they didn't say a word. That was worse. Those kids have a natural feeling for the horror of the unspoken threat, and they played it for all it was worth. And suddenly I didn't feel tough any more. Because no matter how tough you are, if that's the way you want to play, there's always somebody around who's just a little bit tougher. And if you start tangling it up, you're going to have to take all comers. I don't think I was a coward. I knew they carried knives and I thought it would be a dandy idea if I carried one. My father stuck to his point though.

"If you whip out a knife too," he told me, "they're going to want to find out if

you can also fight with that knife."

This sounded reasonable, and besides I had to remember that those kids are proud of scars they carry, while I still had to keep my face clean if I was going to earn my living.

At noon I used to eat at a lunch counter in the neighborhood that was patronized by the toughest kids of the area. I was told not to, by paternal-type producers of the shows, but somehow these kids held a fascination for me. There was something dramatic and intensely exciting about the way they lived—I thought. I used to sit there hunched over my hamburger, hoping I was hunching like they were, but I must have looked pretty silly. They used to hunch and munch and give me the eye, and I felt I was sitting on a powder keg instead of a lunch counter. But I couldn't resist it.

One day, when I'd had a morning rehearsal for a show about a young punk in trouble with the law, I was still thinking about my lines while eating lunch. In the script I was supposed to say to a juvenile authority, "Look, I'm not trying to tell you a story, mister. This is the truth." Having heard these guys talk, I knew the line didn't sound right, so one day at lunch I pumped up some courage and asked them about it.

#### Accepted by the crowd

"Is that the way you'd say it?" I asked. They didn't hear me because they were holding their sides and falling off the stools. When they recovered they looked at me in abject pity.

"Man," said one of them, "that ain't the way you'd say it." He guffawed again and then told me the thing to say would be, "Man, I'm not tryin' to cop a plea."

"What?" I asked brightly. And they had to explain it to me.

Which is about when they began considering me their buddy. A weird kind of buddy, to be sure, with the hat I had to wear because of my sinus trouble and the tie and the white shirt. But just the same, I'd been *accepted*. I should have known then it was no big deal.

Their hangout was in the rotted interior of a condemned apartment house. Every day they told me about it and every day they tried to get me to go there with them. I couldn't figure whether their motive was to work me over in the solitude of the building, or whether they really liked me. I felt honestly flattered that they even asked me, but just the same I wasn't quite brave enough to accept. I thought about what it would be like to be a member of the gang. Lots of them were runners for bookies or in the numbers racket, and they thought nothing of it because everybody they knew was in the same boat. I could see myself joining up, and with my manners and polished shoes becoming the brains of the whole outfit.

But it was just daydreaming. At heart I knew too well that my conscience wasn't cut out for such a life. In radio jobs I had met countless prison wardens and men who worked with these kids, trying to straighten them out. I'd had it pounded and pounded into me that the crooked life just doesn't pay. The message drove home to stay, and I never did go to the hangout. And to tell the truth, I'm not sorry I didn't.

#### "We like each other"

There were two things that helped me resist the temptation of being a tough guy. One was my work; I was just too busy. I remember one Christmas week that I worked on sixteen shows, and over the years my parents turned down hundreds of offers because they thought I was already working too hard.

The other reason was my family. Aside from the love that one member of a family feels for another—just because you're all part of the family—in ours there was genuine friendship. We liked each other. My parents never broke their word; if they promised something to my sister or to me, they saw to it the promise was kept. Lucky kids grow up with a respect for their parents that won't allow any straying from the straight and narrow.

I was tempted, too, where language was concerned. In show business you hear every conceivable word, and I started off in show business when I was still eight years old. In the play *Louis Calhern*, who played *Father*, says, "Oh damn, I forgot!" Opening night my family sat in the audience and afterward took Bunny and me for a sundae, to celebrate. Reaching a corner I turned it by mistake, and when my father called me back I grinned and said, "Oh damn, I forgot!" Right then and there, Dad called me for it.

"It's fine for the father in the play, but it isn't funny when a little boy says it."

I remember one actress who began telling a joke and then, spotting me within earshot, said "Never mind. Later on I'll finish the joke."

I took my cue. "Could I go out and get a drink of water?" I said. And just before I disappeared behind the wing I winked and said, "Call me when you want me." Maybe because I was so YMCA most of them were considerate enough to spare me a lot of things. But that doesn't mean that there weren't plenty of bad examples that I could have followed. There were always characters in and around the theatre, and I learned early.

All this may sound like kid stuff, but it's the kind of thing that can lead to the big time—the big time in jail!

## NO MORE CHEESECAKE



■ "I don't mind sharing *some* of my wife with the world, but certainly not *all* of my wife," says Tony Steel, husband of Swedish-born Anita Ekberg.

And that may be the reason for it all. But whether or not it is, Anita comes out with a real positive statement. "*No more cheesecake.*"

The world's number one pin-up queen has drawn the line. "No more cheesecake," voluptuous Anita declares. "I've had enough. In fact, more than enough!"

The reason Anita went in for cheesecake art, she says, is because it was the only way she could make Hollywood producers aware of her existence.

"For years," she claims, "I tried the old-fashioned methods, knocking on doors, getting introductions, meeting casting directors. None of it helped. I couldn't get a break. I figured the only way I could crash Hollywood would be cheesecake."

"Cheesecake did the trick, and I'm terribly grateful to it. But now pin-ups have served their purpose. I see no sense in overdoing them. I don't want to be labeled a pin-up cutie. I want to be labeled an actress who can act."

Can it be that the sexy Swede has changed?

Chances are that husband Anthony Steel has done the trick. Ever since their marriage the pin-up queen has concentrated more and more on work, less on play.

She even told studio publicity departments that she won't pose in a bathing suit unless a bathing suit is an integral part of her role!

Anita's in Paramount's *Hollywood Or Bust*. Watch for her in RKO's *Affair In 92 Portofino*, U.A.'s *Valerie* and Columbia's *The Most Wanted Woman*.



By the time I was sixteen I could spot a hood a mile away. They have a peculiar way of jiggling while they're standing still. By the time I was seventeen I noticed the type who's always checking the entrance with nervous eyes. By eighteen I knew that most hoods are a suave, manicured set, a style started by Capone. And a year later I could tab a bookie, and learned to spot a gun carried beneath a coat.

#### Something to do

I knew one guy who was a runner for a bookie, but by this time there was only one thing I admired him for—for learning a lesson. He was about to get into his car when he was approached by the cops, and without flicking an eyelash he dropped his bookie slips into the gutter. There the papers stayed while the cops frisked every inch of both Eddie and his car. Sure he wasn't caught, but it was so close that he decided it wasn't worth it, and I understand that Eddie never took another job that wasn't on the level.

Sure I feel sorry for the boys who get caught up in the underworld. Every time they got away with something, they thought they were that much smarter—until they *didn't* get away. That's where Eddie was different, and me too, I suppose. But with me it was because I had something else to do. I guess that's the secret of it, having something to do. And knowing you're strong enough to do it.

Once Dad and I were talking about a man who had become an incurable alcoholic, and I asked him how this man ever started out to be like that. "Nobody ever starts out to be a drunk," Dad said.

I not only had my dad for advice; I could see things happening all around me. Little kids carried home-made zip guns, carved out of curtain rods, rubber bands and floating firing pins, and more than one boy had his hand blown off. Bigger kids tangled with the law and spent their youth in assorted jails, and still bigger ones, lots of actors I've known, ruined their careers by drinking. Having the chance to observe all this stuff, you stay away from it. I remember when somebody in show business offered me a drink when I was fifteen. "No thanks," I said, "I don't need it." Maybe it was a barbed answer, but I meant it. A drink now and then is enjoyable, but I've never thought I needed one in order to have a good time.

#### A lesson in how to say no

Worse yet was dope. I had done several shows that centered around drug addic-

tion, and knew a little bit about it—as most everybody does these days. I knew enough to recognize it one night in Hollywood, when I was only nineteen.

As a favor to a friend, I offered to drive his girl friend to a party where she was expected. The house was one of those big ones in the hills above Hollywood, and when the host asked me to come in I said I would for a few minutes. The place was jammed with people, the girls expensively dressed, the guys wearing \$300 suits, and while I didn't think about it at the moment, it was a pretty crazy party. It was so noisy and close that I stepped out on the veranda for a breath of fresh air, and lighted a cigarette.

Then I heard it, next to me—the deep, rasping inhale of the marijuana smoker. A man and a girl were out there and after a few minutes the man walked over to where I was standing.

"Hey, pop, why don't you turn on?"

I held up my own cigarette. "Thanks, I have one."

"Come on, man, I'll give you a stick. I don't want to sell it to you—I'll give it to you."

I knew this was danger valley. I'd played it so many times on radio and television. "No, thanks," I said.

"Come on, daddy," he said. "It's not habit forming."

"How many have you had?" I said.

"Three. But one'll do it for you. I used to get this way on only one. Come on, man, it's crazy."

He had said it wasn't habit forming, the poor jerk. He kept it up for five minutes, all the while drawing deeply on his cigarette. I left the party, not because I was afraid, but because it isn't pleasant to watch people who have begun the ruin of their lives.

I was lucky, because I knew enough about it, had known for a long time that such things aren't smart, they're just plain suicide.

I pity the kids who are drawn into bad circles and bad habits. I could have been a juvenile delinquent myself—I had every opportunity—but I turned away from it because I had a job, because of the trust my family put in me, and because we all have a certain responsibility to ourselves.

I'm sure some of the hoods I've known regard me as a clunk.

I for one am happy with the whole deal, just like it is.

END

Ben Cooper will soon be seen in the U.A. film, His Father's Gun.

for. Costume fittings. Her marriage to Marty, which was a full-time job. And Terry, her son, to help grow up—another full-time job. Recording sessions, and business conferences, and church attendance, and answering phone calls, and memorizing scripts, and shooting pictures, and answering letters, and making personal appearances, and doing benefits.

She thought she was taking it all in stride. Except for that business with her breath. So she kept on ignoring that.

Until that afternoon when the pain hit. Then it was gone, and she told herself she hadn't felt it at all. She wouldn't bother mentioning it to anyone.

#### Fear becomes one word

It came again, and she lived with it, and tried to keep the fear from showing.

For weeks she managed to conceal from Marty that she wasn't sleeping. At the studio she'd say that she had eaten at home and at home that she had eaten at the studio—so no one would know she couldn't keep her food down.

She put on her bulkiest clothes to con-



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## doris day's escape from hell

(Continued from page 49) whether to resign from the only studio she had ever worked for, or if she dared to strike out on her own, with her husband Marty acting as her producer.

She couldn't decide about her records either. She could sing any love song into a hit, but suppose the public got tired of that? She thought of trying out rhythm numbers, blues numbers, comedy bits. But—did she dare risk changing her style? Maybe she'd flop if she did.

There were night club offers and tv offers. Should she try that? Which would be best? Should she risk public appearances again? Yes? No?

Most of all she wanted to find out about herself as a dramatic actress. She was a million-dollar smash in musicals but she wanted to get within nomination distance of an Academy Award. Or would that ruin her completely?

Decisions. Decisions.

And interviews. Photographs to be posed



ceal her weight loss. She kept telling herself it would go away, but instead the pain became more constant, her heart-beat more irregular and her breath came in shorter and shorter gasps.

Until suddenly the fear became a word: cancer. That was what a doctor would tell her.

But she couldn't go to a doctor. She couldn't go to a hospital. She was a Christian Scientist, and she couldn't ignore the basic teachings of her religion. Marty shared her faith. Terry went to Sunday School. She couldn't destroy their faith, not even if it meant facing death alone.

So day after day she lived alone in her own private hell. Well, perhaps not completely alone. . . .

The complete lack of privacy in which stars live was in Doris' case a help. The studio, Marty, her mother, her friends, suddenly surrounded her. They got her to see a doctor. The doctor told her she *did* need a bit of minor surgery. But she didn't have cancer! It was a harmless tumor, not the dreaded disease that she was so terrified of. Out of her terror she submitted to the surgery, quickly recovered, and felt perfectly fine.

For a few months.

Then the pain returned. The pain and the skipping heart beats and the complete lack of breath.

This second attack chilled Doris with

nerve-shattering fear. In her mind she knew she wasn't really ill—she'd finally been convinced of that—but she had all the symptoms! Again she tried to hide her terror from Marty. She told herself this was her actress' imagination at work. But the pain, the gasping for air, that was real. Real and yet imagination.

So it could only be one thing, Doris started thinking, she had crossed the terrible borderline. She no longer knew what was unreal, what was real. She must be mad, Doris decided. And added to her fear of cancer was the hell of fearing for her very sanity!

This time she was the one who found a doctor. He wasn't a psychiatrist. He was just a very understanding medical man. He said to her, "Get a notebook. Write down everything that comes into your head. Whatever you think of. Then read what you've written—and think about it. And then if your symptoms don't stop, come back and see me. But I think that when you face life honestly, without being afraid of living, then you will be well."

#### A look into the past

Doris felt very silly that afternoon, buying a kid's notebook—like the ones she had had in school at Cincinnati. Suddenly she found herself thinking of her first screen test, and she wrote about it, there in the notebook, first of all.

She had arrived at WARNERS' looking like a teenage tomboy, wearing jeans and a shirt and she let Mike Curtiz, the director, and Jack Warner, the studio head, gather the idea that she'd dressed this way to prove they couldn't impress her.

*But that hadn't been the truth.* Those were the only clothes she had.

She had broken down singing "Sentimental Journey" for them. Her first hit tune, and she should have been able to get through it any time. She let Curtiz, Warner and *herself* think she was just nervous. *But again that hadn't been true.* She had broken down because that very morning she had filed for her divorce against George Weidler, whom she adored.

The Doris Day of 1955, writing in her notebook, wondered why the Doris Day testing for *Romance On The High Seas* couldn't have been honest with herself. She had been honest in court. She hadn't made any accusations against George Weidler. She loved him. All she had said, asking for her freedom, was that George had broken her heart. She hadn't even told the judge that George had *asked* for the divorce. She had just said, "He left me heartbroken."

The Doris Day of 1955 thought of Marty. When she had married Marty she hadn't wanted to bother with a honeymoon. She was too sensible to bother with silly things like honeymoons.

## \$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

#### 1. I LIKE PAT BOONE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 2. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 4. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 5. I LIKE JEANNE CRAIN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 6. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 7. I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 8. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 9. I LIKE CLINT WALKER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 10. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 11. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 12. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:  
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 13. I LIKE CARROLL BAKER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know her well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 14. I LIKE BEN COOPER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot  
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all  
☐ don't know him well enough to say  
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none  
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

#### 15. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood  
☐ part ☐ none

#### 16. I READ

☐ all of The Inside Story ☐ part ☐ none

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____	MALE	(1) _____	FEMALE
(2) _____	MALE	(2) _____	FEMALE
(3) _____	MALE	(3) _____	FEMALE

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

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But that wasn't quite the whole truth, either. The first time she had married, at seventeen, she had wanted to do every romantic thing.

#### Too much separation

He was Al Jordon. He was a trombonist in Jimmy Dorsey's band. They fell in love and got married.

Then, just as she was eighteen, she discovered she was going to have Terry. She took a little house back in Cincinnati and wrote Al every day, sometimes twice a day, sometimes three times. He had to be on the road. Doris was bitterly lonely. She had barely enough money to live on, and Al's letters, arriving special delivery and usually at 3 A.M., broke up her wretched sleep. Sick as only a lonely, pregnant girl can be, Doris reached the breaking point one night. She yanked off her wedding ring—she didn't want it—and she threw it out the window.

Only that hadn't been true, either. She didn't want to lose her wedding ring. She wanted what the wedding ring meant—a husband with her.

The band business got worse. The separations between Al and Doris lengthened.

Doris got her divorce. She didn't ask for support of her baby, Terry. She told herself she would manage. Somehow. The somehow turned out to be singing on a Cincinnati station for an announcer's wage of \$64. She hadn't been too proud to take it. Sure, she had already made "Sentimental Journey," and sung on the *Hit Parade*. But she took the \$64, which fed her and the baby, and when Jimmy Dorsey offered her a job it was pure heaven. And more heavenly, yet, when she met George Weidler.

#### Some more untruths

She worshipped George Weidler and felt that he was a great artist; in Hollywood he would find thousands of jobs.

He didn't. In Hollywood there was a housing shortage and Doris and George had to buy a trailer. Doris cooked. Doris cleaned, and planted flower boxes on the windows of the trailer and sang and sang. She didn't want a career, she told herself. She just wanted to be George's wife.

Writing in her notebook, the Doris Day of 1955 realized this, too, had been one of her bits of untruth with herself and life—the untruth she had sold herself and sold George Weidler—that she didn't want to sing any more. One day she was offered a booking at the LITTLE CLUB in New York. There was no money, no work for George, no food in the trailer.

George insisted that she take the job. She went. Opening night she got a telegram from him; he told her not to come back. He was through.

The Doris Day of 1955 realized this was one of the nights she had really died. She had gone on for that first show, laughing through her tears, singing over her sobs. She got a release from the club and flew to Hollywood. But when she got to the trailer George was gone.

She searched for him, days . . . weeks. And then, when she had given up, she ran into him on Hollywood Boulevard. She took one look at him, and knew there was a profound change in him. She stammered, "Can we talk somewhere?"

Over a cup of coffee, he told her. He had found religion. He was at peace with himself. By every gesture he told her something else: she was still desperately in love with him, but he was completely out of love with her. She agreed to give him his freedom.

She made the test for *Romance On The High Seas* and signed a contract with WARNERS. Now she could afford to have her baby with her. She could send her

mother some decent money. Stardom she didn't think about. She was too unhappy.

Yet stardom had come, and that was where Marty had come in. Marty, the nice man in her agent's office. Then Marty, the nice man she liked so much and whom Terry loved. And Marty with whom she had made such a sensible, calm marriage.

The Doris Day of 1955 writing in her notebook stopped. Was this the truth? Had she really married Marty because he was so good and her son liked him and he knew show business and he guided her career so well?

She stopped. She stopped the writing for months. And made *Love Me Or Leave Me*. She was so busy with the picture that she forgot her gasping breath, forgot her hammering heart, forgot to be afraid of living.

Then she was making *Julie*, which Marty produced, and she had a million things to do and she didn't have time to feel anything really.

It was while she was making *Julie* that she suddenly realized she had already found the road back, the path from hell to happiness, the power to live life without fear.

Perhaps it was the months of examining herself and learning to understand herself each time she wrote in her notebook . . . or perhaps the sudden realization that she had nothing to be afraid of. Whatever it was, it happened in a split second. One day she was playing a love scene with Louis Jourdan. Marty was standing behind the camera. She had looked up and seen Marty watching her, and in his eyes there was such complete devotion.

She felt her heart throb—but it had been a good throb. She had drawn her breath, and it was a good, long breath. "Wait a minute," she said, moving out of the scene—and she had gone across and kissed Marty.

"You okay?" he asked, as a husband does, not talking things too big.

"Perfect!" she answered, and she knew she was! She had escaped her personal hell. From that moment on, she could face herself, actress enough to go into scenes, woman enough to love her husband, celebrity enough to live up to every bit of it.

Life, in other words, was wonderful.

END

Doris Day will soon be seen in the Warner Bros. musical film *Pajama Game*. Watch for her also in Paramount's *Teacher's Pet*, RKO's *Curtain Going Up*.

#### how's your sense of humor?

(Continued from page 35) ball. "Jim—is Eddie home?"

"Uh-uh," yawned Jim. "He missed his plane, got tied up with business. Missed two, in fact, by the time I left. Why?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Everything's wonderful. I'll call you later." She hung up and turned to her mother, relief quite evident in her face and voice. "He isn't home—everything's all right."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Reynolds, and Debbie did just that. The two women raced through the California morning, Mrs. Reynolds at the wheel, to the Beverly Hills house. They could see the smoke from blocks away. The place was a mess. Flames were spurting out of the upstairs window, and scattered over the lawn were charred remnants of what had been their furniture—twisted bed springs, charred radio parts. Debbie thought of the den with the black leather chair she had given Eddie on their anniversary, and the hi-fi—and the scrapbooks, with all those pictures she had taken through the years.

"What about the den downstairs?" she asked a passing fireman.

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"Okay, ma'am. Everything's covered with tarps," he said.

Her mother looked at her, carefully. The baby was due within a few weeks, and this experience wasn't the kind of thing prescribed by doctors. "How do you feel?"

"Grateful," said Debbie. "I have a feeling we were watched over, because we weren't here. As for the fire," she shrugged, "what is to be will be."

It wasn't twenty-four hours before Debbie's sense of humor took over. With Eddie back at her side safe and sound, who cared? When a friend asked what she'd lost in the fire, she grinned.

"My girl scout uniforms and badges."

The friend chuckled, "Honestly, Debbie, don't you ever throw *anything* away?"

Her reaction was typical. Debbie's never been one to pout or mourn over misfortune. She may be sad or angry at the moment, but later, in the telling, the story is always for laughs.

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**Herb Shriner says he finally met Tallulah Bankhead. "She's a wonderful talker," he says. "But every time I tried to say something and opened my mouth . . . I got a busy signal."**

*Paul Denis*

---

Life has been for laughs, as far as Debbie's concerned. When she was a kid in school she was the comedy relief for her classmates. "I cut a pretty comical figure," she says. "Anybody who's not quite five feet tall and weighs not quite ninety pounds, who will march down a field playing a twenty-four pound tuba—well, they're a born clown."

"I never minded it when people laughed at me; as a matter of fact, I liked it. I think laughter is an awfully important part of life."

#### **Always a good story**

So in love with laughter is Debbie that she unconsciously chooses friends for their sense of humor. She feels that people without humor must lead a dull existence, and to her it is necessary to surround herself with people who have what she calls "the light touch."

Lita Calhoun, for instance.

Debbie never phones the Calhoun home that Lita doesn't have a funny story to tell—and most of the time it's a joke on herself. Debbie appreciates the fact; there is nothing more dampening to the spirit than to listen to the gloomy troubles of others, and nothing that gives more of a lift than a laugh.

She is the same way herself. The house can burn down, the washing machine can leak all over the laundry, and while it may be maddening at the moment, it always provides a good story. Take the time she was attacked by over-zealous fans. They ripped her dress, grabbed her scarf, and one even managed to get her shoes. At the time she was shopping in Beverly Hills. So back to her car she walked—not only bedraggled, but barefooted. But that evening at home her dinner guests roared at her imitation of herself limping back to the car . . . while the well-groomed onlookers stared at her. "So maybe it was worth it all," Debbie laughs, "it made a good story!"

"I think," says Debbie, "that people can talk themselves into troubles. I've known lots of people who are chronic worriers, and they aren't really happy unless they have something to complain about. They're all over gloom and doom, and first thing you know they're in bed with an ulcer or a stroke. It seems to me that if you

96 try to see the funny side of things, you'll

live a lot better and a lot longer. I think laughter is the best therapy in the world. When something awful happens to you, you can drive it into the ground if you want to, but if you can laugh at it, it somehow no longer seems to be so terrible.

"Some people have to train themselves to look for the amusing side—others are born to it, and I think I'm one of these lucky ones."

#### **If it's funny—enjoy it**

More important, she talks herself out of things. Even the wild ride from Palm Springs to the maternity ward in Los Angeles had, for Debbie, its lighter side. Not expecting the baby for another two weeks, she was totally unprepared for the premature event, and suddenly found herself in the back seat of a car, tearing along the desert highways at ninety miles an hour. She had read about it happening to other people, but took it for granted that something like that would never happen to her. Tilting around curves, she was frightened at first, and then began to giggle. "This is really a kick," she thought to herself. "Here I am speeding through the night with my husband and our doctor, running all the traffic lights and Eddie looking at his watch every time he goes by a street light."

The point is, Debbie figures, if something is funny you might as well enjoy it. If it isn't funny, you'll learn something.

Like when she first brought Carrie Frances home. Little Carrie contracted her first case of hiccups, and watching the small frame racked by what seemed agonizing spasms, Debbie was horrified. "She's going to die!" she informed the nurse hysterically.

"You don't say," said the cool figure in white. "For your information, your daughter enjoys hiccups. The rhythm puts her to sleep."

"Oh," said Debbie.

#### **The real friends**

You have to learn to accept things as they come. Debbie was sixteen when she went into show business. The word had no sooner gone the rounds of the high school than some of the girls began shaking their heads over the *new* Debbie. "Haven't you noticed how she's changed?" they said. "She's really getting stuck-up." Meeting them in the halls Debbie would say hello and be cut to the quick when they turned their backs on her. It seems to her now that she cried for a month straight. She'd gone happily along without a care in the world and taken it for granted that everyone liked her, and now girls she had considered her friends were refusing to speak to her.

Mrs. Reynolds offered some sound advice. "You're lucky it's happened," she told Debbie. "Now you'll find out who your real friends are. The others you'll have to learn to take for what they are."

It was no sooner said than done. The three girls who defended Debbie and even got embroiled in heated arguments over her rumored conceit, are today Debbie's closest friends.

"When I had to learn lessons like that, they couldn't possibly be funny, but they were worthwhile. My mother helped me see clearly in many things such as that, but I think the most important thing she did for me was give me a happy home. If you're raised in a happy family you don't take yourself so seriously. Nobody in my family ever looked for unhappiness."

#### **A girl with savoir faire**

Because she doesn't take herself seriously, Debbie has sailed through the most embarrassing moments with a *savoir faire*

that would do credit to a statesman. When she was still in her teens she was in Mexico, and about to be presented to that country's president. The line was long and the wait was tiresome, and Debbie, in company with the president's son, breathed a sigh of relief when the line had shortened to the point that there were only two couples ahead of them. An instant later she had the sinking sensation that something was slipping. Something was indeed; she had shortened two full petticoats under her lace skirt by the old-fashioned expedient of a large safety pin. And now the pin had come undone and both petticoats were slowly sinking to the ground. One more couple and it would be her turn to greet the president. She clutched at her left side and leaned over to whisper to her escort, "I'm losing my petticoat. Hang on."

With an aplomb far beyond his years, the young man grabbed at Debbie's right side and held up the truant petticoats, which left Debbie one free hand with which to shake that of the president.

Many a girl Debbie's age would have considered it the worst experience of her life, but Debbie's presence of mind saved the day. And even while it was happening she was struck by the humor of the situation. Later she stood in back of the boy, using him as a shield while she repinned the petticoats. And she was still giggling over it!

She has been pulled apart in mobs, her sweaters ripped, her hair yanked until it really hurt. But afterwards, always, Debbie turns the incident into a comedy and convulses people with the story of how it happened.

Some things, of course, have no humor. You cannot laugh at illness or bereavement or death. But trust Debbie to know a funny story even about a funeral; a true story, for to Debbie truth is funnier than fiction. The deceased had been, in his younger days, a soldier, and therefore a seven gun salute was planned at the burial service. When the first gun boomed over the cemetery the shock caused an elderly lady to faint, whereupon her young grandson yelled, "Good heavens! They shot grandma!" This convulsed the minister, who laughed so hard he backed into the grave and promptly broke his leg. This may sound far-fetched, but it really happened!

Debbie has always remembered Red Skelton's explanation of why he became a comedian. Says Red, "I love to see people laugh. Whether they are laughing at me or at something else, there's nothing as heartwarming as the sound and the look of laughter."

Debbie not only agrees with him, she goes one step farther. "It's good for others, but it's good for you, too. It's life's eraser of unhappiness." **END**

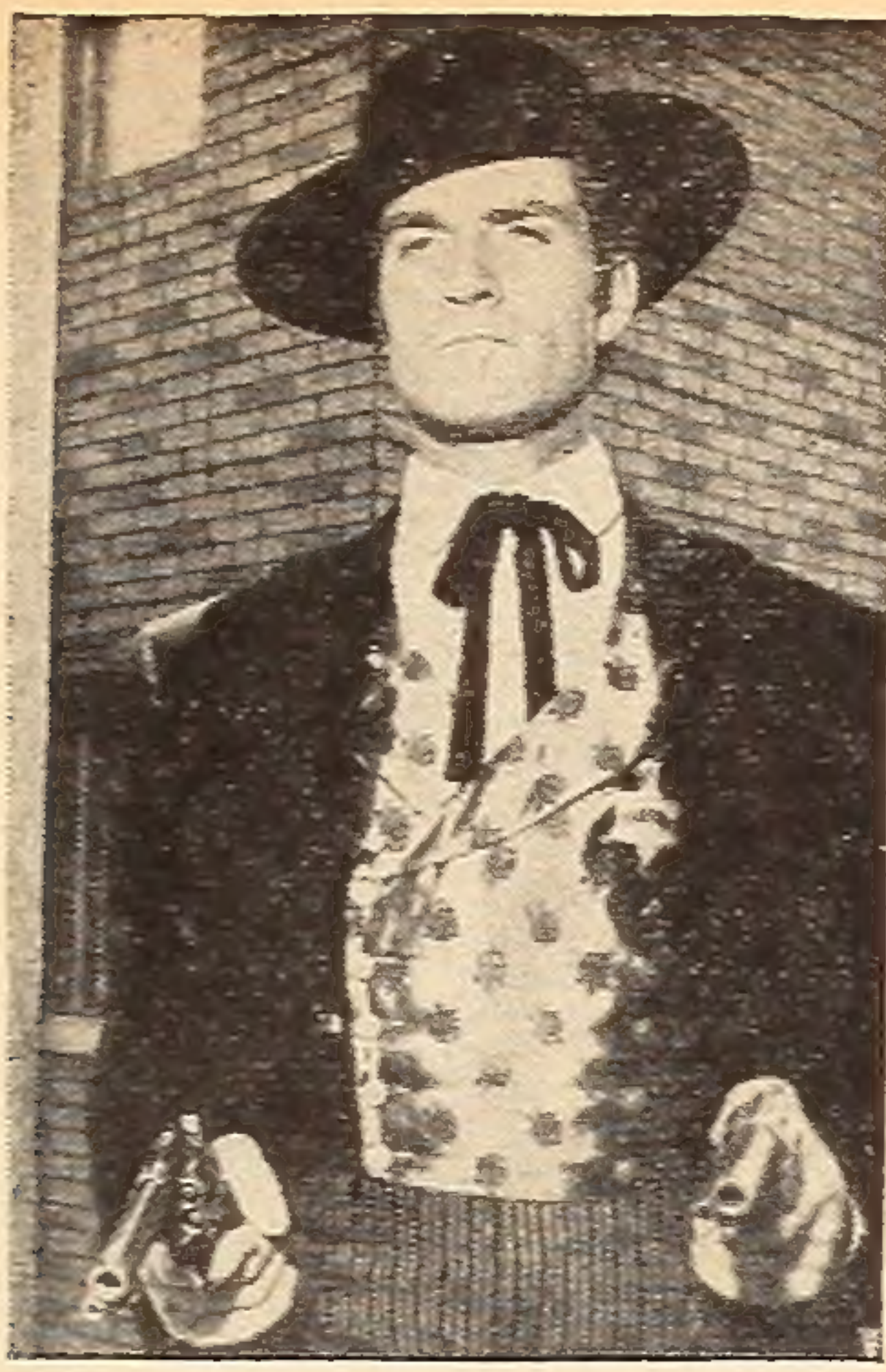
Debbie can currently be seen in RKO's *Bundle Of Joy*. Watch for her in MGM's *The Reluctant Debutante*, U-I's *Tammy*.

#### **PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS**

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## "MR. O'BRIAN, I PRESUME?"

■ One Thursday I got a telegram with the most exciting news. Hugh O'Brian was coming to New York on Saturday! And I was to meet him at the airport!

I was president of the New York chapter of his club, and meeting Hugh would be quite an occasion, after writing to him for about five years.

Finally, an hour late, the plane came in. Now the thought of missing Hugh in the crowd was uppermost in my mind, what with all the people coming down the ramp. All of a sudden . . . oh no! It couldn't be—but it was—Hugh O'Brian dressed as *Wyatt Earp*: long black frock coat, brocaded vest, shiny boots, striped trousers and his famous black sombrero! And here we were afraid we would miss him.

Walking up to Hugh, I extended my hand and said "Mr. O'Brian, I presume?" (Now who else could it be? Dr. Livingston was still in Africa.) After introductions, we all walked to the main desk where Hugh could claim his luggage.

What a mob scene! He caused quite a stir among the people at Idlewild, and how nice it was that so many people recognized him. The series had been on tv only for a few weeks, and his fame had spread as Wyatt Earp. But he presented such an impressive and formidable sight that nary a person came up to him for his autograph. After talking for a while we said good-bye for that day. Hugh promised to call me to let me know about the proposed meeting for Sunday with several of our New York members. When he called that evening, my day was really complete because Hugh sounds as nice on the phone as he does on tv.

He invited us to a meeting at the WARWICK HOTEL, where he was staying. On Sunday we arrived in the lobby right on time, and Hugh came from a tv show he had just done—dressed as you know who.

After a round of introductions, and a lot of conversation we started taking pictures. I even took movies of him, realizing an ambition from long ago.

I directed Hugh in my own movie!

Susan Juliano

## Pier Angeli's Joy

(Continued from page 40) Pier settled back against the pillows of the blue and white sofa. And even while she talked about the two things dearest to her heart, her marriage and motherhood, she still looked like a little girl—wearing no make-up but pink lipstick, and her hair pulled back simply. There is about Pier a wisdom coupled with a charming innocence peculiar to herself. Pier smiles happily remembering, "There was our 'honeymoon' in Europe . . ."

Pier was making *The Vintage* for MGM in France, living in Paris and working in the sleepy village of St. Tropez overlooking the blue Mediterranean.

Originally Pier was to spend only twenty-two days in Europe, so she decided it would be better for the baby to leave him with his nurse and with her mother.

The twenty-two days stretched into months: the weather turned bad in France, delaying the picture. Vic was in New York in the middle of a tv series and a night-club engagement.

The days were speeding by and suddenly it was the baby's birthday—and Pier was still in Europe, frantic.

So Vic made elaborate preparations to fly to Hollywood for his son's birthday—and back again to New York within days.

Pier stayed up all night to get a call through so that she could hear Vic's and the baby's voices together.

Six thousand miles apart, but now Pier and Vic were together again.

"And what is the baby doing?" she asked eagerly.

"He's punching a hole in the cake," Vic said.

"And what now?"

"He's putting his thumb in his mouth."

"Ah," squealed Pier ecstatically, "how wonderful!"

### A honeymoon in Paris

Vic flew back to New York . . . and then on to Paris! He had to give up a tv show and several night-club dates, but it was time to see his Pier again.

She looked more radiant than ever as she met him in a black wool dress with bright red roses, and Pier had had the dress made especially to welcome him in. It was a honeymoon, all over again.

Back in her apartment at the Parisian hotel, there was a gay *Welcome Home* sign on the door. Red roses greeted Vic in the hall, and clouds of yellow and pink roses in the living room and bedroom. Recordings of his album "That Towering Feeling" filled the room with his voice.

They sat and dined by candlelight that night, looking through the living room's large, old-fashioned windows at magic Paris spread below. Pier believes in creating romance—in candlelight, music and flowers—so that her marriage is a perpetual honeymoon.

During their 'honeymoon' in Paris, Pier woke up at 5:30 each morning, worked all day, returned to the hotel at 8:30 for dinner with Vic. They'd open the windows wide, then sit with their arms entwined as they drank a toast in wine to their happiness. Their arms would still be 'round each other as they ate.

As they walked over the rough cobblestones of the city they agreed that it was the most beautiful place in the world. Of course, in their hearts they knew that every city is beautiful at the moment when two lovers discover it.

"There are many women who forget how much precious happiness they have, and dwell on what they are missing," Pier says. It hadn't been practical for Vic to bring little Perry. Pier, in particular,

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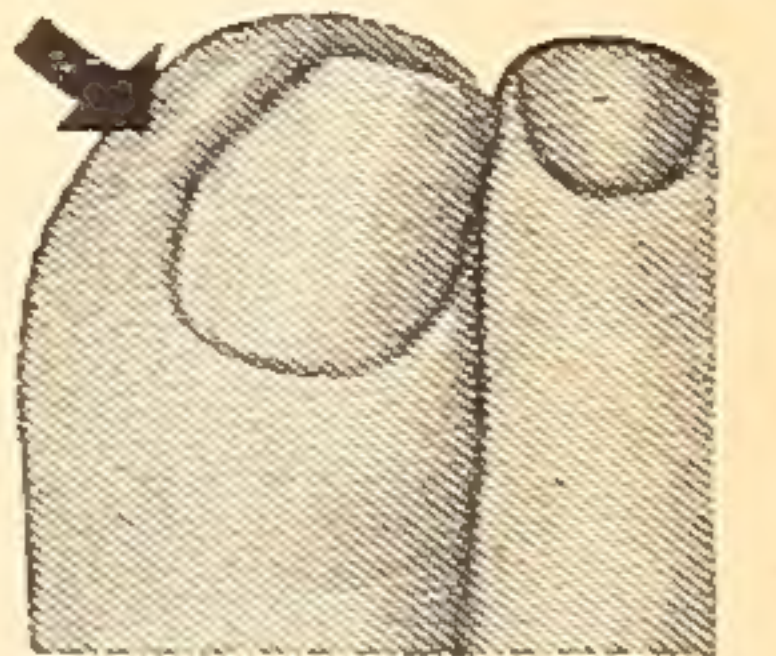
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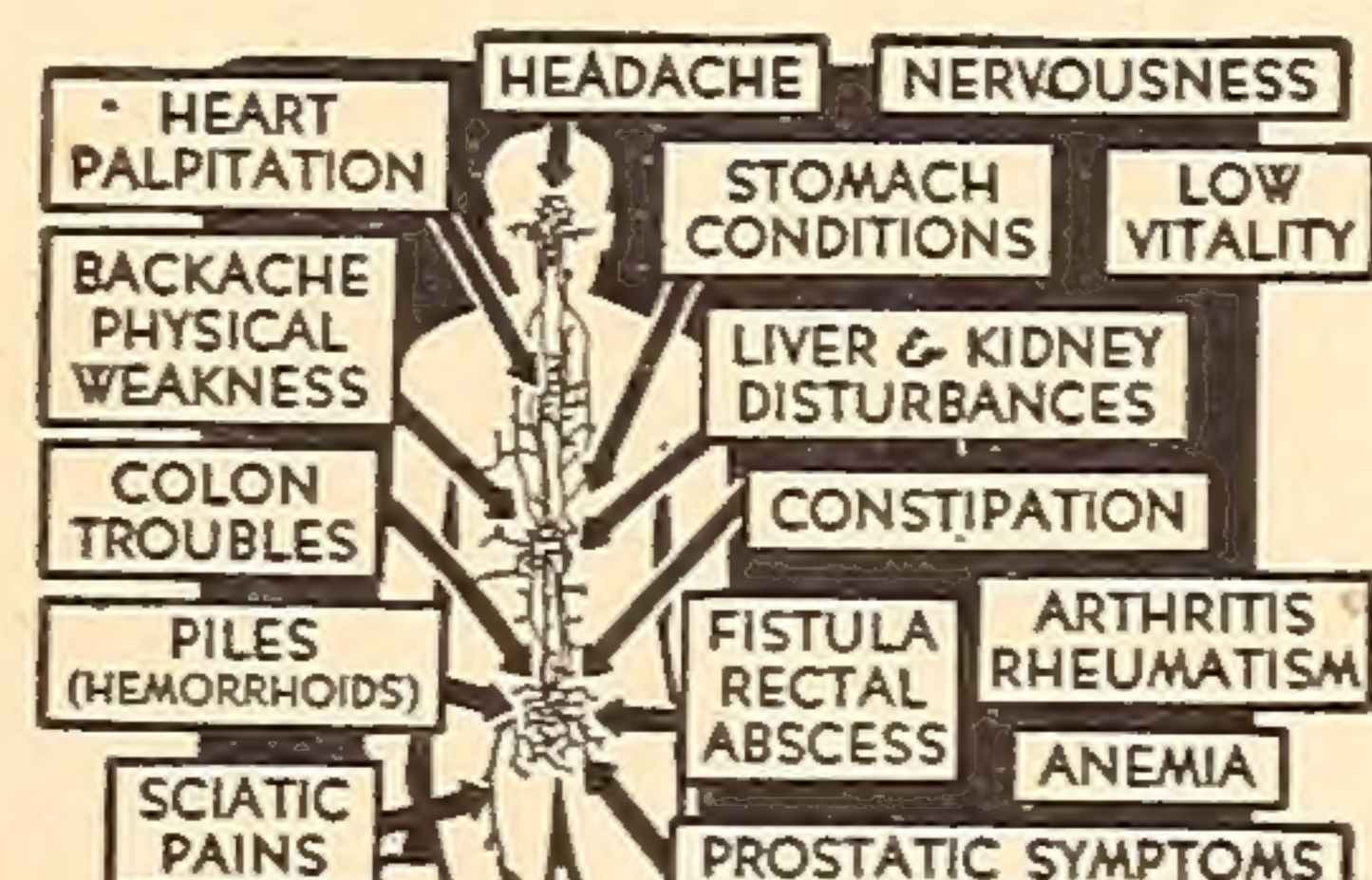
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missed the baby terribly. But her heartache was partly forgotten by being together with Vic.

#### A brief reunion

Then came the wonderful day when she and Vic landed at the Inglewood airport in Los Angeles, Pier's mother and the baby waiting for them.

"Will he remember me?" Pier thought uneasily. She sat stiffly on a little bench and waited, her heart beating like a trip-hammer. Out of her mother's arms wriggled little Perry, rushing like a miniature hurricane into Pier's arms.

"Mama," he said, and Pier nearly died with happiness.

Even more drops were added to their cup of joy when they learned on their return that they could expect a baby brother or sister for Perry.

Vic had already signed a contract for a long engagement at the WALDORF-ASTORIA in New York during December. They decided to travel together, Pier, Perry and Vic, so that they could have a real family Christmas.

A few days before they were to leave, Pier slid into a chair weakly, feeling suddenly ill.

The doctor said, "Be a good girl, Pier, and go to bed."

"But I can't. The trip to New York! We want to leave together."

He shook his head. "You can't make that trip," he said, as kindly as he could. "You'll have to stay in bed."

Vic was all for cancelling his contract and remaining with her.

"No, darling," Pier had replied, always the trouper. "You can't call off an engagement and disappoint everyone. You have to go."

The doctor had tried to reassure Vic. "Don't be afraid. I'll watch her closely. You can go to New York knowing that she couldn't be any better off if you stayed."

#### The heartbreaking call

So, pushing down his qualms, Vic left.

And then came the heartbreaking call from the doctor. Pier lay in the hospital, pale and weeping, while Vic in New York learned they had just lost the baby they were expecting.

Pier hadn't wanted Vic to know just yet. "I didn't want to tell him," she said. "He was opening that night at the WALDORF. I suffered inside but I said to myself, 'This moment is not right to tell him. Why worry him about something he cannot do anything about?'"

But her doctor put through the call and told Vic, and suddenly there was Vic's voice piercing the desolation of the hospital room, carrying strength and faith to her over thousands of miles.

"Pier, darling, we'll have lots of children. Don't cry, darling. It's God's will, and He alone knows the answers. Some day in the future, He'll send us another—a boy like our Perry, or a darling girl who'll look like you."

"Just to hear each other's voices helped us both," said Pier. "The awful loneliness was gone. And Vic reminded me of something I myself believe: that we must go by God's will, not our own."

"Vic said to me that everything has a reason. All the things that happened, that seemed like tragedies at the time, have brought us closer together. It was all meant to be. Suffering has made us appreciate all the more what we have today."

The spirit of faith, not fear, walks with Pier.

Pier is a joyous girl because faith is so much stronger in her than fear. She is not afraid. She is not afraid to stay married, to have children—she expects to

have more, with God's blessing—or to be happy, even though there are many problems.

#### No fear of loneliness

When Vic is away from her, she is not afraid of loneliness.

"Even when we are not together, I feel I have part of him with me, because our home is us. This is where I belong," she adds, looking around her at the beautiful den with its glass wall overlooking the mountains and the ocean beyond. "We talk to each other every night before I go to bed, and we are together. And of course, in the baby I have a miniature Vic. Both of us—Vic and I—take things as they come."

"Before we were married, we talked it over and decided we would often be separated. So this is no surprise to us, no unexpected problem. The separations that loom as such a big problem to others don't bother us. We are never separated in spirit."

"We are so close that there is almost a kind of mental telepathy between us. At Christmas time, I couldn't sleep. I had talked to Vic earlier that night, but this

time I was restless, a little depressed. I missed him terribly, and suddenly the phone rings. It is Vic. 'How are you, darling?' he asks. I feel so relieved. 'How did you know I was missing you at this moment?' I ask him. And Vic says, 'I felt something was not right. I have not been able to sleep, thinking of you.'

"And when we are together. . . ."

When they're all at home, Vic gets up early, pads down the hall to Perry's room and carries him into the bedroom where Pier is still asleep.

"Wake up, mommy, here's our son," says Vic.

Pier sits up, sleepy-eyed, and looks at both her men with the shining eyes of a woman looking at her whole world.

Vic plops Perry on the bed and Pier hugs the little boy.

Standing off, Vic studies the picture they make and nods his head.

"This," he says, "is the way I like to see you."

Pier's heart is ready to burst.

"We are so lucky," Vic says.

"The luckiest," adds Pier.

END

Watch for Pier in MGM's *The Vintage*.

## JACK LEMMON . . . BABY SITTER



■ When Bob Mitchum came home to his London apartment after a day on the *Fire Down Below* set, he found wife Dorothy sitting beside the telephone. To put it mildly, she looked unhappy. "We've been invited out to dinner tomorrow night," she told him.

"Fine," said Robert. "So what's with the long face you're wearing?"

"I've been on the phone all day and I can't find a sitter for Petrine."

Robert thought that one over. Then he brightened. "I'll get one," he offered.

"Ha! . . . Who??"

"Mother Lemmon . . . who else?" inquired her husband. "Always knew good old WARWICK PRODUCTIONS put him in an apartment across the hall for some reason. Now I know what it was. Honey, we have a built-in baby sitter!"

"Don't worry about a thing," Jack told the Mitchums the next evening, "I'll fix dinner and put Petrine to bed."

The Mitchums departed and Jack and Petrine had dinner—thanks to Petrine, who happened to remember how her mother scrambled eggs. After their meal, she climbed into her pajamas and came into the living room. "Will you read to me?" asked the cherubic four-year-old.

"Sure," said Jack. "Bring on the

nursery rhymes."

"We forgot to pack them," she said.

After a brief discussion, they settled on Bob's *Fire Down Below* script. And for the next hour, Jack played the roles of Jack Lemmon, Robert Mitchum, Rita Hayworth, and assorted other cast members. Every so often he'd glance up. "Getting sleepy?" he'd ask her.

She wasn't. Finally, Lemmon decided to stretch out on the couch. "I can't read so well sitting up," was the way he put it. "Think I'll lie down."

You guessed it: hours later, when Robert and Dorothy returned from dinner, the first sound heard when they opened the front door was "Shhhhh!"

Jack Lemmon was sleeping peacefully on the couch; Petrine, wide awake, was sitting beside him.

"Shhhh," Petrine said again. "Jack's very tired and he has to get up early to go act with you in the morning."

"Thank you, Mother Mitchum," grinned mother's father, as he picked her up and carted her off to bed.

Bob Mitchum can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Watch for Jack Lemmon and Bob, soon to be seen in Columbia's *Fire Down Below*.





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